THE

LIFE

OF

John Buncle, Esq;

CONTAINING

Various OBSERVATIONS and REFLECTIONS,

made in several Parts of the WORLD,

AND

Many extraordinary RELATIONS.

Fælix ille animi, Diviſque ſimillimus ipſis,
Quem non mendaci reſplendens gloria fuco
Sollicitat, non faſtoſi mala gaudia luxus.
Sed tacitos ſinit ire dies, et paupere cultu
Exigit innocuæ tranquilla ſilentia vitæ.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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G.R.III.
BR. MUS.

TO THE

CRITICS,

THIS

JOURNAL

Is moſt humbly DEDICATED,

BY

Their moſt humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

A

PREFACE

BY WAY OF

DEDICATION.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS book is not addreſſed to you, in order to aſk your protection for its faults; or in hopes, that ſuch valuable names at the head of it, may preſerve it. Things in print muſt ſtand by their own worth. But it is offered to you, to let the world ſee I had that confidence in the goodneſs of my deſign in writing it, as to ſubmit it to ſuch great and impartial judges; and that I believe you will report your opinion in ſuch a manner, as to procure me the eſteem of the virtuous; when you find that my principal intention in this piece, is to ſerve the intereſts of truth, liberty, and religion, and to advance uſeful learning, to the beſt of my abilities:—— that I have the happineſs of mankind at

heart, and attempt, in an hiſtorical manner, to encreaſe their knowledge in general; and in particular, to lead them to a pious contemplation and acknowledgment of God's unſpeakable wiſdom and goodneſs manifeſted in the works of the creation; ſhew them the truth of the teſtimony of *Jeſus Chriſt* concerning a divine providence, immortality, and a future ſtate; and that as virtue advances and improves, human felicity augments, and becomes a ſure prognoſtic of that fulneſs of bliſs, which men of goodneſs and integrity are to enjoy, without interruption, frailty, and infirmity, in an unchangeable and everlaſting life. This was my ſcheme. Theſe things I had principally in view, when, to vindicate my character from miſrepreſentations and idle ſtories, and to illuſtrate my *Memoirs of ſeveral Ladies of Great Britain*, I ſat down to write a true hiſtory of my life and notions. You will ſee at once, gentlemen, that this is the laboured part of my work. Were I able to write ſo as to perſuade even a few to alter their way of living, and employ their time for the future, in forming and training up their moral powers to perfection, I ſhould think myſelf more fortunate and glorious than the greateſt genius in the temple of Fame. Indeed, gentlemen, fame or name, in this world, is not the thing I think of.

Non

Non eſt mortale quod opto, I can ſay with *Lactantius:* and were it within my power to chooſe, ſure I am, that I would be for ever unknown. But that was impoſſible. In juſtice to myſelf, as before obſerved, and that tradition might not hand me down, when I am gone, in that variety of bad and fooliſh characters, which a malice that knows nothing of me, whiſpers while I am living; it was neceſſary I ſhould tell my own ſtory. The relation was likewiſe requiſite, to render the *Memoirs* before mentioned intelligible. The volumes of that work, which are to be publiſhed, would be quite dark, and not ſo grateful as intended, without a previous account of the author's life.

This, gentlemen, is the truth of the caſe, and as I ſay as little of myſelf, in my relation, as I can; and as much for true religion and uſeful learning, as I was able, I hope, from your rectitude and judgment, that you will get me a fair hearing; and I call upon you as my patrons, and the friends to learning and truth, for your approbation of my good and pious intentions, though you ſhould not be able to ſay one word of any excellencies in my writings. This is all I aſk. As I wiſh well to your cauſe, the cauſe of virtue and letters, and

have chiefly endeavoured, according to my abilities, to make my readers acquainted with the *majeſty of the Deity, and his kingdom*, and *the greatneſs of his excellency*, before whom all the inhabitants of the earth, all powers and principalities, are as nothing; I hope you will, in return, favour me with your beſt wiſhes.

As to ſome ſtrange things you will find in the following journal; and a life, in various particulars, quite contrary to the common courſe of action, I can aſſure you, gentlemen, in reſpect of the ſtrange things, that however wonderful they may appear to you, yet they are, excluſive of a few decorations and figures, (neceſſary in all works) ſtrictly true; and as to the difference of my life, from that of the generality of men, let it only be conſidered, that I was born in *London*, and carried an infant into *Ireland*, where I learned the *Iriſh* language, and became intimately acquainted with its original inhabitants;—that I was not only a lover of books from the time I could ſpell them to this hour; but read with an extraordinary pleaſure, before I was twenty, the works of ſeveral of the fathers, and all the old romances; which tinged my ideas with a certain piety and extravagance, that rendered my virtues as well as my imperfec-

tions

tions particularly mine:——that by hard meaſure, I was compelled to be an adventurer, when very young, and had not a friend in the univerſe but what I could make by good fortune, and my own addreſs:——that my wandering life, wrong conduct, and the iniquity of my kind, with a paſſion for extraordinary things and places, brought me into ſeveral great diſtreſſes; and that I had quicker and more wonderful deliverances from them than people in tribulation generally receive:——that the dull, the formal, and the viſionary, the hard-honeſt man, and the poor-liver, are the people I have had no connexion with; but have always kept company with the polite, the generous, the lively, the rational, and the brighteſt freethinkers of this age:——that beſide all this, I was in the days of my youth, one of the moſt active men in the world, at every exerciſe; and to a degree of raſhneſs, often venturous, when there was no neceſſity for running any hazards: in diebus illis, I have deſcended head-foremoſt from a high cliff, into the ocean, to ſwim, when I could, and ought, to have gone off a rock not a yard from the ſurface of the deep.——I have ſwam near a mile and a half out in the ſea, to a ſhip that lay off, went on board, got clothes from the mate of the veſſel, and proceeded with them to the next port; while my companion

I left on the beach concluded me drowned, and related my ſad fate in the town.—I have taken a cool thruſt over a bottle, without the leaſt animoſity on either ſide; but both of us depending on our ſkill in the ſmall ſword, for preſervation from miſchief.———Such things as theſe I now call wrong, and mention them only as ſamples of a raſhneſs I was once ſubject to, as an opportunity happened to come in the way. Let all theſe things be taken into the account, and I imagine, gentlemen, that what may at firſt ſight ſeem ſtrange, and next to incredible, will, on conſidering theſe particulars, not long remain ſo, in your opinion; though you may think the relator an odd man. As to that, I have nothing to ſay. And if oddneſs conſiſts in ſpirit, freedom of thought, and a zeal for the divine unity; in a taſte for what is natural, antique, romantic, and wild; in honouring women, who were admirable for goodneſs, letters, and arts; and in thinking, after all the ſcenes I have gone thro', that every thing here is vanity; except that *virtue* and *charity*, which gives us a right to *expect beyond the grave*; and procures us, in this world, the direction of infinite wiſdom, the protection of infinite power, and the friendſhip of infinite goodneſs;—then, may it be written on my ſtone, —*Here lies an odd man.*

Thus much, gentlemen, I thought proper to ſay to you, that by being acquainted with the particulars relative to the complexion and deſign of the author, you might the eaſier and the better comprehend the various things you will find in the work he dedicates to you.

I have only to add, that I wiſh you all happineſs; that your heads may lack no ointment, and your garments be always white and odoriferous: but eſpecially, may you preſs on, like true critics, towards perfection; and may bliſs, glory, and honour, be your reward and your portion.

Barbican,
Aug. 1, 1756.

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THE

THE

LIFE

OF

JOHN BUNCLE, Eſq;

Nec Vixit Male, qui Natus Morienſque fefellit.

THAT the tranſactions of my Life, and the obſervations and reflections I have made on men and things, by ſea and land, in various parts of the world, might not be buried in oblivion, and by length of time, be blotted out of the memory of men, it has been my wont, from the days of my youth to this time, to write down *Memorandums* of every thing I thought worth noticing, as men and matters, books and circumſtances, came in my way; and in hopes they may be of ſome ſervice to my fellow-mortals I publiſh them. Some pleaſing, and ſome ſurprizing things the Reader will find in them. He will meet with miſcellaneous thoughts upon ſeveral ſubjects. He will read, if he pleaſes, ſome tender ſtories.

But all the relations, the thoughts, the obſervations, are deſigned for the advancement of valuable Learning, and to promote whatſoever things are true, whatſoever things are honeſt, whatſoever things are juſt, whatſoever things are pure, whatſoever things are lovely, whatſoever things are of good report.

A Reflection. 1. About fifty years ago the Midwife wheeled me in, and much ſooner than half a Century hence, in all human probability, Death will wheel me out. When Heaven pleaſes, I am ſatisfied. Life and death are equally welcome, becauſe equally parts of my way to eternity. My lot has been a ſwarthy one in this firſt State, and I am in hopes I ſhall exchange worlds to advantage. As God, without all peradventure, brought his moral creatures into being, in order to increaſe their Virtue, and provide ſuitable happineſs for the Worthy, the moſt unfortunate here may expect immutable felicity at laſt, if they have endeavoured, in proportion to what power they had, to render themſelves uſeful and valuable, by a ſincerity and benevolence of temper, a diſintereſtedneſs, a communicativeneſs, and the practice of thoſe duties, to which we are obliged by the frame of our Nature, and by the Rela-

tions we bear to God, and to the ſubjects of his Government.

For my part, I confeſs that many have been the failings of my Life, and great the defects of my obedience. But in the midſt of all my failings and imperfections, my Soul hath always ſympathiſed with the afflicted, and my heart hath ever aked for the miſeries of others. My hand has often relieved, when I wanted the ſhilling to comfort myſelf, and when it hath not been in my power to relieve, I have grieved for the ſcanty accommodations of others. Many troubleſome and expenſive offices I have undertaken to do good to Men, and ever ſocial and free have I been in my demeanour, eaſy and ſmooth in my addreſs; and therefore, I truſt that, whenever I am removed from this horizon, it will be from a dark and cloudy ſtate, to that of joy, light, and full Revelation. This felicitates me every day, let what will happen from without. This ſupports me under every Affliction, and enables me to maintain a habit of ſatisfaction and joy in the general courſe of my Life.

2. The things of my Childhood are not worth ſetting down, and therefore I commence my Life from the firſt month of *Went to the Univerſity in 1720.*

the ſeventeenth year of my Age, when I was ſent to the Univerſity, and entered a penſioner, tho' I had a larger yearly allowance than any fellow-commoner of my College. I was reſolved to read there, and determined to improve my natural faculties to the utmoſt of my power. Nature, I was ſenſible, had beſtowed no genius on me. This and underſtanding are only the privilege of extraordinary perſons; who receive from Heaven the happy conjunction of qualities, that they may execute great and noble deſigns, and acquire the higheſt pitch of excellence in the profeſſion they turn to; if they will take the pains to perfect the united qualities by art, and carefully avoid running into *caprice* and *paradox*; the Rocks on which many a Genius has ſplit. But then I had a tolerable ſhare of natural underſtanding, and from my infancy was teachable, and always attentive to the directions of good ſenſe. This I know might riſe with ſome labour to a half merit, tho' it could never gain immortality upon any account: and this was enough for me. I wanted only to acquire ſuch degrees of perfection as lay within the ſmall ſphere nature had chalked out for me.

A College life. 3. To this purpoſe I devoted my college-life to books, and

and for five years that I reſided in the Univerſity, converſed ſo much with the dead that I had very little intercourſe with the living. So totally had letters engaged my mind, that I was but little affected towards moſt other things. Walking and Muſick were my favorite recreations, and almoſt the only ones I delighted in. I had hardly a thought at that time of the fooliſh choices and purſuits of men; thoſe fatal choices and purſuits, which are owing to falſe judgments, and to a habit of acting precipitantly, without examining the fancies and appetites; and therefore, very rarely went into the pleaſures and diverſions which men of fortune in a Univerſity too commonly indulge in. My relaxation, after ſtudy, was my german-flute, and the converſation of ſome ingenious, ſober friend; generally, my private tutor, Mr. *John Bruce*, who was a bright and excellent man: (you will find a large account of him in the firſt volume of my Memoirs of ſeveral Ladies, p. 7.) and if the weather permitted, I walked out into the country ſeveral miles. At this exerciſe, I had often one or other with me; but for the moſt part, was obliged to go alone. My dog and my gun however were diverſion enough on the way, and they frequently led me into ſcenes of entertainment, which laſted longer than the day. Some of them you

will find in this Journal. The hiſtory of the beautiful *Harriot Noel* you ſhall have by and by.

A Courſe of Reading in a College.

4. At preſent, my ſcheme requires me to ſet down the method I purſued in my readings, and let my Reader know the iſſue of my ſtudies.—My time I devoted to Philoſophy, Coſmography, Mathematicks, and the Languages, for four years, and the fifth I gave to Hiſtory.

Of Mr. Locke's Eſſay.

The firſt book I took into my hand, after receiving my note of admiſſion, was the eſſay of that fine genius Mr. *Locke*, and I was ſo pleaſed with this clear and accurate writer, that I looked into nothing elſe, till by reading it three times over, I had made a thorough acquaintance with my own underſtanding. He taught me to examine my abilities, and enabled me to ſee what objects my mind was fitted to deal with. He led me into the ſanctuary of vanity and ignorance, and ſhewed me how greatly true knowledge depended on a right meaning of words, and a juſt ſignificancy of expreſſion. In ſum, from the Eſſay my Underſtanding received very great benefits, and to it I owe what improvement I have made in the reaſon

ſon given me. If I could, I would perſuade all young Gentlemen to read it over and over with great attention, and I am ſure they would find themſelves very richly rewarded for their pains in reading it. They would acquire that juſtneſs and truth of underſtanding, which is the great perfection of rational Beings.

Natural Philoſophy.

5. When I had done for a time, with this admirable Eſſay, I then began to ſtudy the firſt principles of things, the ſtructure of the Univerſe, the contexture of human bodies, the properties of beaſts, the virtues of plants, and the qualities of metals, and was quite charmed with the contemplation of the beautiful order, and wiſe final cauſes of nature in all her laws and productions. The ſtudy had a delightful influence on the temper of my mind, and inſpired into it a love of order in my heart, and in my outward manners. It likewiſe led me to the great firſt Cauſe, and in repeated views of harmony, wiſdom and goodneſs in all the works of nature, riveted upon my mind a fixed conviction, that all is under the adminiſtration of a general Mind, as far remote from all malice as from all weakneſs, whether in reſpect of underſtanding or of power. This gave me a due affection towards

the infinitely perfect Parent of Nature; and as I contemplated his glorious Works, I was obliged in tranſports to confeſs, that he deſerved our love and admiration. This did alſo ſatisfy me, that whatever the order of the world produces, is in the main both juſt and good; and of conſequence, that we ought in the beſt manner to ſupport whatever hardſhips are to be endured for virtue's ſake: that acquieſcence and complacency, with reſpect to ill accidents, ill men and injuries, ought to be our part under a perfect adminiſtration; and with benignity and conſtancy we muſt ever act, if there be a ſettled perſuaſion, that all things are framed and governed by a univerſal Mind.—Such was the effect the ſtudy of Natural Philoſophy had upon my Soul. It ſet beyond all doubt before me the moral perfection of the Creator and Governor of the Univerſe. And if this Almighty God, I ſaid, is perfect Wiſdom and Virtue, does it not follow, that he muſt approve and love thoſe who are at due pains to improve in wiſdom;—and what he loves and delights in, muſt he not make happy? This is an evident truth. It renders the cauſe of virtue quite triumphant.

Moral Philoſophy.

6. But upon Ethics or Moral Philoſophy I dwelt the longeſt.

longeſt. This is the proper food for the Soul, and what perfects her in all the virtues and qualifications of a gentleman. This Science I collected in the firſt place from the ancient ſages and philoſophers, and ſtudied all the moral writers of Greece and Rome. With great pleaſure I ſaw, that theſe immortal authors had delineated, as far as human reaſon can go, that courſe of life which is moſt according to the intention of nature, and moſt happy; had ſhewn that this univerſe, and human nature in particular, was formed by the wiſdom and counſel of a Deity, and that from the conſtitution of our nature various duties aroſe:— that ſince God is the original independent Being, compleat in all poſſible perfection, of boundleſs power, wiſdom and goodneſs; the Creator, Contriver, and Governor of this world, to whom mankind are indebted for innumerable benefits moſt gratuitouſly beſtowed; we ought to manifeſt the moſt ardent love and veneration toward the Deity, and worſhip him with affections of Soul ſuited to the pre-eminence and infinite grandeur of the original Cauſe of all; ought to obey him as far as human weakneſs can go, and humbly ſubmit and reſign ourſelves and all our intereſts to his will; continually confide in his goodneſs, and conſtantly imitate him as far as our weak nature is capa-

ble. This is due to that original moſt gracious Power who formed us, and with a liberal hand ſupplies us with all things conducive to ſuch pleaſure and happineſs as our nature can receive.—That in reſpect of mankind, our natural ſenſe of right and wrong points out to us the duties to be performed towards others, and the kind affections implanted by nature, excites us to the diſcharge of them: that by the law of our conſtitution and nature, juſtice and benevolence are preſcribed; and aids and an intercourſe of mutual offices required, not only to ſecure our pleaſure and happineſs, but to preſerve ourſelves in ſafety and in life: that the law of nature, or natural right, forbids every inſtance of injuſtice, a violation of life, liberty, health, property; and the exerciſe of our honourable, kind powers, are not only a ſpring of vigorous efforts to do good to others, and thereby ſecure the common happineſs; but they really procure us a joy and peace, an inward applauſe and external advantages; while injuſtice and malice, anger, hatred, envy, and revenge, are often matter of ſhame and remorſe, and contain nothing joyful, nothing glorious: In the greateſt affluence, the ſavage men are miſerable.—That as to ourſelves, the voice of reaſon declares, that we ought to employ our abilities and opportunities

portunities in improving our minds to an extenſive knowledge of nature in the ſciences; and by diligent meditation and obſervation, acquire that prudence, juſtice, temperance, and fortitude, which ſhould conſtantly govern our lives:——That ſolid prudence, which abhors raſhneſs, inconſiderateneſs, a fooliſh ſelf-confidence, and craft, and under a high ſenſe of moral excellence, conſiders and does what is really advantageous in life:—That juſtice, which conſtantly regards the common intereſt, and in ſubſerviency to it, gives to each one whatever is due to him upon any natural claim:—That temperance, which reſtrains and regulates the lower appetites, and diſplays the grace and beauty of manners:—And that fortitude, which repreſſes all vain and exceſſive fears, gives us a ſuperiority to all the external accidents of our mortal ſtate, and ſtrengthens the ſoul againſt all toils or dangers we may be expoſed to in diſcharge of our duty; as an early and painful death with virtue and honour, is highly preferable to the longeſt ignominious life, and no advantages can be compared in point of happineſs with the approbation of God, and of our own hearts.

That if in this manner we live prepared for any honourable ſervices to God, our fel-

lows, and ourſelves, and practice *piety* toward God, *good-will* toward men, and immediately aim at our own perfection, then we may expect, notwithſtanding our being involved in manifold weakneſſes and diſorders of ſoul, that the divine goodneſs and clemency will have mercy on ſuch as ſincerely love him, and deſire to ſerve him with duty and gratitude; will be propitious and placable to the penitents, and all who exert their utmoſt endeavours in the purſuits of virtue: And ſince the perfection of virtue muſt conſtitute the ſupreme felicity of man, our efforts to attain it, muſt be effectual in obtaining compleat felicity, or at leaſt ſome lower degree of it.

Of Revealed Religion.

7. This beautiful, moral Philoſophy I found ſcattered in the writings of the old theiſt philoſophers, and with great pains reduced the various leſſons to a ſyſtem of active and virtuous offices: but this I knew was what the majority of mankind were incapable of doing; and if they could do it, I ſaw it was far inferior to revelation. Every Sunday I appropriated to the ſtudy of revealed Religion, and perceived as I read the ſacred records, that the Works of Plato, and Cicero, and Epictetus, and all the uninſpired ſages of antiquity, were but weak rules

rules in reſpect of the divine oracles. It is the mercy and power of God in the triumphs of grace, that reſtores mankind from the bondage and ignorance of idolatry. To this the ſinner owes the converſion of his ſoul. It is the ſtatutes of the Lord that rejoice the heart, and enlighten the eyes. What are all the reaſonings of the philoſophers to the melody of that heavenly voice which cried continually, *Come unto me all ye that travel and are heavy laden, and I will refreſh you.*——And what could their leſſons avail without thoſe expreſs promiſes of grace and ſpiritual aſſiſtance, which the blood of the new covenant confirms to mankind? The philoſophy of Greece and Rome was admirable for the times and men: but it admits of no compariſon with the divine leſſons of our holy religion, and the charter of God's pardon granted to us by his bleſſed Son. Beſide, the philoſophers were in ſome degree dark and doubtful in reſpect of death and futurity; and in relation to this world, there is not a power in their diſcourſe to preſerve us from being undone by allurements in the midſt of plenty, and to ſecure our peace againſt the caſualties of fortune, and the torments of diſappointments; to ſave us from the cares and ſollicitudes which attend upon large poſſeſſions, and give us a mind capable of reliſhing

reliſhing the good things before us; to make us eaſy and ſatisfied as to the preſent, and render us ſecure and void of fear as to the future. Theſe things we learn from revelation, and are informed by the ſacred records only, that if we are placed in the midſt of many fears and ſorrows, and are often perplexed with evils in this world; yet they are ſo many warnings not to ſet up our reſt here, but to keep a ſtedfaſt eye upon the things *which God has prepared for thoſe who love him.* It is the goſpel informs us, there is another ſcene prepared for the moral world, and that juſtice only waits to ſee the full proof of the righteouſneſs, or unrighteouſneſs of men: that that ſcene will open with the judgment ſeat of Chriſt, and we ſhall either receive glory and immortality, if we have obeyed the calls of grace to virtue and holineſs;——or, be doomed to the moſt dreadful miſeries, if we reject the counſel of God, and live quite thoughtleſs of the great concerns of eternity. Theſe conſiderations made me prefer revealed religion in the beginning of my rational life. The morality of the ancient philoſophers I admired. With delight I ſtudied their writings, and received, I gratefully confeſs, much improvement from them. But the religion of our bleſſed Lord I declared for, and look on the promiſed Meſſiah

Meſſiah as the moſt conſummate bleſſing God could beſtow, or man receive, God having raiſed up his Son Jeſus, ſent him to bleſs you, in turning every one of you from your iniquities. And would men but hear and obey this life-giving Redeemer, his Goſpel would reſtore reaſon and religion to their rightful authority over mankind; and make all virtue, and true goodneſs, flouriſh in the earth.

Of falſe religion.

8. But I muſt obſerve that, by the religion of the New Teſtament, I do not mean any of thoſe modern ſchemes of religion, which diſcover the evident marks and ſignatures of ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm, or of knavery and impoſture; thoſe ſyſtems which even miracle cannot prove to be true, becauſe the pieties are abſurd, inconſiſtent, and contradictory. The notions that are not characterized by the reaſon of things, and the moral fitneſs of actions, I conſidered as repugnant to the veracity, wiſdom, and goodneſs of the Almighty, and concluded, that that only could be chriſtian religion, which beared the viſible marks and ſignatures of benevolence, ſocial happineſs and moral fitneſs, and was brought down from heaven to inſtruct mankind in the worſhip of One eternal mind, and bring them to repentance,

ance, and amendment of life. This was the religion I found in my Bible. I ſaw with pleaſure, as I thoughtfully went thro' the divine pages, that natural religion is the foundation and ſupport of revelation;—— ſupplies the defects of nature, but never attempts to overthrow the eſtabliſhed principles of it; caſts new light upon the dictates of reaſon, but never overthrows them. *Pure theiſm*, and *Chriſt* the *appointed Mediator*, *Advocate*, and *Judge*, by a commiſſion from God the Father, to me appeared to be the Goſpel;—and the directions of the holy Spirit, to believe in one ſupreme independent firſt cauſe, and worſhip in ſpirit and in truth this one God and Father of All, in the name of Chriſt Jeſus; as the diſciples of the Meſſiah; to copy after the life of our bleſſed Saviour, and to the utmoſt of our abilities, obey all his commands.—This was the religion I found in the writings of the apoſtles, and I then determined to regard only this Goſpel-doctrine.

Coſmography and Mathematics.

9. The manner of my ſtudying Coſmography and Mathematics is not worth ſetting down, as there was nothing uncommon in it. In the one I only learned to diſtinguiſh climates, latitudes, and the four diviſions of the world; the provinces,

vinces, nations, kingdoms and republics comprized therein, and to be able to diſcourſe upon them:—And in the other, I went no further than to make myſelf a maſter of vulgar and decimal arithmetic, the doctrine of infinite ſeries, and the application of Algebra, to the higher geometry of curves. Algebra I was charmed with, and found ſo much pleaſure in reſolving its queſtions, that I have often ſat till morning at the engaging work, without a notion of its being day till I opened the ſhutters of my cloſet. I recommend this ſtudy in particular to young gentlemen, and am ſatisfied, if they would but take ſome pains at firſt to underſtand it, they would have ſo great a reliſh for its operations, as to prefer them many an evening to the clamorous pleaſures; or, at leaſt, not be uneaſy for being alone now and then, ſince their algebra was with them.

Method of reading Hiſtory.

10. In reading hiſtory, (my laſt year's principal employment during my reſidence in college) I began with the beſt writers of ancient hiſtory, and ended with modern times, epochs, centuries, ages; the extent of empires, kingdoms, commonwealths; their progreſs, revolutions, changes, and declenſions; the number, order, and qualities

qualities of the Princes, that have reigned over thoſe ſtates and kingdoms, their actions military and civil; the characters and actions of the great men that flouriſhed under them; and the laws, the arts, learning, and manners, I carefully marked down, and obſerved not only how the firſt governments were formed, but what the progreſs was of induſtry and property, which may be called the generative principle of empire.

When I had done with ancient Hiſtory, I ſat down to the beſt modern ſtories I could get, and read of diſtant nations before I began to ſtudy my country's conſtitution, hiſtory, and laws. When I had finiſhed the hiſtories of *France*, and *Spain*, and *Italy*, and *Germany*, and many more, then I turned to *Great Britain*, and in the firſt place took a view of the *Engliſh* conſtitution and government, in the ancient books of the common law, and ſome more modern writers, who out of them have given an account of this government. From thence I proceeded to our Hiſtory, and with it joined in every King's reign the laws then made. This gave me an inſight into the reaſon of our ſtatutes, and ſhewed me the true ground upon which they came to be made, and what weight they ought to have. By this means,

means, I read the hiſtory of my country with intelligence, and was able to examine into the excellence or defects of its government, and to judge of the fitneſs or unfitneſs of its orders and laws. By this method I did likewiſe know enough of the law for an *Engliſh* gentleman, tho' quite ignorant of the chicane, or wrangling and captious part of the law, and was well acquainted with the true meaſure of right and wrong. The arts how to avoid doing right, and to ſecure one's ſelf in doing wrong, I never looked into.

A Reflection on Hiſtory.

11. Thus did I read Hiſtory, and many noble leſſons I learned from it; juſt notions of true worth, true greatneſs, and ſolid happineſs. It taught me to place merit where it only lies, not in birth, not in beauty, not in riches, not in external ſhew and magnificence, not in voluptuouſneſs; but, in a firm adherence to truth and rectitude; in an untainted heart, that would not pollute or proſtitute its integrity in any degree, to gain the higheſt worldly honours, or to ward off the greateſt worldly miſeries. This is true magnanimity: And he alone can be truly happy, as well as truly great, who can look down with generous contempt upon every thing that would tempt him to recede

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in the ſmalleſt degree from the paths of rigid honeſty, candour and veracity.

Es Modicus Voti, preſſo lare, dulcis Amicis;
Jam nunc aſtringas; jam nunc granaria laxes;
Inque luto fixum poſſis tranſcendere Nummum;
Nec glutto ſorbere Salivam Mercurialem?
Hæc mea ſunt, teneo, cum vere dixeris: Eſto
Liberque ac Sapiens, Prætoribus ac Jove dextro.
Sin tu, cum fueris Noſtræ paulò ante farinæ,
Pelliculam veterem retines, et fronte politus
Aſtutam Vapido ſervas ſub pectore Vulpem;
Quæ dederam ſuprà, Repeto, funemque Reduco.
Nil tibi conceſſit Ratio: digitum exere peccas,
Et quid tam parvum eſt? Sed nullo thure litabis,
Hæreat in Stultis brevis & ut ſemuncia Recti.
Hæc miſcere Nefas:———— ————

Are you moderate in your deſires, frugal, and obliging to your friends? Do you know when to ſpare, and when to be liberal, as occaſion requires? And can you give a check to your avarice, in ſpite of all temptations which are laid in your way? Can you refrain from being too greedy in your purſuits after riches? When you can ſincerely affirm that you are maſter of yourſelf, and of all theſe good qualities, then you are free indeed, and wiſe by the propitious power of Jove and the Prætor.

But

But if you retain the old habits of a ſlave, and harbour ill qualities, under the hypocritical appearance of virtue, you are as much a ſlave as ever, while thus enſlaved to your vices. Philoſophy gives no indulgence to vice—makes no allowance for any crime. If in wagging your finger, you acted againſt reaſon, you tranſgreſs, tho' the thing be of ſo trifling a nature. All the ſacrifices you can offer will never paſs for a dram of rectitude, while your conduct is faulty. Wiſdom is incompatible with folly.

When to be bountiful, and when to ſpare,
And never craving, or oppreſs'd with care;
The baits of gifts, and money to deſpiſe,
And look on wealth with undeſiring eyes;
When thou canſt truly call theſe virtues thine,
Be wiſe and free by Heav'n's conſent and mine.
But thou, who lately of the common ſtrain,
Wert one of us, if ſtill thou doſt retain
The ſame ill habits, the ſame follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a ſaint-like ſhow,
Then I reſume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and ſtill a ſlave.
Thou canſt not wag thy finger, or begin
The leaſt ſlight motion, but it tends to ſin.
How's this? Not wag my finger, he replies?
No, friend; not fuming gums, nor ſacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wiſe.
Virtue and vice are never in one ſoul:
A man is wholly wiſe, or wholly is a fool.

This

This is the great leſſon, that virtue alone is true honour, true freedom, and ſolid, durable happineſs. It is indeed its own reward. There are no ſatisfactions equal to, or comparable with virtuous, rational exerciſes; nor can virtuous diſpoſitions, and well improved moral powers be rewarded, or receive happineſs ſuited to their nature, but from their exerciſes and employments about proper objects. And as virtue gives pleaſure here in proportion to the improvements it makes, far beyond all that mere ſenſe can yield, in the moſt advantageous circumſtances of outward enjoyment; ſo in a ſtate to come, it ſhall be ſo placed as its improvements require, that is, be placed in circumſtances that ſhall afford it buſineſs or employment proportioned to its capacity, and by means thereof the higheſt ſatisfaction.—Such a baſis for building moral inſtructions upon we find in hiſtory. We are warned in ſome pages to avoid the miſeries and wretchedneſs which many have fallen into by departing from reaſon and virtue:—And in others, we meet with ſuch virtuous characters and actions, as ſet forth the charms of integrity in their full luſtre, and prove that virtue is the ſupreme beauty, the ſupreme charm; that in keeping the precepts of moral rectitude, we ſecure a preſent felicity and reward; and have a preſage

ſage of thoſe higher rewards which await a ſteady courſe of right conduct in another world.—*Glorious, natural virtue!* Would mankind but hearken to its voice, and obey its dictates, there would be no ſuch Beings as *Invaders*, *Delinquents*, and *Traitors*, in this lower world. The ſocial inclinations and diſpoſitions would for ever prevail over the ſelfiſh appetites and paſſions. The law of benevolence would be the rule of life. The advancement of the common good would be the work of every man.

A Reflection on Government and Religion.

12. The caſe however is; that the generality of mankind are too corrupt, to be governed by the great univerſal law of ſocial nature, and to gratify ambition, avarice, and the like, employ a cunning or power, to ſeize the natural rights and properties of others: and therefore, *to natural virtue grounded on the reaſon and fitneſs of things, in themſelves*, the firſt and principal mean of ſecuring the peace and happineſs of ſociety, it was neceſſary to add two other grand principles, *civil government* and *Religion*, and ſo have three conducible means to ſocial happineſs. Theſe three are neceſſary to the being of a public, and of them, religion, as I take it, is of the firſt conſequence; for the choice few only

only mind a *natural virtue*, or benevolence flowing from the reaſon, nature, and fitneſs of things; and *civil government* cannot always ſecure the happineſs of mankind in particular caſes; but *Religion*, rightly underſtood, and fixed upon its true and proper foundation, might do the work, in conjunction with the other two principles, and ſecure the happineſs of Society. If mankind were brought to the *belief* and *worſhip* of *one only true God*, and to a *ſincere obedience to his Will*, as we have it diſcovered in *Revelation*, I think appetite and paſſion would ceaſe to invade by violence or fraud, or ſet up for private intereſt in oppoſition to the public ſtock or common good. But, alas! Religion is ſo far from being rightly underſtood, that it is rendered by ſome explainers the moſt doubtful and diſputable thing in the world. They have given it more phaſes than the moon, and made it every thing, and nothing, while they are ſcreaming or forcing the people into their ſeveral factions. This deſtroys the moment of Religion, and the multitude are thereby wandered into endleſs mazes and perplexities, and rendered a haring, ſtaring, wrathful rabble; inſtead of being transformed into ſuch chriſtians as filled the firſt church at *Jeruſalem*; chriſtians who acknowledged and worſhipped God the Father Almighty,

in

in the name of Chriſt, that is, under a belief of that *authority* and *power* which the Father of the Univerſe has, for the *good* of mankind, conferred upon him; and in *humility* and *meekneſs*, in *mortification* and *ſelf-denial*, in a *renunciation of the ſpirit*, *wiſdom*, and *honours of this world*, in a *love of God*, and *deſire of doing God's will*, and *ſeeking only his honour*, were by the Goſpel made *like unto Chriſt*. *Golden Religion! Golden Age!* The *Doctrine* of Chriſtianity was then a *Reſtoration* of *true Religion*: the *Practice* of Chriſtianity, a *Reſtoration of human Nature*. But now, alas! too many explainers are employed in darkening and making doubtful the revealed Will of God, and by paraphraſes, expoſitions, commentaries, notes, and gloſſes, have almoſt rendered revelation uſeleſs. What do we ſee in the vaſt territories of Popery, but a perfect *Diaboliſm* in the place of the religion of our Lord; doctrines the moſt impious and abſurd, the moſt inconſiſtent and contradictory in themſelves, the moſt hurtful and miſchievous in their conſequences; the whole ſupported by perſecution, by the ſophiſtry of learned knaves, and the tricks of juggling prieſts? And if we turn our eyes from theſe regions of *impoſture* and *cruelty*, to the realms of *proteſtants*, do we not find ſome learned chriſtian critics and expoſitors reducing the

inſpired writings to a dark ſcience? without regard to the nature and intrinſic character of their doctrines, do they not advance notions as true and divine, which have not one appearance of divine authority; but, on the contrary, militate with the reaſon of things, and the moral fitneſs of actions; and are ſo far from being plain and clear, free from all doubtfulneſs, or ambiguity, and ſuited to the underſtandings and capacity of men, that the darkneſs of them renders ſuch pretended revelation of little ſervice; and impeaches the veracity, wiſdom, and goodneſs of God? Alas! too many explainers are clamorous, under the infallible ſtrength of their own perſuaſions, and exert every power to unman us into believers. How the *apoſtles* argued for the great excellency and dignity of Chriſtianity, is not with them the queſtion, ſo far as I am able to judge from their learned writings; but the *fathers*, and our ſpiritual *ſuperiors*, have put upon the ſacred writings the proper explications; and we muſt receive the truth as they diſpenſe it to us. This is not right, in my conception. I own it does not ſeem to anſwer the end of the Meſſiah's coming, which was to reſtore *Reaſon* and *Religion* to their rightful authority over mankind; and to make all virtue, and true goodneſs, flouriſh in the earth; the moſt perfect

perfect bleſſing to be ſure that God could beſtow on man, or man receive from God. This bleſſing we muſt miſs, if human authority is to pin us down to what it pleaſes to call ſenſe of ſcripture, and will ſet up the judgment of fallible men as the teſt of Chriſtianity. The Chriſtian Laity are miſerable indeed, if they be put under an obligation to find *that* to be *truth* which is taught by theſe Leaders. In truth, we ſhould be unhappy men, with a revelation in our churches and our cloſets, if the leaders had a right to make their *own faith* paſs for the *faith* of the *Apoſtles*; or, if we refuſe it, might lance the weapons of this world at their people. What muſt we do then as true Chriſtians? I think for myſelf, that we ought to form our judgment, in matters of faith, upon a ſtrict, ſerious and impartial examination of the Holy Scriptures, without any regard to the judgment of others, or human authority whatever: that we ought to open the ſacred records, without minding any ſyſtems, and from the revealed word of God learn, that Chriſtianity does not conſiſt in a jingle of unintelligible ſounds, and new fundamentals, hewn out by craft, enthuſiaſm, or bigotry, and maintained with an outrage of uncharitable zeal, which delivers Chriſtians to the flames of an eternal hell: but that the heavenly

religion of our Lord conſiſts in looking on the promiſed *Meſſiah*, as the moſt conſummate bleſſing God could beſtow or man receive; and that *Jeſus* is that *Meſſiah*; in acting according to the rules of the Goſpel, and in ſtudying to imitate God, who is the moſt perfect underſtanding nature, in all his moral perfections; in becoming the *Children of God* by being (according to our capacity) *perfect as he is perfect*, and *holy* as he is *holy*, and *merciful* as he is *merciful*; and in our whole *moral* behaviour as *like* to *him* as poſſible.

In a word, to flee *injuſtice*, *oppreſſion*, *intemperance*, *impurity*, *pride*, *unmercifulneſs*, *revenge*:——to practiſe *juſtice*, *piety*, *temperance*, *chaſtity*, *humility*, *beneficence*, *placability*——to turn from our iniquities to the practice of all virtue: and through the *alone mediation* of the *only begotten Son of God*, *believe* in and *worſhip* the *eternal mind*, the *one ſupreme Spirit*, in *hope* of a *glorious immortality*, through the ſanctification of the Holy Ghoſt:——Theſe are the things the Lord came down to teach mankind. For the *New Teſtament* itſelf then we muſt declare, and look upon it as the *only guide*, or *rule* of faith. It is now the only deliverer of the *declarations* of our *Lord*: And the rule in our enquiry is, that every thing *ne-*

ceſſary to be believed by a *Chriſtian*, is in thoſe Books not left to be gathered by *conſequences*, or *implications*; but the things *neceſſary* to obtain the favour of God promiſed to *Chriſtians* are *expreſsly declared*. If this was not the caſe---if things *abſolutely neceſſary* were not expreſsly proclaimed *to be ſo*, the goſpel revelation would be no rule at all (1).

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(1) To the plain and ſatisfactory method of ſeeking for the faith in the ſacred books, there were many adverſaries and many objections raiſed. There are (ſays a great man) a very numerous body of Chriſtians who know no other guides but the living guides of the preſent Church; and acknowledge no other *faith* for the faith *once delivered to the ſaints*, but that which is *now* delivered to them by their *preſent rulers*, as ſuch.

To eſtabliſh this point, the greater part of theſe lay down the *infallibility* of the *preſent* church, and of every man of the paſt ages, through whoſe mouth, or by whoſe hands, the preſent *traditions* of *faith*, have deſcended to them. And this, indeed, would be a very good method, if that ſingle proof of *infallibility* could be proved. But this is a *point* ſo groſs, and ſo utterly void of all proof, that a great body of the *Chriſtian world*, have broke looſe from the power of this monſter, and declared for the *New Teſtament* itſelf, as the only *guide* or *rule of faith*; the only *deliverer* of the *faith* to *us* of later ages.

When this comes however to be put in practice, too many of the ſame perſons who ſet the ſcriptures up as the only guide, turn round on a ſudden, and

The ſtory of Harriot Noel.

13. But it is time to tell my reader the ſtory of the beautiful *Harriot Noel*, which I promiſed in my third memorandum.——

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let us know that they mean by it, not theſe ſacred original writings themſelves, but the *interpretations*, or *ſenſe*, put upon them by our ſpiritual *ſuperiors*, to which we are bound to ſubmit, and put under an obligation to find *that* to be the *truth* which is taught by theſe leaders.

But to this we reply with reaſon, that though we ought to pay a regard of ſerious attention to thoſe whoſe buſineſs it is to find out and diſpenſe the truth, and ſhew the reſpect of a due examination of what they affirm; yet we muſt not yield the ſubmiſſion due only to *infallibility*. It is our glory not to ſubmit to the voice of any man. We muſt reſerve *that* regard, for *God*, and for *Chriſt*, in matters of *faith* once *delivered to the ſaints*.

Others, again, of the reformed, tell us, that the ſurer way of knowing what was *delivered* near eighteen hundred years ago, is to take the *original* faith from the *Councils* and *Fathers*, grave and good men, who met and writ for the ſettling of the *faith*.—And to this we anſwer, that theſe wiſe and good men cannot give ſo good an account of the *faith* contained in the *original books* as the *books themſelves* which contain it.

To give an example to the purpoſe. If we would know the doctrine of the Church of England at the reformation, it is not the writings of any particular divines many years after that period, that we muſt

conſult

On the glorious firſt of Auguſt, before the beaſts were rouſed from their lodges, or the birds had ſoared upwards, to pour forth their morning harmony; while the mountains and the groves were overſhadowed by a dun obſcurity, and the dawn ſtill dappled the drowſy Eaſt with ſpots of grey; in ſhort, before the ſun was up, or, with his auſpicious preſence, began to animate inferior nature, I left my chamber, and with my gun and dog, went out to wander over a pleaſant country. The different aſpects

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conſult; or any aſſembly of them: but the authentic acts, and declarations, and ſermons, made and recorded at the time; for many of the doctrines thought *eſſential* at the *reformation*, have been ſince changed by gradual alterations;—by explainers uſing their own ſtile and manner of expreſſion, and introducing their own ſcheme of philoſophy, and judgment in commenting, into the ſcheme of doctrine to be explained. This produces great variation from what was once ſettled. What was once eſteemed fundamental is thereby altered.—Let this be applied to the firſt Chriſtian writers, after the *Apoſtles* were departed, and as their *language* and philoſophy were *various*, and they differed from one another, great variations muſt creep into the doctrines delivered by them. It follows then, that nothing but what is recorded in the *firſt original* books themſelves can be firm and ſtable to us in points of faith. In the *original books* only we can find the *faith*, without that *confuſion* and *darkneſs*, which human explications and additions have brought in by way of *light*.

and the various points of view were charming, as the light in fleecy rings increaſed; and when the whole flood of day deſcended, the *imbelliſhed early ſcene* was a fine entertainment. Delighted with the beauties of this morning, I climbed up the mountains, and travelled through many a valley. The game was plenty, and for full five hours, I journeyed onward, without knowing where I was going, or thinking of a return to college.

About nine o'clock however I began to grow very hungry, and was looking round to ſee if I could diſcover any proper habitation to my purpoſe, when I obſerved in a valley, at ſome diſtance, ſomething that looked like a manſion. That way therefore I moved, and with no little difficulty, as I had a precipice to deſcend, or muſt go a mile round, to arrive at the place I wanted: down therefore I marched, got a fall by the way that had like to have deſtroyed me, and, after all, found it to be a ſhed for cattle. The bottom however was very beautiful, and the ſides of the hills ſweetly copſed with little woods. The valley is ſo divided, that the riſing ſun gilds it on the right hand, and when declining, warms it on the left.

—Veniens

——Veniens dextrum latus aſpiciat Sol,
Lævum diſcedens curru fugiente vaporet.

A pretty brook here likewiſe babbles along, and even *Hebrus* ſtrays not around *Thrace* with a purer and cooler ſtream.

Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus.

A Country Seat.

In this ſweet and delicious ſolitude, I crept on for ſome time, by the ſide of the murmuring ſtream, and followed as it winded thro' the vale, till I came to a little harmonic building, that had every charm and proportion architecture could give it. It was ſituated on a riſing ground in a broad part of the fruitful valley, and ſurrounded with a garden, that invited a penſive wanderer to roam in its delightful retreats, and walks amazingly beautiful. Every ſide of this fine ſpot was planted thick with underwood, and kept ſo low, as not to prevent a proſpect to every pleaſing remote object.

Finding one of the garden doors left open, I entered immediately, and to ſcreen myſelf from the ſcorching beams of the ſun, got into an imbowered way, that led me to

a large fountain, in a ring or circular opening, and from thence, by a gradual, eaſy, ſhady aſcent, to a ſemicircular amphitheatre of ever-greens, that was quite charming. In this were ſeveral ſeats for eaſe, repaſt, or retirement; and at either end of it a rotunda or temple of the Ionic order. One of them was converted into a grotto or ſhell-houſe, in which a politeneſs of fancy had produced and blended the greateſt beauties of nature and decoration. The other was a library, filled with the fineſt books, and a vaſt variety of mathematical inſtruments. Here I ſaw Miſs *Noel* ſitting, and ſo intent at writing, that ſhe did not take any notice of me, as I ſtood at the window, in aſtoniſhment looking at the things before me, and eſpecially at the amazing beauties of her face, and the ſplendor of her eyes; as ſhe raiſed them now and then from the paper ſhe writ on, to look into a *Hebrew* Bible that lay open upon a ſmall deſk before her. The whole ſcene was ſo very uncommon, and ſo vaſtly amazing, that I thought myſelf for a while on ſome ſpot of magic ground, and almoſt doubted the reality of what my eyes beheld; till Miſs *Noel*, by accident, looked full at me, and then came forward to the open window, to know who I wanted.

Before

Before I could anſwer, I found a venerable old gentleman ſtanding by my ſide, and he ſeemed much more ſurprized at the ſight of me than his daughter was; for, as this young lady told me afterward, ſhe gueſſed at once the whole affair; ſeeing me with my gun and dog, in a ſhooting dreſs; and knew it was a natural curioſity brought me into the garden, and ſtopped me at the window, when I ſaw her in ſuch an attitude, and in ſuch a place.—This I aſſured them was the truth of my caſe, with this ſmall addition however, that I was ready to periſh for want of ſomething to eat; having been from four in the morning at hard exerciſe, and had not yet broke my faſt.—If this be the caſe, ſays the good old man, you are welcome, Sir, to Eden-Park, and you ſhall ſoon have the beſt breakfaſt our houſe affords.

Upon this Mr. *Noel* brought me into his houſe, and the lovely *Harriot* made tea for me, and had ſuch plenty of fine cream, and extraordinary bread and butter ſet before me, that I breakfaſted with uncommon pleaſure. The honour and happineſs of her company rendered the repaſt quite delightful. There was a civility ſo very great in her manner, and a ſocial goodneſs ſo charming in her talk and temper, that it was un-

ſpeakable delight to ſit at table with her. She aſked me a number of queſtions relating to things, and books, and people, and there was ſo much good ſenſe in every inquiry, ſo much good humour in her reflections, and replications, that I was entirely charmed with her mind; and loſt in admiration, when I contemplated the wonders of her face, and the beauties of her perſon.

When breakfaſt was over, it was time for me to depart, and I made half a dozen attempts to riſe from my chair; but without her laying a roſy finger on me, this illuſtrious maid had ſo totally ſubdued my ſoul, and deprived me of all motive power, that I ſat like the renowned Prince of the Maſſagetes, who was ſtiffened by enchantment in the apartment of the Princeſs *Phedima*, as we read in *Amadis de Gaul.* This Miſs *Noel* ſaw very plain, and in compaſſion to my misfortune, generouſly threw in a hint now and then, for a little farther converſation to colour my unreaſonable delay. But this could not have been of ſervice much longer, as the clock had ſtruck twelve, if the old gentleman, her father, had not returned to us, and told me, he inſiſted on my ſtaying to dine with him; for he loved to take a glaſs after dinner with a facetious companion, and would be obliged to me for my company.

pany. At preſent (Mr. *Noel* continued) you will excuſe me, Sir, as buſineſs engages me till we dine: but my daughter will chat the hours away with you, and ſhew you the curioſities of her library and grott. *Harriot* will ſupply my place.

This was a delightful invitation indeed, and after returning my hearty thanks to the old gentleman for the favour he did me, I addreſſed myſelf to Miſs *Noel*, when her father was gone, and we were walking back to the library in the garden, and told her ingenuouſly, that though I could not be poſitive as to the ſituation of my ſoul, whether I was in love with her or not, as I never had experienced the paſſion before, nor knew what it was to admire a woman; having lived till that morning in a ſtate of indifference to her ſex; yet, I found very ſtrange emotions within me, and I was ſure I could not leave her without the moſt lively and afflicting inquietude. You will pardon, I hope, Madam, this effuſion of my heart, and ſuffer me to demonſtrate by a thouſand and a thouſand actions, that I honour you in a manner unutterable, and from this time, can imagine no happineſs but with you.

Sir,

A Converſation with Miſs Noel, *in relation to the Language of* Adam, *and the Primævity of the* Hebrew *Tongue.*

Sir, (this inimitable maid replied) you are an entire ſtranger to me, and to declare a paſſion on a few hours acquaintance, muſt be either to try my weakneſs, or becauſe you think a young woman is incapable of reliſhing any thing but ſuch ſtuff, when alone in converſation with a gentleman. I beg then I may hear no more of this, and as I am ſure you can talk upon many more rational ſubjects, requeſt your favour, to give me your opinion on ſome articles in this *Hebrew Bible* you ſee lying open on the table in this room. My father, Sir, among other things he has taken great pains to inſtruct me in, for ſeveral years that I have lived with him in a kind of ſolitary ſtate, ſince the death of my mother, whom I loſt when I was very young, has taught me to read and underſtand this inſpired *Hebrew* book; and ſays we muſt aſcribe *primævity* and *ſacred prerogatives* to this language. For my part, I have ſome doubts as to this matter, which I dare not mention to my father. Tell me, if you pleaſe, what you think of the thing.

Miſs *Noel*, (I anſwered) ſince it is your command, that I ſhould be ſilent as to that

flame

flame your glorious eyes and underſtanding have lighted up in my ſoul, like ſome ſuperior nature, before whom I am nothing, ſilent I will be, and tell you what I fancy on a ſubject I am certain you underſtand much better than I do. My knowledge of the *Hebrew* is but ſmall, though I have learned to read and underſtand the Old Teſtament in the *Ante-Babel* language.

My opinion on your queſtion is, that the *Biblical Hebrew* was the language of Paradiſe, and continued to be ſpoken by all men, down to, and at the time of *Moſes* writing the Pentateuch, and long after. *Abraham*, though bred in *Chaldea*, could converſe freely with the *Egyptians*, the *Sodomites*, and the King of *Gerar*; nor do we find, that any variety of ſpeech interrupted the commerce of his ſon *Iſaac* with the ſeveral nations around, or that it ever ſtopt *Jacob* in his travels. Nay, the *Iſraelites*, in their journey through the deſarts of *Arabia*, (after they had been ſome hundred years in *Egypt*) though joined by a mixt multitude, and meeting with divers kinds of people, had not corrupted their language, and were eaſily underſtood, becauſe it was then the univerſal one. The ſimplicity and diſtinctneſs of the *Hebrew* tongue preſerved its purity ſo long and ſo univerſally. It could not

not well be degenerate till the knowledge of nature was loſt, as its words conſiſt but of two or three letters, and are perfectly well ſuited to convey ſenſible and ſtrong ideas. It was at the *captivity* (2), in the ſpace of ſeventy years, that the *Jews*, by temporiſing with the ignorant victors, ſo far neglected the uſage of their own tongue, that none but the *ſcribes* or learned men could underſtand *Moſes*'s books.

This I confeſs (Miſs *Noel* ſaid) is a plauſible account of the *primævity* and *pre-eminence* of the *ſacred Hebrew*, but I think it is not neceſſary the account ſhould be allowed as fact. As to its being the language in Paradiſe, this is not very probable, as a compaſs of 1800 years muſt have changed the firſt language very greatly by an increaſe of words, and new inflections, applications, and conſtructions of them. The few firſt inhabitants of the earth were occupied in few things, and wanted not a variety of

(2) The captivity began at *Nebuzaradan*'s taking and burning the city and temple of *Jeruſalem*, and ſending *Zedekiah*, the laſt king, in chains, to *Nebuchadnezzar*, who ordered his children to be butchered before his face, his eyes to be put out, and then thrown into a dungeon, where he died. This happened before our Lord 588 years; after the flood, 1766; of the world 3416.

words;

words; but when their deſcendants invented arts and improved ſciences, they were obliged to coin new words and technical terms, and by extending and transferring their words to new ſubjects, and uſing them figuratively, were forced to multiply the ſenſes of thoſe already in uſe. The language to be ſure was thus gradually cultivated, and every age improved it. All living languages are liable to ſuch change. I therefore conclude, that the language which ſerved the *firſt pair* would not do for ſucceeding generations. It became vaſtly more copious and extenſive, when the numbers of mankind were great, and their language muſt ſerve converſation and the ends of life, and anſwer all the purpoſes of intelligence and correſpondence. New words and new terms of ſpeech, from time to time were neceſſary, to give true ideas of the things, actions, offices, places, and times peculiar to the *Hebrews*. Even *Hutchinſon* allows there was ſome coinage, ſome new words framed. We find in the latter prophets, words not to be met with in the *Pentateuch*: and from thence we may ſuppoſe, that *Moſes* uſed words unknown to *Nimrod* and *Heber*: and that the men at *Shinaar* (3) had

(3) *Shinaar* comprehends the plains of *Chaldea* or *Babylonia* in *Aſia*; and the *men of Shinaar* were the firſt

words which the people before the flood were ſtrangers to. Even in the ſeventeenth century, there muſt have been a great alteration in the language of *Adam*; and when the *venerable Patriarch* and his family came into a new world, that was in a different ſtate from the earth before the deluge, and ſaw a vaſt variety of things without precedent in the old world, the alterations in nature and diet, muſt introduce a multitude of new terms in things of common experience and uſage; as, after that amazing revolution in the natural world, not only the clouds and meteors were different, and the ſouls that were ſaved had a new and aſtoniſhing view of the ruin and repair of the ſyſtem, but *Noah* did then begin to be an huſbandman; he planted a vineyard; he invented wine; and to him the firſt grant was given of eating fleſh. All theſe things required as it were a new language, and the terms to be ſure with mankind encreaſed. The *Noachical* language muſt be quite another thing after the great events of the *flood*.

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firſt *colony* that *Noah* ſent out from *Ararat*, the mountains of *Armenia*, where the *Ark* reſted after the *flood*, to ſettle in the grand plains of *Babylonia*, 1200 miles from *Ararat*. This was in the days of *Peleg*, 240 years after the flood, when the eight had encreaſed to ſixty thouſand; which made a remove of part of them neceſſary.

Had

Had *Methuſelah*, who converſed many years with *Adam*, who received from his mouth the hiſtory of the *creation* and *fall*, and who lived 600 years with *Noah*, to communicate to him all the knowledge he got from *Adam*; had this *Antediluvian* wiſe man been raiſed from the dead to converſe with the *poſtdiluvian* fathers, or even with *Noah*, the year he died, that is, 350 years after the *flood*; is it not credible, from what I have ſaid, that he would have heard a language very different from that tongue he uſed in the converſations with *Adam*, even in the 930th year of the *firſt man* (4)? I imagine *Methuſelah* would not have been able to have talked

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(4) The extraordinary *longevity* of the *Antediluvians* is accounted utterly incredible by many *moderns*; but it did not appear ſo unnatural to the early ages of *Paganiſm*.—Let no one (ſays *Joſephus*) upon comparing the lives of the ancients with our lives, and with the few years which we now live, think that what we have ſaid of them is falſe. I have for witneſs to what I have ſaid, all thoſe who have written antiquities, both among the Greeks and Barbarians. For even *Manetho*, who wrote the Egyptian Hiſtory; and *Beroſus*, who collected the Chaldean Monuments; and *Mochus* and *Hoſtiæus*; and beſides theſe, *Hieronymus* the Egyptian, and thoſe who compoſed the Phœnician Hiſtory, agree to what I here ſay. *Heſiod* alſo, and *Hecutæus*, and *Hallanius*, and *Acuſilaus*; and beſides theſe, *Ephorus*, and *Nicolaus* of *Damaſcus*, relate that the ancients lived 1000 years.

Longevity of the Antediluvians.

The

with *Noah*, at the time I have mentioned, of the circumſtances that then made the caſe of mankind, and of the things of common experience and uſage. He muſt have been unable to converſe at his firſt appearance.

What you ſay, Madam, (I replied) is not only very probable, but affords a ſatisfaction unexpected in a ſubject on which we are obliged, for want of *data*, to uſe conjectures. I offer up to your ſuperior ſenſe the notion, that the Scriptures were wrote in the language of Paradiſe. Moſt certain it is, that even in reſpect to our own language, for example, the ſubjects of *Henry* the 1ſt would find it as much out of their power to underſtand the *Engliſh* of *George* the 1ſt's reign, were they brought up again, as the ordinary people of our time are at a loſs to make any thing of the *Engliſh* written in the 1ſt *Henry*'s reign. But when I have granted this, you will be pleaſed to inform me, how *Abraham*

The ancient Latin authors likewiſe confirm the ſacred hiſtory in this branch: and Varro, in particular, made an enquiry, What the reaſon was that the antients lived a thouſand years.

See a continuation of this 4th note in the appendix.

and

and his ſons converſed and commerced with the nations, if the *Hebrew* was not the univerſal language in their time? If the miracle at *Babel* was a confuſion of *tongues*, as is generally ſuppoſed, how did the *holy family* talk and act with ſuch diſtant Kings and people? Illuminate me, thou glorious girl, in this dark article, and be my teacher in *Hebrew* learning, as I flatter myſelf you will be the guide and dirigent of all my notions and my days. Yes, charming *Harriot*, my fate is in your hands. Diſpoſe of it as you will, and make me what you pleaſe.

You force me to ſmile, (the illuſtrious Miſs *Noel* replied) and oblige me to call you an odd compound of a man. Pray, Sir, let me have no more of thoſe romantic flights, and I will anſwer your queſtions as well as I can; but it muſt be at ſome other time. There is more to be ſaid on the miracle of *Babel*, and its effects, than I could diſpatch between this and our hour of dining, and therefore, the remainder of our leiſure till dinner, we will paſs in a viſit to my grotto, and in walking round the garden to the parlour we came from. To the grotto then we went, and, to the beſt of my power, I will give my reader a deſcription of this ſplendid room.

In

A Deſcription of Miſs Noel's grotto.

In one of the fine rotundas I have mentioned, at one end of the green amphitheatre very lately deſcribed, the ſhining apartment was formed. Miſs *Noel's* hand had covered the floor with the moſt beautiful *Moſaic* my eyes have ever beheld, and filled the arched roof with the richeſt foſſil gems. The *Moſaic* painting on the ground was wrought with ſmall coloured ſtones or pebbles, and ſharp-pointed bits of glaſs, meaſured and proportioned together, ſo as to imitate in their aſſemblage the ſtrokes and colour of the objects, which they were intended to repreſent, and they repreſented by this lady's art, the *Temple of Tranquillity*, deſcribed by *Voluſenus* in his dream.

The Temple of Tranquillity and a remarkable Inſcription.

At ſome diſtance the fine temple looks like a beautiful painted picture, as do the birds, the beaſts, the trees, in the fields about it, and the river which murmurs at the bottom of the riſing ground; Amnis lucidus & vadoſus in quo cernere erat varii generis piſces colludere. So wonderfully did this genius perform the piece, that fiſhes of many kinds ſeem to take their paſtime in the bright ſtream. But above all, is the image of the philoſopher, at the entrance of the temple,

ple, vaſtly fine. With pebbles and ſcraps of glaſs, all the beauties and graces are expreſſed, which the pencil of an able artiſt could beſtow on the picture of *Democritus*. You ſee him as *Diogenes Laertius* has drawn him, with a philoſophical joy in his countenance, that ſhews him ſuperior to all events. *Summum bonorum finem ſtatuit eſſe lætitiam*, non eam quæ ſit eadem voluptati, ſed *eam per quam animus degit perturbationis expers*; and with a finger he points to the following golden inſcription on the portico of the temple:—

Flagrans ſit ſtudium bene merendi de ſeipſo,
Et ſeipſum perficiendi.

That is, *By a rectitude of mind and life, ſecure true happineſs and the applauſe of your own heart, and let it be the labour of your every day, to come as near perfection as it is poſſible for human nature to get.* This *Moſaic* piece of painting is indeed an admirable thing. It has a fine effect in this grotto, and is a noble monument of the maſterly hand of Miſs *Noel*.

Nor was her fine genius leſs viſible in the ſtriking appearance of the extremely beautiful ſhells and valuable curioſities, all round the apartment. Her father ſpared no coſt to procure her the fineſt things of the

oceans and rivers from all parts of the world, and pebbles, ſtones, and ores of the greateſt curioſity and worth. Theſe were all diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, as not only ſhed a glorious luſtre in the room, but ſhewed the underſtanding of this young lady in natural knowledge.

In one part of the grot were collected and arranged the ſtony coverings of all the ſhell-fiſh in the ſea, from the *ſtriated patella* and its ſeveral ſpecies, to the *pholades* in all their ſpecies: and of thoſe that live in the freſh ſtreams, from the *ſuboval limpet* or *umbonated patella*, and its ſpecies, to the *triangular, and deeply ſtriated cardia*. Even all the land-ſhells were in this collection, from the *pomatia* to the *round-mouthed turbo*. The moſt beautiful genera of the ſea-ſhells, intermixed with foſſil corals of all the kinds, with animal ſubſtances become foſſil; and with copper-ores, agates, pebbles, pieces of the fineſt marmora and alabaſtritæ, and the moſt elegant and beautiful marcaſites, and chryſtals, and ſpars. Theſe filled the greateſt part of the walls, and in claſſes, here and there, were ſcattered, as foils to raiſe the luſtre of the others, the inferior ſhells.

Among the ſimple ſea-ſhells, that is, thoſe of one ſhell, without a hinge, I ſaw ſeveral rare

rare ones, that were neither in Mrs. *O'Hara*'s, nor in Mrs. *Crafton*'s grottos in *Fingal*, as I obſerved to thoſe ladies (5). The ſhells I mean are the following ones.

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(5) I had once a ſweet little country houſe in the neighbourhood of thoſe ladies, and uſed to be often at their gardens and grottos. Mrs. *Crafton* had the fineſt ſhells, but her grott was dull and regular, and had no appearance of nature in the formation. She was a pious, plain, refined lady, but had not a fancy equal to the operation required in a ſhell-houſe.

The excellent, the polite, the well-bred, the good and unfortunate Mrs. *O'Hara*, had a glorious fancy. She was a genius, and had an imagination that formed a grotto wild and charming as *Calypſo*'s. Her fancy did likewiſe form the garden (in which the grotto ſtood, near the margin of a flood) into a paradiſe of delights. Many a pleaſing, ſolitary hour, have I paſſed in this charming place; and all at laſt I ſaw in ruins; the garden in diſorder—and every fine ſhell torn from the grotto.

Such are the changes and chances of this firſt ſtate; changes wiſely deſigned by providence as warnings not to ſet up our reſt here: that we may turn our hearts from this world, and with all our might labour for that life which ſhall never periſh.

What ruined Mrs. O'*Hara*'s grotto deprived me of my little green and ſhady retreat. *Charles O'Hara*, this lady's huſband, a ſtrange man, from whom I rented my pretty farm, and tow hom I had paid a fine to lower the rent, had mortgaged it, unknown to me, to the famous *Damer*, and that powerful man ſwallowed all. All I had there was ſeized for arrears of intereſt due of Mr. *O'Hara*; and as I was ever liable to diſtraining, I took my leave of *Fingall*.

Fine ſhells. The Sea Trumpet.

1. The *ſea-trumpet*, which is in its perfect ſtate nine inches long, an inch and half diameter at its mouth or irregular lip, and the opening at the ſmall end about half an inch. The ſurface is a beautiful brown, prettily ſpotted with white, and the pipe has fourteen annular ridges that are a little elevated, and of a fine purple colour.

The Admiral.

2. The *admiral* is vaſtly beautiful, a *voluta* two inches and a half long, and an inch in diameter, at the head, from whence it decreaſes to a cone with an obtuſe point. The ground colour is the brighteſt, elegant yellow, finer than that of Sienna marble, and this ground ſo variegated with the brighteſt colours, that a little more than a third part of the ground is ſeen. Broad faſciæ, the moſt charmingly varied, ſurround it, and the clavicle is the moſt elegant of objects in colours, brightneſs and irregularities. There is a punctuated line of variations that runs in the centre of the yellow faſcia, and is wonderfully pretty. This beautiful *Eaſt Indian* ſells at a great price.

3. The

3. The *crown imperial* is likewiſe extremely beautiful. This voluta is four inches long, two in diameter at the top, and its head adorned with a charming ſeries of fine tubercles, pointed at the extremities. The ground is a clear pale, and near the head and extremity of the ſhell, two very beautiful zones run round. They are of the brighteſt yellow, and in a manner the moſt elegant, are variegated with black and white purple. It is an Eaſt Indian.

The Crown Imperial.

4. The *Hebrew letter*, another voluta, is a fine curioſity. It is two inches in length, and an inch and a quarter in diameter at the top. It is a regular conic figure, and its exerted clavicle has ſeveral volutions. The ground is like the white of a fine pearl, and the body all over variegated with irregular marks of black, which have a near reſemblance of the *Hebrew* characters. This elegant ſhell is an *Eaſt Indian.*

The Hebrew Letter.

5. The *white voluta*, with brown and blue and purple ſpots. This very elegant ſhell, whoſe ground is a charming white, is found on the coaſt of Guinea, from five to ſix

The white Voluta.

inches in length, and its diameter at the head often three inches. It tapers gradually, and at the extremity is a large obtuſe. Its variegations in its ſpots are very beautiful, and its ſpots are principally diſpoſed in many circles round the ſhell.

The Butterfly.

6. The *Butterfly* is a *voluta* the moſt elegant of this beautiful genus. Its length is five inches in its perfection, and two and a half broad at the head. The body is an obtuſe cone: the clavicle is pointed, and in ſeveral volutions. The ground is the fineſt yellow, and beautified all over with ſmall brown ſpots, in regular and round ſeries. Theſe variegations are exceeding pretty, and as this rare Eaſt Indian ſhell has beſides theſe beauties three charming bands round the body, which are formed of large ſpots of a deep brown, a pale brown, and white, and reſembles the ſpots on the wings of butterflies, it is a beautiful ſpecies indeed. The animal that inhabits this ſhell is a *limax*.

The Tulip Cylinder.

7. The *tulip cylinder* is a very ſcarce and beautiful native of the Eaſt Indies, and in its ſtate of perfection and brightneſs of colour, of

of great value. Its form is cylindric, its length four inches, and its diameter two and a half at its greateſt increaſe. Its clavicle has many volutions, and terminates in an obtuſe point. The ground colour is white, and its variegations blue and brown. They are thrown into irregular clouds in the moſt beautiful manner, and into ſome larger and ſmaller ſpots. The limax inhabits this fine ſhell.

I likewiſe ſaw in this grotto the fineſt ſpecies of the *purpura*, the *dolia*, and the *porcellana*. There was of the firſt genius the *thorny woodcock*:—of the ſecond, the *harp ſhell*:—and of the third, the *argus ſhell*.

The thorny Woodcock.

8. The *thorny woodcock* is ventricoſe, and approaches to an oval figure. Its length, full grown, is five inches; the clavicle ſhort, but in volutions diſtinct; and its roſtrum from the mouth twice the length of the reſt of the ſhell. This ſnout and the body have four ſeries of ſpines, generally an inch and half long, pointed at the ends, and ſomewhat crooked. The ſpines lie in regular, longitudinal ſeries. The mouth is almoſt round, but the opening is continued in

the form of a ſlit up the roſtrum. The colour of this American, and extremely elegant ſhell, is a tawny yellow, with a fine mixture of a lively brown, and by bleaching on the coaſts, it gets many ſpots of white.

The Harp. 9. The *beautiful harp* is a Chineſe; three inches and a half long, and two and a half in diameter. The ſhell is tumid and inflated, and at the head largeſt. It has an oblong clavicle in ſeveral volutions, pointed at the extremity, and the other extreme is a ſhort roſtrum. The whole ſurface is ornamented with elevated ribs, that are about twice as thick as a ſtraw, and as diſtant from each other as the thickneſs of four ſtraws. The colour is a fine deep brown, variegated with white and a paler brown, in a manner ſurprizingly beautiful.

The Argus. 10. The extremely elegant *argus* is from the coaſt of Africa, and is ſometimes found in the Eaſt Indies. Its length, in a ſtate of perfection, is four inches and a half; its diameter three. It is oblong and gibbous, has a wide mouth, and lips ſo continued beyond the verge, as to form at each extremity a broad and ſhort beak. The colour

lour is a fine pale yellow, and over the body are three brown faſciæ: but the whole ſurface, and theſe faſciæ, are ornamented with multitudes of the moſt beautiful round ſpots, which reſemble eyes in the wings of the fineſt butterflies. The *limax* inhabits this charming ſhell. This creature is the ſea-ſnail.

The concha of Venus.

11. The *concha of Venus* was the next ſhell in this young lady's collection that engaged my attention. One of them was three inches long, and two and a half in diameter. The valves were convex, and in longitudinal direction deeply ſtriated. The hinge at the prominent end was large and beautifully wrought, and the opening the ſhell was covered with the moſt elegant wrinkled lips, of the moſt beautiful red colour, finely intermixed with white; theſe lips do not unite in the middle, but have ſlender and beautiful ſpines round about the truncated ends of the ſhell. This *ſhell of Venus* is an American, and valued by the collectors at a high rate.

The Hammer Oyſter.

12. But of all the curious ſhells in this wonderful collection, the *hammer oyſter* was what I wondered at moſt; it is the moſt extraor-

extraordinary ſhell in the world. It reſembles a pickax, with a very ſhort handle and a long head. The body of the ſhell is in the place of the handle of the inſtrument, and is four inches and a half in diameter. What anſwered to the head of the pickax was ſeven inches long, and three quarters of an inch in diameter. This head terminates at each end in a narrow obtuſe point, is uneven at the edges, irregular in its make, and lies croſswiſe to the body; yet the valves ſhut in the cloſeſt and moſt elegant manner. The edges are deeply furrowed and plated, and the lines run in irregular directions. The colour without is a fine mixture of brown and purple; and within, a pearly white, with a tinge of purple. This rare ſhell is an Eaſt Indian, and whenever it appears at an auction is rated very high. I have known ten guineas given for a perfect one.

With a large quantity of theſe moſt beautiful ſhells, which are rarely ſeen in any collection, and with all the family of the *pectens*, the *cardiæ*, the *ſolens*, the *cylindri*, the *murexes*, the *turbines*, the *buccina*, and every ſpecies of the fineſt genera of ſhells, Miſs *Noel* formed a *grotto* that exceeded every thing of the kind I believe in the world; all I am ſure that I have ſeen, except

cept the late Mrs. *Harcourt*'s in *Richmond-ſhire*; which I ſhall give my Reader a deſcription of, when I travel him up thoſe Engliſh Alpes. It was not only, that Miſs *Noel*'s happy fancy had blended all theſe things in the wildeſt and moſt beautiful diſpoſition over the walls of the rotunda; but her fine genius had produced a variety of grotts within her grotto, and falling waters and points of view. In one place, was the famous *Atalanta*, and her delightful cave: and in another part, the Goddeſs and Ulyſſes's ſon appeared at the entrance of that grott, which under the appearance of a rural plainneſs had every thing could charm the eye: the roof was ornamented with ſhell-work; the tapeſtry was a tender vine; and limpid fountains ſweetly purled round.

An image of Epictetus and a remarkable Legend.

But what above all the finely fancied works in Miſs *Noel*'s grotto pleaſed me, was, a figure of the philoſopher *Epictetus*, in the centre of the grott. He ſat at the door of a cave, by the ſide of a falling water, and held a book of his philoſophy in his hand, that was written in the manner of the ancients, that is, on parchment rolled up cloſe together. He appeared in deep meditation, and as part

of the book had been unwrapped and gradually extended, from his knee on the ground, one could read very plain, in large Greek characters, about fifty lines. The Engliſh of the leſſon was this.

The MASTER SCIENCE.

All things have their *nature*, their make and form, by which they *act*, and by which they *ſuffer*. The *vegetable* proceeds with perfect *inſenſibility*. The *brute* poſſeſſes a ſenſe of what is pleaſurable and painful, but ſtops at mere *ſenſation*. The *rational*, like the brute, has all the powers of mere *ſenſation*, but enjoys a farther tranſcendent *faculty*. To him is imparted the *maſter-ſcience* of *what* he is, *where* he is, and the *end* to which he is deſtined. He is directed by the *canon* of *reaſon* to reverence the dignity of his own ſuperior character, and never wretchedly degrade himſelf into natures to him ſubordinate. The maſter ſcience (he is told) conſiſts in having juſt ideas of pleaſures and pains, true notions of the moments and conſequences of different actions and purſuits, whereby he may be able to meaſure, direct or controul his deſires or averſions, and never merge into miſeries. Remember this, Arrianus. Then only you are qualified for life, when you are able to oppoſe

oppoſe your appetites, and bravely dare to call your opinions to account; when you have eſtabliſhed judgment or reaſon as the ruler in your mind, and by a patience of thinking, and a power of reſiſting, before you chooſe, can bring your fancy to the teſt of truth. By this means, furniſhed with the knowledge of the effects and conſequences of actions, you will know how you ought to behave in every caſe. You will ſteer wiſely through the various rocks and ſhelves of life. In ſhort, Arrianus, the deliberate habit is the proper buſineſs of man; and his duty, to exert, upon the firſt proper call, the virtues natural to his mind; that piety, that love, that juſtice, that veracity, that gratitude, that benevolence; which are the glory of human kind. Whatever is fated in that order of incontroulable events, by which the divine power preſerves and adorns the whole, meet the incidents with magnanimity, and co-operate with chearfulneſs in whatever the ſupreme mind ordains.—Let a fortitude be always exerted in endurings; a juſtice in diſtributions; a prudence in moral offices; and a temperance in your natural appetites and purſuits.——This is the moſt perfect humanity. This do, and you will be a fit actor in the general drama; and the only end of your exiſtence is the due performance of the part allotted you.

Old Mr. Noel's *character.*

Such was Miſs *Noel*'s grotto, and with her, if it had been in my power to chooſe, I had rather have paſſed in it the day in talking of the various fine ſubjects it contained, than go in to dinner; which a ſervant informed us was ſerving up, juſt as I had done reading the above recited philoſophical leſſon. Back then we returned to the parlour, and there found the old Gentleman. We ſat down immediately to two very good diſhes, and when that was over, Mr. *Noel* and I drank a bottle of old Alicant. Though this Gentleman was upwards of eighty, yet years had not deprived him of reaſon and ſpirit. He was lively and ſenſible, and ſtill a moſt agreeable companion. He talked of *Greece* and *Rome*, as if he had lived there before the Æra of chriſtianity. The court of Auguſtus he was ſo far from being a ſtranger to, that he deſcribed the principal perſons in it; their actions, their pleaſures, and their caprices, as if he had been their contemporary. We talked of all theſe great characters. We went into the gallery of *Verres*. We looked over the ancient theatres. Several of the moſt beautiful paſſages in the Roman poets this fine old man repeated, and made very pleaſant, but moral remarks upon them.

The

The cry (ſaid he) ſtill is as it was in the days of *Horace*———

O cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia primum,
Virtus poſt nummos.———
Unde habeas nemo quaerit, ſed oportet habere.

Quorum animis, a prima lanugine, non inſedit illud?

And what *Catullus* told his *Leſbia*, is it not approved to this day by the largeſt part of the great female world?

Vivamus, mea Leſbia, atque amemus,
Rumoreſque Senium Severiorum,
Omnes unius aeſtimemus aſſis.
Soles occidere et redire poſſunt,
Nobis, cum ſemel occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetua una dormiendo.

Hæc diſcunt omnes ante Alpha & Beta puellæ.

The girls all learn this leſſon before their A. B. C: And as to the opinion of the poet, it ſhews how ſadly the *Auguſtan* age, with all its learning, and polite advantages, was corrupted: and as *Virgil* makes a jeſt of his own fine deſcription of a paradiſe or the Elyſian fields; as is evident from his diſmiſſing his hero out of the ivory gate; which ſhews he was of the ſchool of *Epicu-*

rus;

rus; it is from theſe things manifeſt, that we can never be thankful enough for the principles and dictates of revealed religion: we can never ſufficiently adore the goodneſs of the moſt glorious Eternal for the goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt: which opens the unbounded regions of eternal day to the virtuous and charitable, and promiſes them a reſt from labour, and ever blooming joys; while it condemns the wicked to the regions of horror and ſolid darkneſs; that dreadful region, from whence the cries of miſery for ever aſcend, but can never reach the throne of mercy.—O heavenly religion! deſigned to make men good, and for ever happy: that preſerves the dignity of human nature ——Guards and increaſes virtue——And brings us to the realms of perfect reaſon and excellent glory.

But (continued this fine old Gentleman) *Tibullus* has ever pleaſed me in the deſcription of his miſtreſs:

Illam quicquid agit, quoquo veſtigia flectit.
Componit *furtim ſubſequiturque decor*;
Seu ſolvit crines, fuſis decet eſſe capillis;
Seu compſit comptis eſt veneranda comis.
Urit ſeu Tyria voluit procedere pulla;
Urit ſeu nivea candida veſte venit.
Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

Theſe

Theſe elegant lines contain an inimitably beautiful deſcription of outward grace, and its charming effects upon all who ſee it. Such a grace, without thinking of it, every one ſhould ſtrive to have, whatever they are doing. They ſhould make it habitual to them. *Quintilian* ſeems to have had theſe fine lines in view, in his deſcription of outward behaviour: Neque enim geſtum componi ad ſimilitudinem ſaltationis volo, ſed ſubeſſe aliquid, in hac exercitatione puerili, unde nos non id agentes, furtim decor ille diſcentibus traditus ſubſequatur, Cap. 10. —I am not for having the mein of a gentleman the ſame with that of a dancing maſter; but that a boy while young, ſhould enter upon this exerciſe, that it may communicate a ſecret gracefulneſs to his manner ever after.

In this manner did the old gentleman and I paſs the time, till the clock ſtruck five, when Miſs *Noel* came into the parlour again, and her father ſaid he muſt retire, to take his evening nap, and would ſee me at ſupper; for with him I muſt ſtay that night. *Harriot*, make tea for the Gentleman. I am your ſervant, ſir; and he withdrew. To *Harriot* then, my life and my bliſs, I turned, and over a pot of tea was as happy, I am ſure, as ever with his *Statira* ſat the

conqueror

conqueror of the world. I began to relate once more the ſtory of a paſſion, that was to form one day, I hoped, my ſole felicity in this world, and with vows and proteſtations affirmed, that I loved from my ſoul. Charming angel, I ſaid, the beauties of your mind have inſpired me with a paſſion, that muſt encreaſe every time I behold the harmony of your face; and by the powers divine, I ſwear to love you, ſo long as Heaven ſhall permit me to breathe the vital air. Bid me then either live or die, and while I do live, be aſſured, that my life will be devoted to you only.—But in vain was all this warmth. Miſs *Noel* ſat as unmoved as *Erycina* on a monument, and only anſwered, with a ſmile, Since your days, ſir, are in my diſpoſal, I deſire you will change to ſome other ſubject, and ſome article that is rational and uſeful: otherwiſe, I muſt leave the room.

A ſecond converſation with Miſs Noel; *relating to the Miracle at* Babel, *and the confuſion of tongues.*

To leave me, I replied, would be inſupportable, and therefore, at once I have done. If you pleaſe then, Madam, we will conſider the *Miracle* at *Babel*, and enquire into the language of the world at that time. Allowing, as you have proved in our late converſation, that

that the language after the *flood* was quite another thing from that uſed in Paradiſe, and of conſequence, that *Moſes* did not write in that tongue which *Adam* and *Eve* converſed in; nor is *Hebrew* of that *primevity* which ſome great men affirm; yet, if there was a confuſion of tongues at *Babel*, and many languages were ſpoken in the earth in the days of *Abraham*, then, how did he and his ſons converſe ſo eaſily with the various nations they paſſed through, and had occaſional connexions with? For my part, I think with Mr. *Hutchinſon*, that the divine interpoſition at *Babel* was for quite another end, to wit, to confound their *confeſſion*, and caſt out of their minds the name or object of it, that a man might not liſten to the *lip* or *confeſſion* of his neighbour. They were made to loſe their own *lip*, and to differ about the words of their atheiſtical confeſſion.

As to a *confuſion* of *confeſſions* (Miſs *Noel* replied), it appears to me to be a notion without any foundation to reſt on. The argument of *Hutchinſon* that the word *Shephah*, the name for a *lip*, when uſed for the *voice* or *ſpeech*, is never once in the Bible uſed in any other ſenſe than for *confeſſion*, is not good; becauſe though *Shephah* is often generally uſed for *religious diſcourſe*, or confeſſion; yet the phraſes, *other lips* and *other tongues*,

tongues, are alſo uſed for *other languages*, *utterances*, *pronunciations*, *dialects*. St. *Paul*, 1 Cor. xiv. 21, 22. applies *Shephah* to *language* or *dialect* in his quotation from the prophet *Iſaiah*, ch. xxviii. ver. 11, 12.—He ſays, in the *law* it is written, *With* * MEN OF *other tongues and other lips will I ſpeak unto this people, and yet for all that, they will not hear me*:—And the words of the *prophet* are, ſpeaking of *Chriſt promiſed*, *with ſtammering lips, and another tongue will I ſpeak to this people.* It is evident from this, that the *Hebrew* word *Shephah* here ſignifies *tongues* or *languages*, and not *confeſſions* or *diſcourſe*: So the *apoſtle* applies it, and explains the *prophet*: and by *ſtammering lips*, *Iſaiah* means the *uncouth pronunciations* of *barbarous dialects*, or languages of the nations, which muſt produce in ſtrangers to them *ridiculous lips* or mouths; and in this he refers undoubtedly to the *ſtammering* and *ſtrange ſounds*, at the *Babel confuſion*; when God, by a miracle and viſible exhibition, *diſtorted* their *organs* of ſpeech, and gave them a *trembling heſitation*, and *precipitancy*, as to vocal and other powers: In ſhort, the *miraculous gift of tongues* would in ſome meaſure affect the ſaints, in reſpect of pronunciation, as the *miracle of*

* *The words* men of *are not in the Greek.*

Babel

Babel did the people of that place (6). Nor is this the only place in *ſcripture* where *Shephah*, *lip*, ſignifies *language*, *pronunciation*, and *dialects*; and where there is reference to the *confuſion of tongues* at *Babel*: *Iſaiah* ſpeaking of the privileges of the godly, ſays,—*Thou ſhalt not ſee a fierce people, of a deeper ſpeech than thou canſt perceive, (of a*

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(6) To this ſtammering or uncouth pronunciation of barbarous dialects the prophet *Ezekiel* refers, xxxvi. 3. *Ye are made to come upon the lip of the tongues*: that is, Ye are become a *by-word* even in the *heathen gabble*, among the *babling nations* where ye are in *captivity*.—The author of *Letter and Spirit* ſays, the word *barbarous*, uſed in ſo many *languages* (with only their reſpective different determinations) for perſons of *ſtrange* or *foreign tongues*, is a monument of *the great confuſion at Babel*; this word being a *corruption* of the reduplicate *Chaldee* word *Balbel*, by changing the l in each place into r.—Some ſay, the word in the other languages, is derived from the *Arabic Barbar*, to *murmur like ſome beaſt*.———*Scaliger* defines it, Pronunciatio vitioſa & inſuavis, literaſque male exprimens, blæſorum balborumque more: which was hitting upon the truth as to part of the original *manner* of the *confuſion*. Indeed *Blæſus* and *Balbus*, in Latin, are both derived, in like manner, from *Bal*, and *Balbel*.—The *Welſh* has preſerved a noble word for this *barbariſm* of *confuſed language* in their compounded term *Baldwridd*; which is a plain compound of the *Hebrew Bal*, and *Dabar*; without any other deflection from the original *Hebrew*, than that of changing the *b* in the latter member of the word (*Dabar*) into the *Welch w*, a letter of the ſame organ. Moreover

deeper lip than thou canſt hear, Heb.) of a ſtammering or ridiculous tongue, that thou canſt not underſtand. This is enough in anſwer to Mr. *Hutchinſon* and his fautors, in reſpect to what they ſay on the confuſion at *Babel*. This proves that the word *Shephah*, *lip*, ſignifies *language*, *utterance*, *dialect*, as well as *confeſſion*, or *diſcourſe*: and therefore *Moſes*, in his account of the *miracle* at *Babel*, might have meant a *confuſion of languages*. That he did mean this, is plain not only from a *tradition* gone out into all the earth, which is a matter of greater regard

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over from their ſaid *Baldwridd*, and *Das*, we again derive our *Balderdaſh*; which therefore ſignifies ſtrictly—A heap of *confuſed*, or *barbarous words*, like thoſe of the *gabble of dialects*, originally gendered at *Babel*. See *Letter and Spirit* (ch. 11.) by Mr. *Holloway*, a *Hutchinſonian*. It is very remarkable, that this learned gentleman ſays, he had been long of Mr. *Hutchinſon*'s mind, as to *a confuſion of confeſſions*, and not of tongues; but on weighing the matter, is now of another opinion: p. 115. Therefore, *Hutchinſon not infallible: out for once:* and, as Dr. *Sharp* well obſerves, this may be an earneſt of deſerting *Hutchinſon* in other points of his new hypotheſis. See Dr. *Sharp*'s two diſcourſes on the Hebrew tongue and character againſt Mr. Holloway.—His two diſcourſes on Elohim, and defence.—And his three diſcourſes on Cherubim.———The *Hutchinſonians* lay the ſtreſs of their hypotheſis on the *Biblical Hebrew being the language of Adam in Paradiſe:* And if this be taken from them, they are left in a poor way.

than

than Mr. *Hutchinſon*'s fancy; but becauſe the *ſacred oracles* allude to this event. Beſides St. *Paul* afore-mentioned, the *royal prophet* in pſalm lv. ver. 9. refers to the *means* of the *diviſion* of *tongues*, and denounces a *curſe* in terms taken from that inflicted at *Babel*. *Swallow up, O Lord, and divide their tongues.* This ſeems to deſcribe the *manner* of that *confuſion*;——that the *ſubſtance* of the *one language* was ſunk or ſwallowed up in a vaſt chaos of univerſal *babble*; and that out of that jargon, it was again (by another act) *divided* or broken into many particular diſſonant *dialects*, or *tongues*.

All this (I ſaid) is very juſt, and gives me delight and ſatisfaction. I am now convinced, not only that *Hebrew* was not the *language* of *Paradiſe*, or that *Adam* did not ſpeak the *tongue* the *old world* uſed immediately before the *confuſion* at *Babel*; but likewiſe, that the *diviſion* there was a *diviſion* and *confuſion* of the *one language* then ſpoken; and not a *confuſion of confeſſions*, as Mr. *Hutchinſon* affirms. Inform me, however, if you pleaſe, what you mean by that *tradition* you mentioned, which declared the *miracle* of *Babel* was a confuſion of *languages*.

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The *Jews* tradition (replied Miſs *Noel*) is preſerved in their *Targum*, and tells us, that the whole earth after the flood was of one *ſpeech*, or *ſort of words*; and when at their firſt remove from *Ararat*, they came to *Shinar*, they conſulted to build them a *city*, and a *tower for an houſe of adoration*, whoſe *head might reach to*, or *be towards* the *Heavens*, and to place an *image* of the *hoſt of Heaven*, for an object of *worſhip*, on the *top* of it; and to put a *ſword* in his hand, that he might make war for them againſt the *divine armies*, to *prevent* their *diſperſion over the whole earth*. Whereupon the *word* of the *Lord* was *revealed* from *Heaven*, to execute vengeance upon them, and the Lord corrupted their tongue, broke their ſpeech into ſeventy languages, and ſcattered them over the face of the whole earth. No one knew what his fellow ſaid; and they ſlew one another, and ceaſed from building the city. Therefore he called the name of it *Babel*; becauſe there the Lord mingled together the tongues of all the inhabitants of the other. This you read in the *Targum*, that was written before the days of *Jeſus Chriſt*, as the *Jews* affirm: or, if not ſo early, yet it is a very ancient book, and the *doctor* who compoſed it muſt certainly know the meaning of the word *Shephah* better than Mr. *Hutchinſon*. It appears upon the whole, that the argument

argument of this famous modern is without foundation.

It is indeed (I anſwered): But then I am not able to conceive how *Abraham* and his ſons converſed with ſo many nations—or how the *Hebrew* that *Moſes* writ in was preſerved. Illuminate me in theſe things, *illuſtrious Harriot*, and from your fine underſtanding let me have the honour and happineſs of receiving true *Hebrew* leſſons. Proceed, I beſeech you, and ſtop not till you have expounded to my underſtanding the true nature of *Cherubim?* What do you think of Mr. *Hutchinſon's Rub* and *Rubbim*, and of his notions of *Ezekiel's cherubic form?*

To talk of *Cherubim* and *Elohim* (reſumed Miſs *Noel)*, and ſay all that ought to be ſaid, (to ſpeak to any purpoſe) of the *three heads* and *four viſages*, the *bull*, the *man*, the *lion*, and the *eagle*, mentioned in the *prophet*, requires more knowledge in *Hebrew* learning than I pretend to be miſtreſs of, and muſt take up more time than there is now to ſpare. I may hereafter, however, if you ſhould chance to come again to our houſe, let you know my fancies upon theſe grand ſubjects, and why I cannot accord with Mr. *Hutchinſon* and my father, in their notion

notion of the *Cherubim*'s ſignifying the unity of the eſſence, the diſtinction of the perſons, and man's being taken into the eſſence by his perſonal union with the ſecond perſon, whoſe conſtant emblem was the lion. This I confeſs appears to my plain underſtanding very miſerable *ſtuff*. I can ſee no text either in the Old Teſtament, or in the New, for a plurality of Beings, co-ordinate and independent. The *ſacred pages* declare there is *One original perfect mind*. *The Lord ſhall be King over all the earth*. *In that day there ſhall be* ONE LORD, *and his name* ONE; ſays the prophet *Zechariah*, ſpeaking of the prodigious revolution in the *Gentile world* whence in proceſs of time, by the *Goſpel* of *Jeſus Chriſt*, the worſhip of *One true God* ſhall prevail all over the earth, as univerſally as *Polytheiſm* had done before.—This I dare not obſerve to my father, as he is an admirer of Mr. *Hutchinſon*, and will not bear any contradiction; but my private judgment is, that Mr. *Hutchinſon* on the *Cherubim* and *Elohim*, or *Eloim*, is a *mad commentator*, as I may ſhow you, if we ever happen to meet again.

At preſent, all I can do more on the *Hebrew* ſubject, is to obſerve, that, in reſpect of the preſervation of the *Hebrew* tongue, I imagine the *one prevailing language* before the

the *miracle* at *Babel*, (which one language was afterwards called *Hebrew)* tho' *divided* and *ſwallowed* as it were at the *Tower*, was kept without change in the line of *Shem*, and continued their tongue. This cannot be diſputed, I believe. I likewiſe imagine, it muſt be allowed, that this *Hebrew* continued the *vernacular tongue* of the old *Canaanites*. It is otherwiſe unaccountable how the *Hebrew* was found to be the *language* of the *Canaanites*, when the family of *Abraham* came among them again, after an abſence of more than 200 years. If they had had another tongue at the confuſion, was it poſſible for *Abraham*, during his temporary ſojournments among them, and in the neceſſities of his peregrination, to perſuade ſo many tribes to quit their *dialect*, and learn his language;—or, if his influence had been ſo amazing, can it be ſuppoſed they would not return again to their old language, after he had left them, and his family was away from them more than 200 years? No, Sir. We cannot juſtly ſuppoſe ſuch a thing. The language of the old *Canaanites* could not be a different one from the *Hebrew*. If you will look into *Bochart* (7), you will find this

(7) The great *Samuel Bochart* was born at *Rouen* in 1599, and died ſuddenly in the academy at *Caen*, Monday the 16th of May, 1667, aged 68. He was

was his opinion. That great man ſays, the *Ante-Babel* language eſcaped the confuſion two ways, viz. by the *Canaanites*, through God's providence, preſerving it in their colonies for the future uſe of the *Hebrews*, who were to poſſeſs the land; and by the patriarch *Heber*, as a ſacred *depoſitum* for the uſe of his poſterity, and of *Abraham* in particular.

This being the caſe, the *Phenician* or *Canaanitiſh* tongue, being the ſame language that the line of *Heber* ſpoke, with this only difference, that by the latter it was retained in greater purity, being in the mouths of a few, and tranſmitted by inſtruction; it follows, that *Abraham* and his ſons could talk with all theſe tribes and communities; and

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the miniſter of the reformed church in that town.—His principal works are his *Phaleg* and *Canaan*; works that ſhew an amazing erudition, and ought to be well read by every gentleman. You ſhould likewiſe have his *Hierozoïcon*, or hiſtory of the animals mentioned in the ſacred books. It is a good ſupplement to his ſcripture geography. His ſermons and diſſertations are alſo very valuable. *Brieux* writ the following fine epitaph on him:

Scilicet hæc cuique eſt data ſors æquiſſima, talis
Ut ſit mors, qualis vita peracta fuit.
Muſarum in gremio teneris qui vixit ab annis.
Muſarum in gremio debuit ille mori.

as

as to the other nations he had communication with, he might eaſily converſe with them, as he was a *Syrian* by birth, and to be ſure could talk the *Aramitiſh* dialect as well as *Laban* his brother. The *Aramitiſh* was the cuſtomary language of the line of *Shem*. It was their vulgar tongue. The *language* of the *old world*, that was ſpoken immediately before the *confuſion*, and was called *Hebrew* from *Heber*, they reſerved for *ſacred uſes*.

Here Miſs *Noel* ended, and my amazement was ſo great, and my paſſion had riſen ſo high for ſuch uncommon female intelligence, that I could not help ſnatching this beauty to my arms, and without thinking of what I did, impreſſed on her balmy mouth half a dozen kiſſes. This was wrong, and gave very great offence: but ſhe was too good to be implacable; and on my begging her pardon, and proteſting it was not a willing rudeneſs, but the magic of her glorious eyes, and the bright powers of her mind, that had tranſported me beſide myſelf, ſhe was reconciled, and aſked me, if I would play a game of cards? With delight I replied, and immediately a pack was brought in. We ſat down to cribbage, and had played a few games, when by accident Miſs *Noel* ſaw the head of my german flute,

which I always brought out with me in my walks, and carried in a long pocket within ſide my coat. You play, Sir, I ſuppoſe, on that inſtrument, this lady ſaid; and as of all ſorts of muſic this pleaſes me moſt, I requeſt you will oblige me with any thing you pleaſe. In a moment, I anſwered, and taking from my pocket-book the following lines, I reached them to her, and told her I had the day before ſet them to one of Lulli's airs, and inſtantly began to breathe the ſofteſt harmony I could make——

A SONG.

I.

ALmighty Love's reſiſtleſs rage,
No force can quell, no art aſſwage:
While wit and beauty both conſpire,
To kindle in my breaſt the fire:
The matchleſs ſhape, the charming grace,
The eaſy air, and blooming face,
Each charm that does in *Flavia* ſhine,
To keep my captive heart combine.

II.

I feel, I feel the raging fire!
And my ſoul burns with fierce deſire!
Thy freedom, *Reaſon*, I diſown,
And beauty's pleaſing chains put on;
No art can ſet the captive free,
Who ſcorns his offer'd liberty;

Nor

Nor is confinement any pain,
To him who hugs his pleaſing chain.

III.

Bright Venus! offſpring of the ſea!
Thy ſovereign dictates I obey;
I own ſubmiſs thy mighty reign,
And feel thy power in every vein:
I feel thy influence all-confeſt,
I feel thee triumph in my breaſt!
'Tis there is fix'd thy ſacred court,
'Tis there thy *Cupids* gaily ſport.

IV.

Come, my *Boy*, the altar place,
Add the blooming garland's grace;
Gently pour the ſacred wine,
Hear me, *Venus!* power divine!
Grant the only boon I crave,
Hear me, *Venus!* hear thy ſlave!
Bleſs my fond ſoul with beauty's charms,
And give me *Flavia* to my arms (8).

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(8) As this ſong is a ſhort imitation of the 19th Ode of the firſt book of *Horace*, it is worth your while, Reader, to ſee how Mr. *Francis* has done the whole. I will here ſet down a few lines:

Urit me Glyceræ nitor
  Splendentis pario marmore purius:
Urit grata protervitas,
  Et vultus nimium lubricus aſpici.

Which lines are imitated in the firſt verſe of the above ſong, and a part of the ſecond; rnd the ingenious Mr. *Francis* renders them in the following manner——

Juſt as I was finiſhing this piece of muſic, old Mr. *Noel* came into the parlour, in

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Again for Glycera I burn,
And all my long forgotten flames return.
As Parian marble pure and bright,
The ſhining maid my boſom warms;
Her face too dazling for the ſight,
Her ſweet coquetting—how it charms!

In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deſeruit—

Of which the third verſe of the ſong is an imitation:—Mr. *Francis* tranſlates in the following manner——

Whole Venus ruſhing through my veins,
No longer in her favourite Cyprus reigns.

And———

Hic vivum mihi ceſpitem, hic
Verbenas, pueri, ponite thuraque
Bimi cum patera meri:
Mactatâ veniet lænior hoſtiâ:

Which lines are imitated in the fourth verſe of the ſong—Mr. *Francis* tranſlates as follows———

Here let the living altar riſe,
Adorn'd with every herb and flower:
Here flame the incenſe to the ſkies,
And pureſt wines libation pour;
Due honours to the Goddeſs paid,
Soft ſinks to willing love the yielding maid.

You ſee in this the difference between a tranſlation and an imitation.

his

his wonted good-humour, and ſeemed very greatly pleaſed with me and my inſtrument. He told me, I was the young man he wanted to be acquainted with, and that if it was no detriment to me, I ſhould not leave him this month to come. Come, Sir, (continued this fine old gentleman) let me hear another piece of your muſic——vocal or inſtrumental—as you will, for I ſuppoſe you ſing as well as you play. Both you ſhall have, Sir, (I replied), to the beſt of my abilities, and by way of change, I will give you firſt a ſong called the *Solitude*.

A SONG *called the* SOLITUDE.

I.

YE lofty mountains, whoſe eternal ſnows,
Like Atlas, ſeem to prop the diſtant ſkies;
While ſhelter'd by your high and ample brows,
All nature's beauties feaſt my raviſh'd eyes:
And far beneath me o'er the diſtant plain
The thunders break, and rattling tempeſts reign.

II.

Here, when *Aurora* with her chearful beam
And roſy bluſhes marks approaching day,
Oft do I walk along the purling ſtream,
And ſee the bleating flocks around me ſtray:

The woods, the rocks, each charm that ſtrikes my ſight,
Fills my whole breaſt with innocent delight.

III.

Here gaily dancing on the flow'ry ground
The chearful *ſhepherds* join their flute and voice;
While through the groves the woodland ſongs reſound,
And fill the untroubled mind with peaceful joys.
Muſic and love inſpire the vocal plain,
Alone the turtle tunes her plaintive ſtrain.

IV.

Here the green turf invites my wearied head
On nature's lap, to undiſturb'd repoſe;
Here gently laid to reſt—each care is fled;
Peace and content my happy eye-lids cloſe.
Ye golden flattering dreams of ſtate adieu!
As bright my ſlumbers are, more ſoft than you.

V.

Here free from all the tempeſts of the *Great*,
Craft and ambition can deceive no more!
Beneath theſe ſhades I find a bleſt retreat,
From *Envy*'s rage ſecure, and *Fortune*'s pow'r:
Here call the actions of paſt ages o'er,
Or truth's immortal ſource alone explore.

Here

VI.

Here far from all the buſy world's alarms,
I prove in peace the *Muſe*'s ſacred leiſure:
No cares within, no diſtant ſound of arms,
Break my repoſe, or interrupt my pleaſure.
Fortune and *Fame!* deceitful forms! adieu!
The world's a trifle far beneath my view.

This ſong delighted the old gentleman to a great degree. He told me, he was charmed with it, not only for the fine muſic I made of it, but the morality of it, and liked me ſo much, that I was moſt heartily welcome to make his ſolitary retreat my home, as often and as long as I pleaſed. And indeed I did ſo, and continued to behave in ſuch a manner, that in two months time, I gained ſo entirely his affections, and ſo totally the heart of his admirable daughter, that I might have her in wedlock when I pleaſed, after the expiration of that current year, which was the young lady's requeſt, and be ſecured of his eſtate at his death; beſides a large fortune to be immediately paid down; and this, tho' my father ſhould refuſe to ſettle any thing on me, or Miſs *Noel*, my wife. This was generous and charming as my heart could deſire. I thought myſelf the happieſt of men. Every week I went to *Eden Park*, one time or other, to ſee my dear Miſs *Noel*, and pay my

reſpects to her worthy father. We were while I ſtayed a moſt happy family, and enjoyed ſuch ſatisfactions as few I believe have experienced in this tempeſtuous hemiſphere. Mr. *Noel* was paſſionately fond of his daughter, and he could not regard me more if I had been his own ſon. I loved my *Harriot* with a fondneſs beyond deſcription, and that glorious girl had all the eſteem I could wiſh ſhe had for me. Our mutual felicity could riſe no higher till we gave our hands, as we had already plighted our hearts.

This world is a ſeries of viſionary ſcenes, and contains ſo little ſolid, laſting felicity, as I have found it, that I cannot call *life* more than a *deception*; and, as *Swift* ſays it, He is the happieſt man, who is beſt deceived. When I thought myſelf within a fortnight of being married to Miſs *Noel*, and thereby made as completely happy in every reſpect as it was poſſible for a mortal man to be, the ſmall-pox ſtept in, and in ſeven days time reduced the fineſt human frame in the univerſe to the moſt hideous and offenſive block. The moſt amiable of human creatures mortified all over, and became a ſpectacle the moſt hideous and unbearable.—This broke her father's heart in a month's time, and the

paradiſe

paradiſe I had in view, ſunk into everlaſting night.

Miſs Noel's *character.*

My heart, upon this ſad accident, bled and mourned to an extreme degree. All the tender paſſions were up in my ſoul, and with great difficulty could I keep my ruffled ſpirits in tolerable decorum. I loſt what I valued more than my life—more than repeated millions of worlds, if it had been poſſible to get them in exchange. This engaged, beloved partner, was an honour to her ſex, and an ornament to human kind. She was one of the wiſeſt and moſt agreeable of women; and her life quite glorious for piety to God, compaſſion to the neceſſitous and miſerable, benevolence and good-will to all, with every other grace and virtue. Theſe ſhined with a bright luſtre in her whole deportment, and rendered her beloved, and the delight of all that knew her. Senſe and genius were in her united, and by ſtudy, reflexion, and application, ſhe improved the talents, in the happieſt manner. She had acquired a ſuperiority in thinking, ſpeaking, writing, and acting, and in manners, her behaviour, her language, her deſign, her underſtanding, was inexpreſſibly charming. Miſs *Noel* died in the 24th year of her age, the 29th of December, in the year 1724.

A reflection on the death of Miſs Noel.

This diſmal occurrence ſat powerfully on my ſpirits for ſome time, and for near two months, I ſcarcely ſpoke a word to any one. I was ſilent, but not ſullen. As my tears and lamentations could not ſave her, ſo I knew they could not fetch her back again. Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears. The thing to be done upon ſo melancholy an occaſion, is to adore the Lord of infinite wiſdom, as he has a right to ſtrike our comforts dead, and ſo improve the awful event, by labouring to render our whole temper and deportment chriſtian and divine, that we may be able to live, while we do live, ſuperior to the ſtrokes of fortune, and the calamities of human life; and when God bids us die, (in whatever manner, and at whatever time it may be) have nothing to do but to die, and ſo go enter into your maſter's joy. This is wiſdom. This good we may extract from ſuch doleful things. This was the effect my dear Miſs *Noel*'s death had on me, and when I ſaw myſelf deprived of ſo invaluable a thing in this world, I determined to double my diligence in ſo acting my part in it, that whenever I was to paſs through the laſt extremity of nature, I might be diſmiſſed with a bleſſing to another world, and by virtue of the ſublime excellencies of our holy religion,

gion, proceed to the abodes of immortality and immutable felicity.

I wiſh I could perſuade you, reader, to reſolve in the ſame manner. If you are young, and have not yet experienced life, believe me all is *vanity*, diſappointment, wearineſs, and diſſatisfaction, and in the midſt of troubles and uncertainties, we are haſtening on to an unknown world, from whence we ſhall never return again. Whether our diſſolution be near, we know not; but this is certain, that *death*, that univerſal conqueror, is making after us apace, to ſeize us as his captives; and therefore, *tho' a man live many years, and rejoice in them all*, (which is the caſe of very few), *yet let him remember the days of darkneſs.*

And when death does come, our lot may be the moſt racking pains and diſtempers, to faſten us down to our ſick beds, till we reſign our ſpirits to ſome ſtrange region, our breath to the common air, and our bodies to the duſt from whence they are taken. Diſmal ſituation! If in the days of our health, we did not make our happineſs and moral worth correſpond—did not labour, in the time of our ſtrength, to eſcape from *wrong opinion* and *bad habit*, and to render our minds *ſincere and incorrupt*; if we did not

not worſhip and love the *ſupreme mind*, and adore his *divine adminiſtration*, and all the *ſecrets* of his *providence*. If this was not our caſe, before corruption begins to lay hold of us, deplorable muſt we be, when torments come upon us, and we have only hopeleſs wiſhes that we had been wiſer, as we deſcend in agonies to our *ſolitary retreat*; to proceed from thence to judgment. Language cannot paint the horrors of ſuch a condition. The anguiſh of mind, and the torture of body, are a ſcene of miſery beyond deſcription.

Or if without torment, we lie down in ſilence, and ſink into the land of forgetfulneſs, yet ſince the *Lord Jeſus* is to raiſe us from the regions of darkneſs, and bring us to the ſeſſions of righteouſneſs, where all our actions are to be ſtrictly tried and examined, and every one ſhall be judged according to the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or evil; what can ſcreen us from the *wrath* of that *mighty power*, which is to break off the ſtrong fetters of death, and to throw open the iron gates of the grave, if injuſtice, cruelty, and oppreſſion, have been our practice in this world; or if, in the neglect of the diſtreſſed and hungry, we have given up ourſelves to chambering and wantonneſs, to gluttony and voluptuouſneſs?

ouſneſs? It is *virtue* and *obedience*, *acts of goodneſs and mercy*, that only can deliver us. If we worſhip in ſpirit and in truth the *moſt glorious of immortal Beings*, that *God* who is *omnipotent in wiſdom and action*, and *perform* all the *offices* of *love* and *friendſhip* to every man, then our Lord will pronounce us the *bleſſed of his Father*. If we *do evil*, we ſhall *come forth* unto the *reſurrection of damnation*. —This merits your attention, reader, and I hope you will immediately begin to ponder, what it is to have a place aſſigned in inconceivable happineſs or miſery for ever.

Left the univerſity, and went down to ſee my father in the country, and had a very miſerable reception.

14. Having thus loſt Miſs *Noel*, and my good old friend, her worthy father, I left the univerſity, and went down to the country, after five years and three months abſence, to ſee how things were poſited at home, and pay my reſpects to my father; but I found them very little to my liking, and in a ſhort time, returned to *Dublin* again. He had lately married in his old age a young wife, who was one of the moſt artful, falſe, and inſolent of women, and to gratify her to the utmoſt of his power, had not only brought her nephew into his houſe, but was ridiculouſly fond of him, and laviſhly gratified all his deſires.

deſires. Whatever this little brute (the ſon of a drunken beggar, who had been a journeyman glover) was pleaſed, in wantonneſs, to call for, and that his years, then ſixteen, could require, my father's fortune in an inſtant produced: while ſcarcely one of my rational demands could be anſwered. Money, clothes, ſervants, horſes, dogs, and all things he could fancy, were given him in abundance; and to pleaſe the baſeſt of women, and the moſt cruel ſtep-mother that ever the Devil inſpired to make the ſon of another woman miſerable, I was denied almoſt every thing. The fine allowance I had at the Univerſity was taken from me. Even a horſe to ride out to the neighbouring gentlemen, was refuſed me, tho' my father had three ſtables of extraordinary cattle; and till I purchaſed one, was forced to walk it, wherever I had a mind to viſit. What is ſtill more incredible (if any thing of ſeverity can be ſo, when a mother-in-law is ſovereign) I was not allowed to keep my horſe even at graſs on the land, tho' five hundred acres of freehold eſtate ſurrounded the manſion, but obliged to graze it at a neighbouring farmer's. Nor was this all the hard meaſure I received. I was ordered by my father to become the young man's preceptor; to ſpend my precious time in teaching this youngſter, and in labouring to make

make the little deſpicable dunce a ſcholar. All this was more than I could bear. My life became inſupportable, and I reſolved to range even the wilds of *Africa*, if nothing better offered, rather than live a miſerable ſlave under the cruel tyranny of thoſe unrelenting oppreſſors.

My father, however, by the way, was as fine a gentleman as ever lived, a man of extraordinary underſtanding, and a ſcholar; likewiſe remarkably juſt and good to all the world, except myſelf, after I left the Univerſity: and to do him all the juſtice in my power, and vindicate him ſo far as I am able, I muſt not conceal, that great as the aſcendant was, which my mother-in-law had over him, and as much as he was hen-pecked by that low woman, who had been his ſervant maid, yet it was not to her only that my ſufferings were owing. Religion had a hand in my miſery. Falſe religion was the ſpring of that paternal reſentment I ſuffered under.

15. It was my father's wont to have prayers read every night and morning in his family, and the office was the litany of the common-prayer book. This work, on my coming home, was transferred

A religious diſpute with my father.

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from my ſiſter to me, and for about one week I performed to the old gentleman's ſatisfaction, as my voice was good, and my reading diſtinct and clear; but this office was far from being grateful to me, as I was become a ſtrict *Unitarian*, by the leſſons I had received from my private tutor in college, and my own examinations of the vulgar faith. It went againſt my conſcience to uſe the tritheiſtic form of prayer, and became at laſt ſo uneaſy to me, that I altered the prayers the firſt *Sunday* morning, and made them more agreeable to *ſcripture* as I conceived. My father at this was very highly enraged, and his paſſion aroſe to ſo great a height, upon my defending my confeſſion, and refuſing to read the eſtabliſhed form, that he called me the moſt impious and execrable of wretches, and with violence drove me from his preſence. Soon after however he ſent me Lord *Nottingham's Letter to* Mr. *Whiſton*, and deſired I would come to him when I had carefully read it over. I did ſo, and he aſked me what I thought of the book. I anſwered, that I thought it a weak piece, and if he would hear me with patience, in relation to that in particular, and to the caſe in general, perhaps he might think my religion a little better than at preſent he ſuppoſed it to be. I will hear you, he ſaid: proceed.—

Then

Then I immediately began, and for a full hour repeated an apology I had prepared (9). He did not interrupt me once, and when I had done, all he replied was, I ſee you are to be placed among the incurables. Be gone, he ſaid, with ſtern diſdain; and I reſolved to obey. Indeed it was impoſſible for me to ſtay, for my father took no farther notice of me, and my mother-in-law and the boy, did all they could invent to render my life miſerable.

15. On the firſt day of *May* then, early in the morning, as the clock ſtruck one, I mount- *May* 1, 1725. *I left my father's houſe.*

(9) The Reader will find this apology in the appendix to this life. By ſcripture and argument, without any regard to the notions of the *fathers*, I there endeavour to prove, that God the Father, the beginning and cauſe of all things, is *One Being*, *infinite* in ſuch a manner, that his infinity is an *infinity* of *fulneſs* as well as *immenſity*; and muſt be not only without limits, but alſo without *diverſity*, defect, or interruption: and of conſequence, his *Unity* ſo *true* and *real*, that it will admit of *no diverſity* or *diſtinction of perſons*:—that as to the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*, he was the *ſervant choſen* of this tremendous God, to redeem mankind; but his holy ſoul *ſo far in perfection above* Adam or any of his poſterity, and ſo much a greater ſhare in the in-dwelling of the divine life and nature than any other c eature, that he might, compared to us, with a juſt figure of ſpeech, be called God.

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ed my excellent mare, and with my boy, O'Flin, began to journey as I had projected, on ſeeing how things went. I did not communicate my deſigns to a ſoul, nor take my leave of any one; but in the true ſpirit of adventure, abandon my father's dwelling, and ſet out to try what fortune would produce in my favour. I had the world before me, and Providence my guide. As to my ſubſtance, it conſiſted of a purſe of gold, that contained fifty *Spaniſh* piſtoles, and half a ſcore moidores; and I had one bank note for five hundred pounds, which my dear Miſs *Noel* left me by her will, the morning ſhe ſickened; and it was all ſhe had of her own to leave to any one. With this I ſet forward, and in five days time arrived from the weſtern extremity of *Ireland*, at a village called *Rings-end*, that lies on the bay of *Dublin*. Three days I reſted there, and at the *Conniving-houſe* (10), and then got my

(10) The *Conniving-houſe*, (as the gentlemen of *Trinity* called it in my time, and long after) was a little public-houſe, kept by *John Macklean*, about a quarter of a mile beyond *Rings-end*, on the top of the beach, within a few yards of the ſea. Here we uſed to have the fineſt fiſh at all times; and in the ſeaſon, green peas, and all the moſt excellent vegetables. The ale here was always extraordinary, and every thing the beſt; which, with its delightful ſituation, rendered it a charming place of a ſummer's evening.

Many

horſes on board a ſhip that was ready to ſail, and bound for the land I was born in, I mean *Old England.*

My departure from King's-end, *and what happened at ſea.*

16. The wind, in the afternoon, ſeemed good and fair, and we were in hopes of getting to *Cheſter* the next day: but at midnight, a tempeſt aroſe, which held in all the horrors of hurricane, thunder and lightening, for two nights and a day, and left us no hope of eſcape. It was a dreadful ſcene indeed, and looked as if the laſt fatal aſſault was making on the globe. As we had many paſſengers, their cries were terrible, and affected me more than the flaſhing fires and the winds. For my part, I was well reconciled to the great

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Many a happy evening have I paſſed in this pretty thatched houſe with the famous *Larrey Grogan*, who played on the bag-pipes extremely well; dear *Jack Lattin*, matchleſs on the fiddle, and the moſt agreeable of companions; that ever charming young fellow, *Jack Wall*; the moſt worthy, the moſt ingenious, the moſt engaging of men, the ſon of Counſellor *Maurice Wall*; and many other delightful fellows; who went in the days of their youth to the ſhades of eternity. When I think of them and their evening ſongs—*We will go to Johnny Macklean's—to try if his ale be good or not*, &c. and that years and infirmities begin to oppreſs me—What is life!

change,

change, but I confeſs that nature ſhrunk at the frightful manner of my going off, which I expected every moment the ſecond night. At laſt however we got into *Whitehaven*. It pleaſed the great King of all the earth to bid the ſtorm, *Have done*.

The caſe of Dean Whaley.

Four remarkable things I noticed while the tempeſt laſted. One was that the Dean of *Derry*, Dr. *Whaley*, whom we had on board, (who had nineteen hundred a year from the church, for teaching the people to be Chriſtians) was vaſtly more afraid than one young lady of the company, who appeared quite ſerene. The Dean, tho' a fine Orator at land, was ridiculous in his fears at ſea. He ſcreamed as loud as any of the people: But this young lady behaved, like an angel in a ſtorm. She was calm and reſigned, and ſat with the mate and me, the ſecond night, diſcourſing of the divine power, and the laws of nature, in ſuch uproars. By the way, neither mate, nor maſter, nor hand, could keep the deck. The ſhip was left to the mercy of the winds and waves.

The Caſe of Miſs Melmoth.

The ſecond remarkable thing is, that as this young lady went into naked bed in her cabbin, the

the firſt night, before the tempeſt began to ſtir, it was not many hours till a ſea ſtruck us upon the quarter, and drove in one of our quarter, and one of our ſtern dead lights, where we ſhipped great quantities of water, that put us under great apprehenſions of foundering, and filled ſo ſuddenly the cloſe wooden bed in which Miſs *Melmoth* lay, that had not I chanced to be then leaning againſt the partition, and ſnatched her out, the moment I found myſelf all over wet, and half covered with the breaking ſea, ſhe muſt inevitably have periſhed. I ran up on deck with her in my arms, and laid her almoſt ſenſeleſs and naked there: and as there was no ſtaying many minutes in that place, I threw my great coat over her, and then brought her down to my own birth, which I gave her, and got her dry cloaths from her trunk, and made her drink a large glaſs of brandy, which ſaved her life. She got no cold, which I thought very ſtrange, but was hurt a little in the remove. When all was over, ſhe proteſted ſhe would never go into naked bed, on board ſhip, again.

The caſe of ſome officers in the ſtorm.

The third particular is, that there were ſome officers on board, moſt monſtrouſly wicked men, and when we were given over by the captain, and no hope he thought

thought of being ſaved, theſe warriors lamented like young children, and were the moſt diſmal, diſturbing howlers on board: yet, when we got to land, they had done with *O Lord, O Lord*, and began again their obſcene talk, and to damn themſelves at every word to the center of hell.

The caſes of Gavan *and* Henley.

The fourth thing was this. There was on board with us a young gentleman of my acquaintance, one *Pierce Gavan*, who had been a fellow-commoner in my time of Trinity, Dublin. The firſt day of the ſtorm, he was carried over-board by a rolling ſea, and fairly lodged in the ocean, at above twenty yards diſtance from the ſhip; but the next tumbling billow brought him back again. He was laid on the deck without any hurt. On the contrary, one *Charles Henley*, a young merchant, was beat over, and we never ſaw him more.

Henley's *character.*

Henley, was not only a man of ſenſe and prudence, who had an honeſt mind, and a cultivated underſtanding, but by ſearch and enquiries into the doctrines, inſtitutions and motives of revealed religion, had the higheſt regards for the truths of genuine Chriſtianity, and choſe the beſt means in his

his power to make himſelf acceptable to God.

Gavan's *character.*

Gavan, on the contrary, had no ſenſe of religion, nor did he ever think of the power and goodneſs of God. He was a moſt profane ſwearer, drank exceſſively, and had the heart to debauch every pretty woman he ſaw, if it had been poſſible for him to do ſo much miſchief.—Yet this man, who never reformed that I heard, and whoſe impieties have ſhocked even young fellows who were no ſaints, was aſtoniſhingly preſerved; and *Henley*, who had the juſteſt natural notions, and liſtened to Revelation, periſhed miſerably? How ſhall we account for ſuch things? By ſaying, that the world that now is, and the world that is to come, are in the hands of God, and every tranſaction in them is quite right, tho' the reaſon of the procedure may be beyond our view. We cannot judge certainly of the ends and purpoſes of Providence, and therefore to paſs judgment on the ways of God, is not only impious, but ridiculous to the laſt degree. This we know for certain, that whenever, or however, a good man falls, he falls into the hand of God, and ſince we muſt all die, the difference as to time and manner, ſignifies very little, when there is an infinite wiſdom to

diſtinguiſh every caſe, and an infinite goodneſs to compenſate all our miſeries. This is enough for a chriſtian. Happy is the man, and for ever ſafe, let what will happen, who acts a rational part, and has the fear and love of God in his thoughts. With pleaſure he looks into all the ſcenes of futurity. When ſtorms and earthquakes threaten calamity, diſtreſs, and death, he maintains an inward peace.

The paſſengers land, and divide into ſeveral companies, May 10, 1729.

17. When we had obtained the wiſhed for ſhore, the paſſengers all divided. The *Dean* and his lady, and ſome other ladies, went one way, to an inn recommended to them by a gentleman on board; the warriors and *Gavan* marched to another houſe; and the young lady whoſe life was by me preſerved, and I, went to the Talbot, which the mate informed me had the beſt things and lodging, though the ſmalleſt inn in the town. This mate, Mr. *Whitwell*, deſerves to be particularly mentioned, as he was remarkable for good breeding, good ſenſe, and a conſiderable ſhare of learning, tho' a ſailor; as remarkable this way, as the captain of the ſhip was the other way, that is, for being the rougheſt and moſt brutal old tar that ever commanded a veſſel.

18. *Whitwell*

18. *Whitwell* the mate, about thirty-six years of age at this time, told me, he was the ſon of a man who once had a great fortune, and gave him a univerſity education, but left an eſtate ſo encumbered with debts, and ruined with mortgages, that its income was almoſt nothing, and therefore the ſon ſold the remains of it, and went to ſea with an Eaſt-India captain, in the 22d year of his age, and was ſo fortunate abroad, that he not only acquired riches, in four years time that he trafficked about, between Batavia and the gulph of Perſia, but married a young Indian lady, (the daughter of a Rajah, or petty Prince in the Mogul Empire) who was rich, wiſe and beautiful, and made his life ſo very happy, for three years that ſhe lived, that his ſtate was a mere Paradiſe, and he ſeemed a little ſovereign. But this fleeting ſcene was ſoon over, and on his return to *England* with all his wealth, their ſhip was taken by the pirates of *Madagaſcar*, who robbed him of all he had, and made him a miſerable ſlave for two years and upwards. That he eſcaped from them to the tawny generation of *Arabs*, who lived on the mountains, the other ſide of this *African* iſland, and uſed him with great humanity; their chief being very fond of him, and en-

The ſtory of Whitwell, *the mate of the* Skinner *and* Jenkins.

tertaining him in his mud-wall-palace: he married there a pretty little yellow creature, niece to the poor ruler, and for twelve months was very far from being miſerable with his partner, as they had a handſome cottage and ſome cattle, and his wife was good-humour itſelf, very ſenſible, and a religious woman; her religion being half Mahometaniſm and half Judaiſm. But ſhe died at the year's end, and her uncle, the Chief, not living a month after her, *Whitwell* came down from the mountains to the next ſea coaſt under the conduct of one of the *Arabians*, his friend, and meeting with an *European* ſhip there, got at laſt to *London*. A little money he had left behind him in *England*, by way of reſerve, in caſe of accidents, if he ever ſhould return to his own country, and with this he dreſt himſelf, got into buſineſs, and came at laſt to be mate of the *Skinner* and *Jenkins*. His deſtiny, he added, was untoward; but as he had thought, and read, and ſeen enough in his wide travels, to be convinced, the world, and every being, and every atom of it, were directed and governed by unerring wiſdom, he derived hopes and comforts from a due acknowledgment of God. There are more born to miſery than happineſs, in this life; but all may die to be for ever glorious and bleſſed, if they pleaſe.—This concluſion

was

was juſt and beautiful, and a life and ſentiments ſo uncommon I thought deſerved a memorial.

An uncommon ſcene of life.

19. Miſs *Melmoth* and I continued at the Talbot for three weeks, and during that time, breakfaſted, dined, and ſupped together. Except the hours of ſleep, we were rarely from each other. We walked out together every day, for hours converſed, ſometimes went to cards, and often ſhe ſung, delightfully ſung, while on my flute I played. With the greateſt civility, and the moſt exact good manners, we were as intimate as if we had been acquainted for ages, and we found a ſatisfaction in each others company, as great as lovers generally experience: yet not ſo much as one ſyllable of the paſſion was mentioned: not the leaſt hint of love on either ſide was given, while we ſtayed at *Whitehaven*; and I believe neither of us had a thought of it. It was a friendſhip the moſt pure and exalted, that commenced at my ſaving her life, in the manner I have related, and by ſome ſtrange kind of magic, our notions and inclinations, tempers and ſentiments, had acquired ſuch a ſameneſs in a few days, that we ſeemed as two ſpiritual Socias, or duplicates of each others mind. *Body* was quite out of the caſe, tho' this

lady had an extravagance of beauty. My ſole delight was that fine percepient, which ſhed a luſtre on her outward charms. How long this ſtate would have laſted, had we continued more time together, and had the image of the late Miſs *Noel* been more effaced, or worn out of the ſenſory of my head, I cannot ſay; but while it did laſt, there could be nothing more ſtrange. To ſee two young people of different ſexes, in the higheſt ſpirits and moſt confirmed health, live together for twenty-one days, perfectly pleaſed with each other, intirely at their own diſpoſal, and as to fortune, having abundantly enough between them both for a comfortable life; and yet never utter one word, nor give a look, that could be conſtrued a declaration of the paſſion, or a tendency towards a more intimate union;—to compleat that connexion which nature and providence requires of beings circumſtanced as we were;—this was very odd. Till the clock ſtruck twelve every night we ſat up, and talked of a vaſt variety of things, from the Bible down to the Clouds of *Ariſtophanes*, and from the comedies and tragedies of *Greece* and *Rome*, to the *Minerva* of *Sanctius*, and *Hickes*'s northern *Theſaurus*. Inſtead of *Venus* or any of her court, our converſation would often be on the morals of *Cicero*, his academics, and de finibus;

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on the *Engliſh* or the *Roman* hiſtory; *Shakeſpeare*'s ſcenes of nature, or maps of life; whether the *Oedipus*, or the *Electra* of *Sophocles* was the beſt tragedy; and the ſcenes in which *Plautus* and *Terence* moſt excelled. Like two critics, or two grammarians, antiquarians, hiſtorians, or philoſophers, would we paſs the evening with the greateſt chearfulneſs and delight.

Miſs Melmoth's *character.*

Miſs *Melmoth* had a memory aſtoniſhing, and talked on every ſubject extremely well. She remembered all ſhe had read. Her judgment was ſtrong, and her reflections ever good. She told me her mother was another Mrs. *Dacier*, and as her father was killed in a duel, when ſhe was very young, the widow *Melmoth*, inſtead of going into the world, continued to live at her country-ſeat, and diverted herſelf with teaching her daughter the languages of *Greece* and *Rome*, and in educating her heart and mind. This made this young lady a maſter of the *Latin* tongue and *Greek*, and enabled her to acquire a knowledge ſo various and fine, that it was ſurprizing to hear her expatiate and explain. She talked with ſo much eaſe and good-humour, and had a manner ſo chearful and polite, that her diſcourſe was always entertaining, even though the

ſubject happened to be, as it was one evening, the paulo poſt futurum of a *Greek* verb. Theſe things however were not the only admirable ones in this character. So happily had her good mother formed and inſtructed her mind, that it appeared full of all the principles of rational honour, and devoted to that truly God-like religion, which exalts the ſoul to an affection rather than dread of the ſupreme Lord of all things, and to a conviction that his laws lead us both to happineſs here and hereafter. She thoroughly underſtood the uſe and excellence of Revelation, and had extracted from the inſpired volumes everlaſting comfort and ſecurity under the apprehenſions of the divine Power and Majeſty: but ſhe told me, ſhe could not think rites and outward performances were eſſential to real religion. She conſidered what was juſt and beautiful in theſe things as uſeful and aſſiſting only to the devout mind.—In a word, this young lady was wiſe and good, humble and charitable. I have ſeen but one of her ſex ſuperior to her, in the powers of mind, and the beauties of body: that was Miſs *Noel*. Very few have I known that were equal.

Miſs Melmoth *and I*

20. The 2d day of *June* Miſs *Melmoth* and I left *Whitehaven*, and proceeded from thence

thence to *Weſtmoreland*. We travelled for five days together, till we came to *Brugh* under *Stainmore*, where we ſtayed a night at *Lamb*'s, (a houſe I recommend to the reader, if ever he goes that way), and the next morning we parted. Miſs *Melmoth* and her ſervants went right onwards to *Yorkſhire*, and I turned to the left, to look for one Mr. *Charles Turner*, who had been my near friend in the Univerſity, and lived in ſome part of the north-eaſt extremity of *Weſtmoreland*, or *Yorkſhire*. But before we ſeparated on the edge of *Stainmore*, we ſtopped at the *Bell* to breakfaſt, which is a little lone houſe on a deſcent to a vaſt romantic glin, and all the public-houſes there is in this wild, ſilent road till you come to *Jack Railton*, the Quaker's houſe at *Bows*. We had a pot of coffee, and toaſt and butter for breakfaſt, and, as uſual, we were very chearful over it; but when we had done, and it was time to depart, a melancholy, like a black and diſmal cloud, began to overſpread the charming face of *Charlotte*, and after ſome ſilence, the tears burſt from her eyes. What is the matter, Miſs *Melmoth*, I ſaid—what makes this amazing change? I will tell you, Sir, this beauty replied: To you I owe my life, and for three weeks paſt have lived with you in ſo very happy a way, that the end

part, June 2, 1725.

of ſuch a ſcene, and the probability of my never ſeeing you more, is too much for me. Miſs *Melmoth*, (I anſwered) you do me more honour than I deſerve in ſhedding tears for me, and ſince you can think me worth ſeeing again, I promiſe you upon my ſacred word, that as ſoon as I have found a beloved friend of mine I am going up the hills to look for, and have paid my reſpects to him for a while, if he is to be found in this deſolate part of the world, I will travel with my face in the next place, if it be poſſible, towards the eaſt-riding of *Yorkſhire*, and be at Mrs. *Aſgil*'s door, where you ſay you are to be found. This reſtored the glories to *Charlotte*'s face again, and for the firſt time, I gave Miſs *Melmoth* a kiſs, and bid her *adieu*.

A journey among the hills, in that part of Stainmore *which belongs to* Weſtmoreland, 1725, June 8.

21. Having thus loſt my charming companion, I travelled into a vaſt valley, encloſed by mountains whoſe tops were above the clouds, and ſoon came into a country that is wilder than the *Campagna* of *Rome*, or the uncultivated vales of the *Alps* and *Apennines*. Warm with a claſſical enthuſiaſm, I journeyed on, and with fancy's eye beheld the *rural divinities*, in thoſe ſacred woods and groves,

groves, which ſhade the ſides of many of the vaſt ſurrounding fells, and the ſhores and promontories of many lovely lakes and bright running ſtreams. For ſeveral hours I travelled over mountains tremendous to behold, and through vales the fineſt in the world. Not a man or houſe could I ſee in eight hours time, but towards five in the afternoon, there appeared at the foot of a hill a ſweetly ſituated cottage, that was half covered with trees, and ſtood by the ſide of a large falling ſtream: a vale extended to the ſouth from the door, that was terminated with rocks and precipices on precipices, in an amazing point of view, and through the flowery ground the water was beautifully ſeen, as it winded to a deeper flood at the bottom of the vale. Half a dozen cows were grazing in view: and a few flocks of feeding ſheep added to the beauties of the ſcene.

To this houſe I ſent my boy, to enquire who lived there, and to know, if for the night I could be entertained, as I knew not where elſe to go. *O'Fin* very quickly returned, and informed me that one Farmer *Price* was the owner of the place, but had gone in the morning to the next town, and that his wife ſaid, I was welcome to what her houſe afforded. In then I went, and

was moſt civilly received by an exceeding pretty woman, who told me her huſband would ſoon be at home, and be glad ſhe was ſure to ſee me at their lone place; for he was no ſtranger to gentlemen and the world, tho' at preſent he rarely converſed with any one. She told me, their own ſupper would be ready an hour hence, and in the mean time would have me take a can of fine ale and a bit of bread. She brought me a cup of extraordinary malt-drink, and a cruſt, and while I was eating my bread, in came Mr. *Price*.

A ſurprizing meeting.

22. The man ſeemed very greatly aſtoniſhed at entering the room, and after he had looked with great earneſtneſs at me for a little while, he cry'd out, Good Heaven! What do I ſee! *Falſtaff*, my claſs-fellow, and my ſecond ſelf. My dear friend, you are welcome, thrice welcome to this part of the world. All this ſurprized me not a little, for I could not recollect at once a face that had been greatly altered by the ſmall-pox: And it was not till I reflected on the name *Price* that I knew I was then in the houſe of one of my ſchool-fellows, with whom I had been moſt intimate, and had played the part of *Plump Jack* in *Henry the Fourth*, when he did *Prince Henry*.

This

This was an unexpected meeting indeed; and conſidering the place, and all the circumſtances belonging to the ſcene, a thing more ſtrange and affecting never came in my way. Our pleaſure at this meeting was very great, and when the moſt affectionate ſalutations were over, my friend *Price* proceeded in the following manner.

Often have I remembered you ſince we parted, and excluſive of the *Greek* and *Engliſh* plays we have acted together at *Sheridan*'s ſchool, in which you acquired no ſmall applauſe, I have frequently thought of our frolickſome rambles in vacation time, and the merry dancings we had at *Mother Red-Cap*'s in *Back-Lane*; the hurling matches we have played at *Dolphin's Barn*, and the cakes and ale we uſed to have at the *Organ-houſe* on *Arbor-hill*. Theſe things have often occurred to my mind: but little did I think we ſhould ever meet again on *Stainmore-hills*. What ſtrange things does time produce! It has taken me from a town-life, to live on the moſt ſolitary part of the globe:—And it has brought you to journey where never man I believe ever thought of travelling before. So it is, (I replied), and ſtranger things, dear *Jack*, may happen yet before our eyes are cloſed: why I journey this untravelled way, I will inform you by-and-by;

by; when you have told me by what ſtrange means you came to dwell in this remote and ſilent vale. That you ſhall know, (Mr. *Price* ſaid) very ſoon, as ſoon as we have eaten a morſel of ſomething or other which my dear *Martha* has prepared againſt my return. Here it comes, a fowl, bacon, and greens, and as fine, I will anſwer, as *London* market could yield. Let us ſit down, my friend, and God bleſs us and our meat.

Down then we ſat immediately to our diſh, and moſt excellent every thing was. The ſocial goodneſs of this fond couple added greatly to the pleaſure of the meal, and with mirth and friendſhip we eat up our capon, our bacon, and our greens. When we had done, *Price* brought in pipes and tobacco, and a freſh tankard of his admirable ale. Liſten now (he ſaid) to my ſtory, and then I will hearken to yours.

The ſtory of Jack Price.

23. When I left you at *Sheridan*'s ſchool, my remove was from *Ireland* to *Barbadoes*, to become a rich uncle's heir, and I got by my *Indian* airing a hundred thouſand pounds. There I left the bones of my mother's brother, after I had lived two years in that burning place, and from thence proceeded to *London*, to ſpend what an honeſt laborious man

man had long toiled to ſave. But I had not been above three months in the capital of *England*, when it came into my head to paſs ſome time in *France*, and with a girl I kept made haſte to the *French* metropolis. There I lived at a grand rate, and took from the *French* opera-houſe another whore. The *Gaul* and the *Briton* were both extreme fine girls, and agreed ſo well together, that I kept them both in one houſe I thought myſelf ſuperlatively happy in having ſuch a brace of females, and ſpared no coſt in procuring them all the finery and pleaſures that *Paris* and *London* could yield. I had a furniſhed houſe in both theſe cities, and with an expenſive equipage went backwards and forwards. In four years time I ſpent a great deal of money; and as I had loſt large ſums at play, and theſe two whores agreed in the end to rob me, and retire with the money, where I ſhould never diſcover them, I found myſelf in very middling circumſtances, and had not ſix hundred pounds left in the fourth year from my uncle's death. How to diſpoſe of this and myſelf was now the queſtion. What ſhall I do (was my deliberation) to ſecure bread and quiet? Many a thoughtful hour this gave me, and at length I determined to purchaſe a little annuity. But before this could be effected, I went down to *Weſtmoreland*, on an

an information I had received, that my two ladies were at *Appleby* with other names, and on my money appeared as women of fortune. But this journey was to no purpoſe, and I was preparing to return to *London*, when my wife you ſaw at the head of the table a while ago, came by chance in my way, and pleaſed me ſo well with her good underſtanding, face, and perſon, that I reſolved to marry her, if ſhe would have me, and give her the management of my five hundred pounds on a farm, as ſhe was a farmer's daughter, and could manage one to good advantage. Her father was lately dead, and this little mountain farm ſhe continued to occupy: therefore nothing could be more to my purpoſe, if I could prevail on her to make me her huſband, and with ſome difficulty ſhe did, to my unſpeakable felicity. She had no money worth mentioning: but her houſe was pretty and comfortable, and her land had grain and cattle; and as I threw into her lap my five hundred pounds, a little before we were married, to be by her diſpoſed of and managed, according to her pleaſure, ſhe ſoon made ſome good improvements and additions, and by her fine underſtanding, ſweet temper, and every Chriſtian virtue, continues to render my life ſo completely happy, ſo joyous and delightful, that I would not change my partner

ner and condition for one of the firſt quality and greateſt fortune. In her I have every thing I could wiſh for in a wife and a woman, and ſhe makes it the ſole ſtudy and pleaſure of her life to crown me every day with the higheſt ſatisfactions and comforts. Two years have I lived with her on theſe wild mountains, and in that time I have not had one dull or painful minute, but in thinking that I may loſe her, and be the wretched ſurvivor. That thought does ſometimes wound me.—In ſum, my friend, we are the happieſt of wedded mortals, and on this ſmall, remote farm, live in a ſtate of bliſs to be envied. This proves that happineſs does not flow from riches only; but that, where pure and perfect love, ſtrict virtue, and unceaſing induſtry, are united in the conjugal ſtate, they can make the *Stainmore* mountains a paradiſe to mortals, in *peace and little*.

But it is not only happineſs in this world that I have acquired by this admirable woman, but life eternal. You remember, my friend, what a wild and wicked one I was when a ſchool-boy; and as *Barbadoes* of all parts of the globe is no place to improve a man's morals in, I returned from thence to *Europe* as debauched a ſcelerate as ever offended heaven by blaſphemy and illegal gratifications. Even my loſſes and approaching poverty

poverty were not capable of making any great change in me. When I was courting my wife, ſhe ſoon diſcerned my impiety, and perceived I had very little notion of hell and heaven, death and judgment. This ſhe made a principal objection againſt being concerned with me, and told me, ſhe could not venture into a married connection with a man, who had no regard to the divine laws; and therefore, if ſhe could not make me a Chriſtian, in the due ſenſe of the word, ſhe would never be Mrs. *Price.*

This, from a plain, country girl, ſurprized me not a little, and my aſtoniſhment aroſe very high, when I heard her talk of religion, and the great end of both, a bleſſed life after this. She ſoon convinced me, that religion was the only means by which we can arrive at true happineſs, by which we can attain to the laſt perfection and dignity of our nature, and that the authority and word of God is the ſureſt foundation of religion. The ſubſtance of what ſhe ſaid is as follows. I ſhall never forget the leſſon.

The plain *declarations* of our *Maſter* in the *Goſpel* reſtore the dictates of *uncorrupted reaſon* to their force and authority, and give

us

us juſt notions of God and of ourſelves. They inſtruct us in the nature of the Deity, diſcover to us his unity, holineſs, and purity, and afford certain means of obtaining eternal life. Revelation commands us to worſhip *One Supreme God*, the *Supreme Father* of all things; and to do his will, by imitating his perfections, and practiſing every thing recommended by that *Law* of *Reaſon*, which he ſent the Meſſiah to revive and enforce; that by repentance, and righteouſneſs, and acts of devotion, we may obtain the Divine favour, and ſhare in the glories of futurity: for, the *Supreme Director*, whoſe *goodneſs* gives counſel to his *power*, commanded us into exiſtence to conduct us to everlaſting happineſs, and therefore teaches us by his Son to pray, to praiſe, and to repent, that we may be entitled to a nobler inheritance than this world knows, and obtain life and immortality, and all the joys and bleſſings of the heavenly *Canaan*. This was the *godlike* deſign of our *Creator*. That *ſuperior Agent*, who acts not by arbitrary will, but by the maxims of unclouded reaſon, when he made us, and ſtationed us in this part of his creation, had no glory of his own in view, but what was perfectly conſiſtent with a juſt regard to the felicity of his rational ſubjects.

It was this made the *Apoſtle* ſhew *Felix* the unalterable obligations to *juſtice* and *equity*; to *temperance*, or a command over the appetites; and then, by diſplaying the great and awful judgment to come, urge him to the practice of theſe, and all the other branches of morality; that by uſing the means preſcribed by God, and acting up to the conditions of ſalvation, he might eſcape that dreadful puniſhment, which, in the reaſon and nature of things, is connected with vice, and which the good government of the rational world requires ſhould be inflicted on the wicked; and might, on the contrary, by that mercy offered to the world thro' *Jeſus Chriſt*, ſecure thoſe *immenſe rewards*, which are promiſed to *innocence* and the *teſtimony of an upright heart*. This *faith in Chriſt*, St. *Paul* placed before the *Roman* governor in the beſt light. He deſcribed the complexion and genius of the *Chriſtian faith*. He repreſented it as revealing the *wrath* of God againſt all *immorality*; and as joining with reaſon and uncorrupted nature, enforcing the practice of every moral and ſocial duty.

What effect this diſcourſe had on *Felix* (*Martha* continued) in producing *faith*, that is, *morality* in an *intelligent agent*, we are told by the *Apoſtle*. He *trembled*: but iniquity

quity and the world had taken ſuch a hold of him, that he diſmiſſed the ſubject, and turned from a preſent uneaſineſs to profit and the enjoyment of ſin. He had done with St. *Paul*, and ſacrificed the hopes of eternity to the world and its delights.

But this (concluded *Martha*) will not, I hope, be your caſe. As a *judgment to come* is an awful ſubject, you will ponder in time, and look into your own mind. As a man, a reaſonable and ſocial creature, deſigned for *duty* to a God above you, and to a world of *fellow-creatures* around you, you will conſider the rules of virtue and morality, and be no longer numbered with thoſe miſerable mortals, who are doomed to condemnation upon their diſobedience. Thoſe rules lie open in a perfect goſpel, and the wicked can have nothing to plead for their behaviour. They want no light to direct them. They want no aſſiſtance to ſupport them in doing their duty. They have a *Goſpel* to bring them to *life* and *ſalvation*, if they will but take notice of it; and if they will not walk in the light of God's law, this *Goſpel* muſt be their *judgment* and *condemnation*.

Say then, Sir, (*Martha* proceeded) can you be prevailed on to think of religion in its

its native purity and ſimplicity, and by the *power* of the *Goſpel*, ſo act with regard to virtue and piety, that when *Chriſt* ſhall come not only in the power, but in the wiſdom and the juſtice of God, to judge the world, you may be ſecured from that miſery and diſtreſs, which is prepared for iniquity; and enjoy that eternal life, which is to be the portion of the righteous?

In this extraordinary manner did *Martha Harrington* diſcourſe me, and the effect of it was (*Jack Price* continued), that I became a thorough reform from that hour. My rational life from that happy day commenced, and I entered ſeriouſly into my own breaſt, to think in earneſt of that *ſolemn judgment* to come. What *Martha* ſaid was ſo clear and ſtrong, that I had not a thought of replying; but truth at once entirely ſubdued my heart, and I flew to the Son of God, to requeſt his interceſſion with the Father of the Univerſe for the pardon of all my crimes. The dignity and end of my being has ſince been the ſubject of my meditations, and I live convinced, that every thing is contemptible that is inconſiſtent with duty and morality. This renders even my pleaſures more agreeable. This gives eternal peace to my mind.

24. Here

A converſation.

24. Here *Price* ended his remarkable ſtory, and, according to our agreement, I began to relate what happened to me from the time we parted at ſchool, and concluded with informing him, that I was going in ſearch of *Charles Turner*, my near friend, when fortune brought me to his houſe; that this gentleman lived ſomewhere towards the confines of *Cumberland* and the North-riding of *Yorkſhire*; but where the ſpot was, I could not tell; nor did I know well how to go on, as the country before me ſeemed unpaſſable, on account of its mountains, precipices, and floods: I muſt try, however, what can be done; not only in regard to this gentleman, but becauſe I have reaſon to think it may be very much to my advantage, as he is very rich, and the moſt generous of men. If he is to be found, I know I ſhall be welcome to ſhare in his happineſs as long as I pleaſe; nor will it be any weight to him. *Price* to this replied, that I was moſt heartily welcome to him as long as I pleaſed to ſtay, and that tho' he was far from being a rich man, yet he had every day enough for himſelf and one more; and his *Martha*, he was ſure, would be as well pleaſed with my company, as if I had been his own brother, ſince ſhe knew I was his eſteemed friend. —In reſpect of the way, he ſaid he would enable

enable me to find Mr. *Turner*, if he could, but the country was difficult to travel, and he doubted very much if one could go to the extremity of *Cumberland* or *Yorkſhire* over the hills; but we would try, however, and, if it was poſſible, find out Mr. *Turner*'s houſe. Yet ſolely with him I muſt not ſtay, if he could be ſeen. I muſt live between both, till I got ſome Northern girl, and had a wife and habitation of my own; and there is (continued *Price)* not many miles from me, a ſweet pretty laſs, the daughter of a gentleman farmer, who is a very good man, and would, I believe, upon my recommendation, give you his girl, and a ſum of money, to ſit down on thoſe hills.——This is vaſtly kind, *Jack*, I anſwering, ſaid, and what I ſhall gratefully remember ſo long as I live. I may ride many a mile, I am ſure, and be an adventurer many a long day, before I meet with ſuch offers again. Your ſweetly ſituated houſe and good things, with a fine Northern girl and money down, are benefits not to be met with every day.—But at preſent the object I muſt purſue, is my univerſity friend, *Charles Turner*; and if you pleaſe to do me the great favour of guiding me ſo far as you can over this wild, uninhabited land, after I have ſtaid with you, for the firſt time, two or three days, and promiſe to abide many more hereafter, if it

be in my power, we will ſet out in queſt of what I want. As you will, my friend, *Price* replied; and for the preſent, let us be gay. Here comes my beloved, with a little bowl of punch; and as ſhe ſings extremely well, and you have not forgot, I fancy, our old ſong, we will have it over our nectar. You ſhall repreſent *Janus* and *Momus*, and I will be *Chronos* and *Mars*, and my wife *Diana* and *Venus*. Let us take a glaſs firſt—the *liberties of the world*——and then do you begin. We drank, and in the following manner I went on.

A SONG.

JANUS.

25. *Chronos*, *Chronos*, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling ſun
Around the radiant belt has run,
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold the goal in ſight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

CHRONOS.

Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear
Another year
The load of human kind.

MOMUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well haſt thou done,
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back.
The world was a fool e'er ſince it begun;
And ſince neither *Janus*, nor *Chronos*, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

CHORUS.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

JANUS.

Since *Momus* comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the ſhow!
That he may ſee, in every ſcene,
What changes in this age have been;

CHRONOS.

Then goddeſs of the ſilver bow begin!

DIANA.

With horns and with hounds I awaken the day,
And hye to my woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buſkin'd ſoon,
And tye to my forehead a waxing moon;
I courſe the fleet ſtag, and unkennel the fox,
And chaſe the wild goats o'er ſummits of rocks,
With ſhouting and hooting we pierce thro' the ſky;
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

CHORUS.

With ſhouting and hooting we pierce thro' the ſky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Then

JANUS.

Then our age was in its prime,

CHRONOS.

Free from rage,

DIANA.

——And free from crime.

MOMUS.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

CHORUS.

Then our age was in its prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime.
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

MARS.

Inſpire the vocal braſs, inſpire;
The world is paſt its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.

Mars has look'd the ſky to red,
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
Plenty, peace, and pleaſure fly;

The ſprightly green
In Woodland-walks, no more is ſeen;
The ſprightly green has drank thy *Tyrian* dye.

CHORUS.

Plenty, peace, and pleaſure fly;
The ſprightly green
In Woodland-walks, no more is ſeen;
The ſprightly green has drank the *Tyrian* dye.

MARS.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
Through all the world around;
Sound a reveille, ſound, ſound,
The warrior God is come.

CHORUS.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
Through all the world around;
Sound a reveille, ſound, ſound,
The warrior God is come.

MOMUS.

Thy ſword within the ſcabbard keep,
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were faſt aſleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our coſt and care;
But neither ſide a winner,
For things are as they were.

CHORUS.

The fools are only thinner,
With all our coſt and care;
But neither ſide a winner,
For things are as they were.

VENUS.

Calms appear, when ſtorms are paſt,
Love will have its hour at laſt:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars deſtroys, and I repair;
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry day.

CHORUS.

Take her, take her, while you may,
Venus comes not ev'ry day.

CHRONOS.

The world was then ſo light,
I ſcarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and love the night.
But ſince the queen of pleaſure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The pond'rous orb around.

MOMUS, *pointing to* DIANA.

All, all, of a piece throughout;
Thy chace had a beaſt in view;

To MARS.

Thy wars brought nothing about;

To VENUS.

Thy lovers were all untrue;

To JANUS.

'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

CHORUS.

All, all, of a piece throughout;
Thy chace had a beaſt in view;
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue;
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

An account of Mrs. Price *of* Stanemore.

26. In this happy manner did we paſs the night in this wild and frightful part of the world, and for three ſucceeding evenings and days, enjoyed as much true ſatiſfaction as it was poſſible for mortals to feel. *Price* was an ingenious, chearful, entertaining man, and his wife had not only ſenſe more than ordinary, but was one of the beſt of women. I was prodigiouſly pleaſed with her converſation. Though ſhe was no woman of letters, nor had any books in her houſe except the *Bible*, *Barrow*'s and *Wichcott*'s ſermons, *Howell*'s *Hiſtory of the world*, and the *Hiſtory of England*; yet from theſe few, a great memory, and an extraordinary conception

conception of things, had collected a valuable knowledge, and she talked with an ease and perspicuity that was wonderful. On religious subjects she astonished me.

The nature, end, and design of Christianity, considered in a conversation.

As *Sunday* was one of the days I staid there, and *Price* was obliged in the afternoon to be from home, I passed it in conversation with his wife. The day introduced religion, and among other things, I asked her, which she thought the best evidences of Christianity? The *prophecies* or the *miracles?*

Neither, (Mrs. *Price* replied). The *prophecies* of the *Messiah* recorded in the Old Testament are a good proof of the Christian religion, as it is plain from many instances in the New Testament, that the *Jewish converts* of that generation understood them to relate to our Lord; which is a sufficient reason for our believing them. Since they knew the true intent and meaning of them, and on account of their knowing it, were converted; the *prophecies* for this reason should by us be regarded as *divine testimony* in favour of *Christ Jesus*.—Then as to *miracles*, they are, to be sure, a means of proving and spreading the Christian religion, as they shew the *divine mission* of the *Messiah*,

and rouze the mind to attend to the power by which theſe mighty works are wrought. Thus *miracle* and *prophecy* ſhew the *teacher came from God.* They contribute to the eſtabliſhment of his kingdom; and have a tendency to produce that faith which purifies the heart, and brings forth the new birth.

But the greater evidence for the truth of our holy religion, appears to me to be that which converted the primitive Chriſtians, to wit, the *powerful influence* which the *Goſpel* has on the minds of thoſe who ſtudy it with ſincerity, and the *inward diſcoveries* Chriſt makes to the underſtanding of the faithful by his light and good ſpirit. This exceeds the other evidences, if the heart be honeſt. The *Goſpel* is irreſiſtible, when the *ſpirit of God moves* upon the minds of chriſtians. When the *divine power*, diſpenſed *through Chriſt*, aſſiſts and ſtrengthens us to do good, and to eſchew evil, then chriſtianity appears a religion worthy of God, and in itſelf the moſt reaſonable. The complete ſalvation deſerves our ready acceptation. That religion muſt charm a reaſonable world, which not only reſtores the worſhip of the *one true God*, and exhibits, in a perfect plan, thoſe rules of moral rectitude, whereby the conduct of men ſhould be governed, and their

their future happineſs ſecured; but, by its *bleſſed ſpirit*, informs our judgments, influences our wills, rectifies and ſubdues our paſſions, turns the biaſs of our minds from the objects and pleaſures of ſenſe, and fixes them upon the *ſupreme good*. Moſt glorious ſurely is ſuch a goſpel.

But does not this *operation of the Spirit*, (I ſaid) which you make the principal evidence for chriſtianity, debaſe human nature, and make man too weak, too helpleſs and depending a being? If *voluntary good agency* depends on *ſupernatural influence* and *enlivening aid*, does not this make us *mere patients*, and if we are not *moral agents*, that is, have not a power of chuſing or refuſing, of doing or avoiding, either *good* or *evil*, can there be any human virtue? Can we in ſuch caſe *approve* or *diſapprove* ourſelves to God. To me it ſeems that man was created to perform things *natural*, *rational*, and *ſpiritual*, and has an ability to act within the reach of his agency, as his duty requires. I think the *moral fitneſs of things* is a *rule* of action to conduct our actions by, and that the great advantage of revelation conſiſts in its heavenly moral leſſons, and the certainty of that *future judgment* and *retribution*, which has a powerful influence upon a rational mind, and ſtrongly inclines a reaſonable

being to *ſave his ſoul*, by ſo acting in this world, as to avoid everlaſting miſery, and enſure the favour of God, and eternal happineſs in another world. This appears to me more conſiſtent with the *nature* and the *truth* of *things*. It is more to the honour of human nature, if I miſtake not, and gives more glory to God.

To this Mrs. *Price* anſwered, that as ſhe was ſenſible of the ſhortneſs of her own underſtanding, and believed the faculties of the human mind in general were weak and deficient, ſhe could not ſee any thing unreaſonable in ſuppoſing the thing formed depended on, and was ſubject to the Creator that made it. It cannot be abſurd ſurely to ſay, that ſo weak and helpleſs a being as man, depends intirely on God. Where in the nature of things can we fix a ſtandard of certainty in underſtanding, and ſtability in practice, but in the fountain of truth, and all perfection?

But to our better comprehending this matter, let us take a view of primitive Chriſtian religion.—*Chriſtianity* is a divine inſtitution, by which God declares himſelf reconciled to mankind for the *ſake* of his beloved ſon, the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*, on condition of *repentance*, *amendment of life*, and *perſeverance*

perſeverance in a ſtate of holineſs; and that we might be able to perform the things required of us, he offers the aſſiſtance of his good ſpirit. This laſt offer, in a proper ſenſe, is ſalvation; *for according to his mercy, he ſaved us, by the waſhing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghoſt. By grace are ye ſaved through faith, and that not of yourſelves; it is the gift of God.* We find, then, that there are two parts in the Chriſtian religion: one *external* and *hiſtorical*; the other, *internal* and *experimental.* The firſt comprehends what is no more to be repeated, though the effects are laſting and permanent, to wit, the life and good works of *Jeſus*, his miracles, death and reſurrection; which declare him *ſpotleſs virtue, perfect obedience*, and the *ſon of God with power:* ———And in the ſecond part, we have that ſtanding experience of a *divine help*, which converts and ſupports a ſpiritual life: It is true, both the parts have a near relation, and in conjunction produce the good ends of religion. The ſecond is the effect of the firſt. Redemption from the power of ſin, ſanctification, and juſtification, are bleſſings *wrought in us* by the *good Spirit* of him, who *without us* did many glorious things, *that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himſelf a peculiar people zealous of good works:* And, *that they who*

live, ſhould not henceforth live unto themſelves, but unto him that died for them and roſe again. But, it is in the ſecond part that the excellence of our holy religion conſiſts. We have no ability of ourſelves to take off our minds from the things that are evil, and engage them in the work of religion and godlineſs. This is the *gift* of God. It is a *continued miracle* that cleanſes that polluted fountain the heart, and therefore I call this *experience* the principal evidence of the Chriſtian religion. It is the glory of chriſtianity, and renders it the perfection of all religions.

That chriſtianity (I replied) is the perfection of all religions, is granted; but that we have no ability to ſave our ſouls without a *ſupernatural operation* on them, this is what I ſtill have ſome doubt of. A careful examination of the ſubject, produces ſome hard objections, and therefore, madam, I will lay my difficulties before you, that your fine natural underſtanding may remove them, if it be poſſible. I will be ſhort on the article, for many words would only darken it.

In the firſt place, then, as to man's *inability* to live a religious life, and practice the precepts of the goſpel, it muſt be the effect

effect of the *human compoſition*, or the effect of the agency of the *ſerpent*. If the former, it is chargeable upon the author of the compoſition;——if the latter, upon the agent which acts upon it. Man could not be culpable, I think, for a bad life, in either caſe.——If my nature be weakneſs itſelf—or the ſerpent is ſuperior to me——what good can be required of me? can the ſupreme reaſon call for *brick*, where there are no materials to make it with? will you ſay, Yes; becauſe he gives *ſupernatural ability* to perform. But then, can this be called man's action? It is the action of the author by his miſerable creature, man: and in ſuch caſe, may we not ſay, that tho' *commands* are given to *man* to obey revealed laws, yet the *obedience* is performed by *God?*

In the next place, as man in his *natural capacity*, and all his *natural powers*, are the work of God, and as *truly derived* from him as any *ſupernatural powers* can be, it follows, I imagine, that a *voluntary agent*'s making a right uſe of the *power of his nature*, is as *valuable* as his being *compelled* to act well and wiſely by a ſupernatural power. To aſſert, then, ſuch *experiences* or *operations*, to me ſeems to *miſrepreſent* the nature of a being excellently conſtituted to anſwer the good purpoſes he was created for. I am likewiſe,

likewiſe, at preſent, of opinion, that *depreciating our natural abilities*, does not give ſo much glory to God as you imagine.

To this Mrs. *Price* replied, that by the *operation* of the *ſpirit*, ſhe did not mean that man was purely paſſive, and had no part in the working out his ſalvation, but that God *co-operates* with *man*, and without deſtroying the faculty of reaſon, improves it by convincing and enlightening the underſtanding, and by moving and inclining the will towards ſuch objects as are acceptable to himſelf, and from thoſe that are contrary to his goſpel. The mind in this manner enlightened and affected, begins to act, and as the ſpirit moves upon the ſoul, the quickened man, under the divine direction, does all the good the ſcripture commands him to do, and eſchews the evil he is ordered to avoid. By God through Chriſt, he practices the excellent virtues recommended in the holy books, and for this reaſon, the righteouſneſs, which chriſtians bring forth, is called in ſcripture, the righteouſneſs of Chriſt, the righteouſneſs of God, and the righteouſneſs of faith. Chriſt is the efficient. We thro' him are made able to act. Notwithſtanding the weakneſs and incapacity of our nature, yet, *thro' faith in the power of God*, which is given to all who believe in him, we

are

are enabled to flee immorality and vice, and by a life of virtue and piety, to enjoy the pleaſures of a ſweet reflection, and the praiſes of unpolluted reaſon.

That this is the caſe of man, the ſacred writings declare in a thouſand places, and ſet forth the exceeding greatneſs of God's power in this reſpect. The miniſtry of the goſpel appears to have been ordained for this end, and the perfection of the chriſtian religion, to reſt on this particular thing. *The Lord died for our ſins, and roſe again for our juſtification, that we through power received from him, (the power of his reſurrection) might be made righteous.* And the Apoſtle adds, *I am not aſhamed of the goſpel of Chriſt, for it is the power of God unto ſalvation, to every one that believeth, to the Jews firſt, and alſo to the Greeks, for therein is the righteouſneſs of God revealed from faith to faith.* And that the promiſe of the Holy Ghoſt had reference not only to the great effuſion of the Spirit at *Pentecoſt*, which was a ſolemn confirmation of the new and ſpiritual diſpenſation of the goſpel; but alſo to that inſtruction which Chriſtians of every age were to receive from it continually, if they attended to it, is evident from the promiſe of *Chriſt*, ——*I will pray the Father, and he ſhall give you another comforter*, (the ſpirit of truth) *that*

that he may abide with you for ever. This ſpirit was to ſupply the place of his perſonal preſence. It was to become a teacher and comforter to his diſciples and followers to the end of time—to enlighten and incline their minds to piety and virtue—to enable them to do all things appertaining to life and godlineſs, and to have a faith in God's power and all-ſufficiency. This is the glorious ſpecific difference of Chriſtianity from all other religions. We have an inward inſtructor and ſupporter always abiding with us. And what can be a higher honour to mankind, or an act of greater love in God, than for him to interpoſe continually, and by his holy Spirit reſtore the teachable and attentive to that purity and uprightneſs in which he at firſt created man? Glorious diſpenſation! Here is a compleat reparation of the loſs ſuſtained by tranſgreſſion. We are created anew in Chriſt Jeſus, and are made partakers of the divine nature. Surely this is the utmoſt that can be expected from religion. In ſhort, (continued Mrs. *Price*) it is to me a moſt amazing thing, to ſee men of ſenſe diſclaim this *help*, argue for *ſelf-ſufficiency* and *independency*, and receive only the *outward appearance* of the *Son of God*, in a literal, hiſtorical, and formal profeſſion of chriſtianity! This will never do the work. The *outward appearance* of the

Son

Son of God only puts us in a *capacity of ſalvation:* it is the *inward appearance* by the power and virtue of the ſpirit that muſt *ſave* us. The *end* of the *goſpel* is *repentance, forgiveneſs of ſins*, and *amendment of manners*; and the means of obtaining that end, is *chriſtianity in the life, ſpirit, and power of it.*

You talk extremely well, Madam, (I ſaid) upon this ſubject, and have almoſt made me a convert to the notion of an *inward appearance* of the *Son of God:* but I muſt beg leave to obſerve to you, that as to what you have added, by way of explication and vindication of the *operation* of the *ſpirit*, to wit, that man has *agency*, and God *co-operates* with it, by which means the man is enabled to apply his agency to the performance of good, this does not ſeem to me to make the matter quite plain. The virtue or goodneſs of an *agent* muſt certainly ariſe from a right exerciſe of his own power, and how then can God's *co-operating* with him make him a better man? Can ſuch *co-operation* add any thing to my virtue, if my goodneſs is to be rated in proportion to the exertion of my own will and agency. If I am not able to ſave a man from drowning, though I pity him, and do my beſt to preſerve his life; but God gives me ſtrength,

or co-operates with me, and ſo the man is ſaved; can this add any thing to my virtue or goodneſs? It would be indeed an inſtance of God's goodneſs to the man; but as to myſelf, I did no more with the divine co-operation than I did without it. I made all the uſe I could of what power I had. This ſeems to me a ſtrong objection againſt the *inward appearance:* nor is it all there is to object. If I ſee a man in a deep wet ditch, in a dangerous and miſerable way, and am prompted by a natural affection, and the fitneſs of relieving, to exert a ſufficient ſtrength I have, to take the man out of his diſtreſs, and put him in a comfortable way; (which is a thing I really did once, and thereby ſaved a uſeful life);—in this caſe, there was good done by an *agent*, without any *ſupernatural co-operation* at all: Many more inſtances might be produced: but from what has been ſaid, is it not plain, that much good may be done without any interpoſition;——and, with it, that no good can be added to the character of the agent?

But you will ſay, perhaps, that the *good diſpoſition* of the *agent* in ſuch caſes, is *ſupernatural operation*, and without ſuch operation, he could not make a right uſe of his ability. To this we reply, that if by *diſpoſition*

ſition is meant *a given power to diſtinguiſh betwixt motive and motive*, and *ſo to judge of moral fitneſs and unfitneſs*; or, *a power to act from right motives, when ſuch are preſent to the mind*; theſe cannot be given, becauſe they are the powers which conſtitute a man a *moral agent*, and render him accountable for his actions. Without them he could not be a ſubject of moral government.

And if you mean by the term diſpoſition, God's *preſenting ſuch motives to the mind, as are neceſſary to excite to right action*; the anſwer is, that tho' God may kindly interpoſe, and in many inſtances, by *ſupernatural operation*, preſent ſuch motives to the mind, yet ſuch operation cannot be always neceſſary in order to our doing good.———In many caſes we ſee at once what good ought to be done, and we do it inſtantly of ourſelves, unleſs the natural faculties be perverted by falſe principles. If our fellow-creature falls into the fire, or has a fit, while we are near him, the fitneſs of relieving him, and the natural compaſſion eſſential to our conſtitution, will make us fly to his aſſiſtance, without a *ſupernatural operation*. We want no divine impulſe to make us interpoſe. Without being *reminded*, we will do our beſt to recover the man, if ſuperſtition or paſſion hath not miſled the natural

natural powers of the mind. In a great variety of things the caſe is the ſame, and when at a *glance* we *ſee* the *fitneſs* of action, there is an immediate production of good.

It is not juſt then to aſſert that the heart cannot be the ſpring of good actions, without the actings of God. It is the ſeat and ſource of *both evil* and *good*. Man is capable of giving glory to God, and of doing the contrary. He is conſtituted to anſwer all the purpoſes of ſocial felicity, and to act a part ſuitable to, and becoming that reaſon and underſtanding, which God hath given him to guide his ſteps; and he may, on the contrary, by abuſing his liberty, act an unſocial part in the creation, and do great diſhonour to his Maker, by the evil imaginations of his heart, and the violence his hand commits. This hath been the ſtate of human nature from the *fall* to the flood, and from the flood to our time. The human race have a natural ability for good or evil, and are at liberty for the choice of either of theſe. *If thou doeſt well, Cain*, who haſt *power*, and is at *liberty* to do evil, thou ſhalt be accepted. *And if thou doeſt not well*, who haſt *power*, and is at *liberty to do good*, *ſin lieth at the door*. If this had not been the caſe of *Cain*, (and of others ſince his days),

days), it ſeems to me at preſent, that God would act an *unequal* part with his creatures. Can *happineſs* or *miſery* be called *reward* or *puniſhment*, unleſs the creature can *voluntarily* chuſe or avoid the thing which renders him the object of infliction or glory? I think not. *For we muſt all appear before the judgment ſeat of Chriſt, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.* The *agency* of a *ſerpent* will be no plea then, for a *Cain*, I ſuppoſe: nor will *Abel*'s title to an inheritance depend only on the good brought forth in him by the Lord.——And as to a *ſelf-ſufficiency* or *independency* in all this, as often charged, I can ſee none, for the reaſon already given, to wit, that my *natural powers* are as much the gift of God to me as *ſupernatural powers* can be, and render me as *dependent* a being. They are *derived* from him: It is *his given powers* I uſe, and if I make a right uſe of them, to anſwer the great and wiſe purpoſe I was created for, the *good application* muſt be as *valuable* as if I had applied ſupernatural powers to the ſame purpoſe.

What you ſay, Sir, (Mrs. *Price* anſwered) has reaſon in it, to be ſure: but it ſeems inconſiſtent with the language of the Bible, and takes away the *Grace of God* intirely, and

and the principal evidence of the Chriſtian religion: As to the *neceſſary guilt* of mankind, *Moſes* ſays;———*and God ſaw, that the wickedneſs of man was great in the earth; and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart, was only evil continually: and it repented the Lord, that he had made man on the earth, &c.* And again;—*The earth alſo was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence: and God looked upon the earth, and behold it was corrupt, for all fleſh had corrupted his way on the earth. And God ſaid unto Noah, The end of all fleſh is come before me, for the earth is filled with violence thro' them; and behold I will deſtroy them with the earth. But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.*——The prophet Jeremiah does likewiſe affirm, *The heart is deceitful above all things, and deſperately wicked.* And St. *Paul* declares from *Pſalm* xiv and liii, *There is none righteous, no not one; there is none that underſtandeth, there is none that ſeeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no not one. Their throat is an open ſepulchre; with their tongues have they uſed deceit; the poiſon of aſps is under their lips: whoſe mouth is full of curſing and bitterneſs. Their feet are ſwift to ſhed blood. Deſtruction and miſery are in their ways; and the way of peace have they not known.*

Then as to *grace*, or the *operation of the Spirit*, to cure this *miſerable condition of mankind*, *Peter ſaid unto them*, *Repent*, *and be baptized every one of you*, *in the name of Jeſus Chriſt*, *for the remiſſion of ſins*, *and ye ſhall receive the gift of the Holy Ghoſt*, *for the promiſe is unto you and your children*, *and to all that are afar off*. This is a very extenſive declaration both as to time and place. After *Peter* had told the people, *the God of our fathers raiſed up Jeſus whom ye ſlew*, *and hanged on a tree*, *him hath God exalted with his right hand*, *to be a Prince and a Saviour*, *for to give repentance unto Iſrael*, *and forgiveneſs of ſins*, *and we are his witneſſes of theſe things*, *and ſo alſo is the Holy Ghoſt*, *whom God hath given to them that obey him*: the apoſtle adds, *then they (the Gentiles) were filled with the Holy Ghoſt*. All who obeyed, without diſtinction, had the Holy Ghoſt given them, and it was a witneſs to them of the truth of Chriſt's divine miſſion, and the good effect of it, according to the promiſe of the Lord, to wit, *he ſhall teſtify of me*.

St. *Paul* likewiſe tells us, *if any man have not the ſpirit of Chriſt*, *he is none of his*. *And if Chriſt be in you*, *the body is dead becauſe of ſin*, *but the ſpirit is life*, *becauſe of righteouſneſs*; *but if the ſpirit of him that raiſed up Jeſus*

Jeſus from the dead, dwell in you, he that raiſed up Chriſt from the dead ſhall alſo quicken your mortal bodies by his ſpirit that dwelleth in you. Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the fleſh to live after the fleſh, for if ye live after the fleſh ye ſhall die; but if ye thro' the ſpirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye ſhall live, For as many as are led by the ſpirit of God, they are the ſons of God. For ye have not received the ſpirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the ſpirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father, the ſpirit itſelf beareth witneſs with our ſpirit, that we are the children of God.—Here we ſee the neceſſity of having the ſpirit of Chriſt, and that thoſe who have it not, do not belong to him. They are none of his. We may likewiſe obſerve, that it mortifies the deeds of the body, and quickens the ſoul to a life of holineſs: the paſſage likewiſe ſhews, that the ſpirit bears witneſs with our ſpirits, and by an evidence peculiar to itſelf, gives us a certain ſenſe, or underſtanding of it.

In ſhort, Sir, a great number of texts might be produced, to ſhew not only the *work* and *effect* of the *Divine ſpirit* upon our minds; but that it is an *evidence*, the principal evidence and ground of *certainty* to *believers*, reſpecting the truth of chriſtianity. I will mention however only two or three more,

more, and then ſhall be glad to hear what you ſay to thoſe things.

What man knoweth the ſpirit of man, ſave the ſpirit of man which is in him? even ſo the things of God knoweth no man, but the ſpirit of God. Now we have received not the ſpirit of the world, but the ſpirit which is of God, that we might know the things which are freely given to us of God.—Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things. Theſe things have I written to you, concerning them that ſeduce you; but the anointing which ye have received of him, abideth in you, and ye need not that any teach you, but as the ſame anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye ſhall abide in it.—Hereby we know that he abideth in us by his Spirit, which he hath given us. Hereby we know that we dwell in him, and he in us, becauſe he hath given us of his Spirit.

What do you ſay to all this? do not the ſacred paſſages I have repeated ſeem to declare in the plaineſt manner the *neceſſary iniquity* of man; that this is to be cured only, and his nature rectified by the operation of the Divine Spirit; and that the *effuſion* of the *Spirit*, both as to *inſtruction* and *evidence*, was not peculiar to the infancy of

Chriſtianity? This appears to my underſtanding. The very eſſence of the Chriſtian religion, I think, from theſe ſcriptures, conſiſts in the *power* and *efficacy* of the *ſpiritual principle*.

The ſtate of religion from the creation to this time.

What you have ſaid, Madam, (I replied) ſeems ſtrong indeed in defence of the *weakneſs* of *man*, and the *operation* of the *Spirit*, and I ſhould be of your way of thinking as to the *manifeſtation* of it, but that I imagine the thing may be explained in a different manner. Let us review our religion, if you pleaſe, and perhaps we may find, that another account may be given of ſanctification, and the renewing the mind into a ſtate of holineſs.

When God called this world into being, his purpoſe was, without all peradventure, that his rational creatures might enjoy the nobleſt pleaſures, and by conforming their conduct to the fitneſs and relation of things, from a due regard to the authority of the firſt cauſe, by whom this fitneſs and relation were wiſely conſtituted, ſecure all the bleſſings of this life, and honour, and glory, and immortality, in ſome future ſtate of exiſtence. This I think was the caſe. True religion

religion was to form and fix every good principle in the human mind, produce all righteouſneſs in the converſation, and thereby render mankind the bleſſed of the univerſal Father. They were to worſhip the one true God; the poſſeſſor of all being, and the fountain of all good; to believe in him, and have their truſt and dependence always on him; to be pure and peaceable, gentle and full of mercy, without partiality, without hypocriſy, and ſo devoted to holineſs and obedience, to every virtue and every good work which the law of reaſon can require from men; that after a long life ſpent in acting a part the moſt honourable to God, and the moſt advantageous to mankind, in *obeying the dictates of reaſon*, and *thereby imitating the example of God*; they might be tranſlated to the regions of immortality and day, where the firſt and great original diſplays, as it were, face to face, the perfections of the Deity, and from an all-perfect and holy Being receive the vaſt rewards he has prepared for thoſe, who, in this firſt ſtate, have been, to all the purpoſes of life and religion, perfect as he is perfect. For theſe reaſons did the ſupreme director, the greateſt and the beſt Being in the univerſe, command the human race into exiſtence. He gave them faculties to conduct them here thro' various ſcenes of happineſs to the realms of

immortality and immutable felicity. It was a *Godlike* deſign.

But it was not very long before this human race became corrupt, and not only did evil in the ſight of the Lord, but ceaſed to apprehend the *firſt cauſe* as *one moſt perfect mind.* The natural notions of moral perfection which reaſon and the light of nature ſupply, they no longer minded, nor thought of what is fit and reaſonable to be done in every caſe. The paſſions began to influence and direct their lives: juſt and pure ideas of the Deity were loſt, falſe ones took place, and the miſchief and its fatal conſequences became very great. It was a melancholy ſcene! The exalted notions of *one glorious God*, and of that true religion which conſiſts in the expectation of a future ſtate, were no longer known, nor did the race ever think of approving themſelves in the eye of an *all-perfect and holy Being.* Superſtition and iniquity prevailed, and the ſpread of evil was wide.

God ſaw that the wickedneſs of man was great in the earth——the thoughts of his heart evil continually, *&c.* as you have before quoted from the book of *Geneſis*; and becauſe the wickedneſs of the *tenth generation* was ſo great, and men no longer endeavoured

voured after thoſe perfections, which are natural and proper to rational minds;—— no longer thought of conforming themſelves to the divine nature, or ſtrove to imitate the excellencies of it, tho' conſtituted to *give glory* to their *Maker*, and endued with a *reaſon and underſtanding ſufficient* to teach them the *rule* of *duty*, and guide their ſteps in the ways of true religion; but againſt the light of their own minds, acted the moſt impious and unſociable part; therefore God repented that he had made them, that is, he did what is the product of repentance in men, when they undo, as far as it is in their power, what they repent of, and deſtroyed his own work by that deſolating judgment, the *flood*. This ſeems to be the truth of the caſe. The words of *Moſes* do not mean the *ſtate of human nature* on account of the *fall*. They expreſs only the *wickedneſs* of the *tenth generation* as a *reaſon* for the *deluge* at that time. There is not the leaſt ground for aſſerting from this paſſage in the ſacred hiſtorian, that man was unable to do good by his natural powers, and that his crimes were a reſiſting the actings of God upon his mind. The impiety of this generation was a mere abuſe of free will, and acting againſt the plain dictates of their own minds: therefore, when wilful oppreſſions and ſenſualities filled the earth, God deſtroyed the world by an inundation.

Noah only, who was a juſt man, and perfect in his generation, with his family eſcaped.

This terrible execution of an awful vengeance on the guilty race, demonſtrated to the ſurvivors, and to all the ages to come, the great malignity of ſin, and the uncontroulable ſupremacy of the divine government. As the venerable Patriarch and his family ſailed over the boſom of the boundleſs ocean of waters, and above the wrecks and ruins of this terreſtrial world, they adored, to be ſure, with grateful hearts, the Almighty Father of virtue, and goodneſs, who had ſo wonderfully preſerved them, and were convinced by the amazing, ſtriking evidence, that ſin is the greateſt infamy and degradation of our reaſonable nature; that it has an inſuperable repugnancy and irreverſible contrariety to our true happineſs, and is infamous, pernicious, and ruinous, by the ſentence of the Almighty. The dreadful event unanſwerably evinced his conſtant actual cognizance of enormous faith and manners, and his unchangeable diſpleaſure with them. This truth, which was learnt at firſt, by the expulſion from *Paradiſe*, and the ſad inheritance of *Mortality*, they ſaw again republiſhed in the moſt awful manner. This gave undoubtedly a very religious turn to their minds, and they determined, to be ſure,

ſure, to adhere to thoſe excellent principles and practices, which had been, thro' God's goodneſs, their ſecurity in the general deſolation, and to flee the contrary malignant ones which had procured that deſolation on the reſt. In a degree ſuitable to their nature and ability, they reſolved to imitate the perfections of God, and to employ the powers and faculties of reaſon in endeavouring to be juſt, and righteous, and merciful. And as the amazing operation of God in the deluge called for their wonder and praiſe, we muſt think their hearts glowed with the ſenſe of his goodneſs to them, and that they extolled his mercy and power in the ſalvation they had received. So we are told by an inſpired writer. *Noah* reſtored the ancient rites of divine ſervice, and built an altar to the Lord. *And the Lord ſmelled a ſweet ſavour, and ſaid, Never any more will I curſe the ground for man's ſake, tho' the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth*; becauſe he will not hearken to the voice of reaſon, and with the greateſt ardour and contention of mind, labour to attain a conformity to the divine nature in the moral perfections of it; which is the true dignity of man, and the utmoſt excellence of human ſouls. *Neither will I again ſmite any more every living creature as I have done. While the earth remaineth, ſeed-*

time and harveſt, and cold and heat, and ſummer and winter, and day and night ſhall not ceaſe.

Thus did God enter into a covenant with *Noah*, and his ſons, and their ſeed; and as the late amazing occurrences muſt incline the ſpectators of the *flood* to piety and goodneſs; and the fathers of the poſtdiluvian world were careful to inſtruct their children in the ſeveral parts of the ſtupendous fact, and from the whole inculcate the Being and Perfections of God, his univerſal dominion and actual providence and government over all things, his love of virtue and goodneſs, and infinite deteſtation of all ſin; to which we may add, that the imitation of God is not a new principle introduced into religion by revelation, but has its foundation in the reaſon and nature of things;———we may from hence conclude, that the riſing generation were perſons of conſpicuous devotion, and followed after the moral virtues, the holineſs, juſtice and mercy which the light of nature diſcovers. They were, I believe, moſt excellent mortals for ſome time. They *obeyed*, to be ſure, *every dictate* of reaſon, and *adored* and *praiſed* the *inviſible Deity*; the *Supreme immutable mind.*

But this beautiful ſcene had an end, and man once more forgot his Maker and himſelf.

ſelf. He proſtituted the honour of both, by robbing God of the obedience due to him, and by ſubmitting himſelf a ſlave to the elements of the world. When he looked up to the heavens, and ſaw the glory of the ſun and ſtars, inſtead of praiſing the Lord of all, he fooliſhly ſaid, Theſe are thy Gods, O Man! A univerſal apoſtacy from the primitive religion prevailed. They began with the *heavenly bodies*, or *ſydereal Gods*, and proceeded to *heroes*, *brutes*, and *images*, till the world was overflowed with an inundation of *idolatry*, and *ſuperſtition*; even ſuch *ſuperſtition*, as nouriſhed, under the notion of *Religion*, and pleaſing the Gods, the moſt *beſtial* impurities, the moſt inhuman and unnatural *cruelties*, and the moſt unmanly and contemptible *follies*. Moral virtue and goodneſs were totally extinguiſhed. When men had loſt the ſenſe of the Supreme Being, the *Creator*, *Governor*, and *Judge* of the world, they not only ceaſed to be righteous and holy, but became neceſſarily vitious and corrupt in practice; for iniquity flows from corrupt religion, as the waters from the ſpring. The principles and ceremonies of the eſtabliſhed idolatries gave additional ſtrength to mens natural inclinations to intemperance, luſt, fraud, violence, and every kind of unrighteouſneſs and debauchery. Long before the days of *Moſes*, this was the

general caſe. Idolatry had violated all the duties of true religion, and the moſt abominable practices by conſtitution were authoriſed. The *Phalti* (11) and the *Mylli* (12), rites that modeſty forbids to explain, were eſteemed principal parts of their *Ritual*; virgins before marriage were to ſacrifice their chaſtity to the honour of Venus; (13)

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(11) Ex ea re tum privatim tum publicè, lignea virilia thyrſis alligata per eam ſolemnitatem geſtabant, fuit enim *Phallus* vocatum, membrum virile. Schædius de diis. p. 130.

(12) Heraclides Syracuſius libro de vetuſtis & ſancitis moribus ſcribit apud Syracuſios in perfectis thermophoriis, ex ſeſamo & melle fingi pudenda muliebria, quæ per ludos & ſpectacula circumferebantur, & vocabantur *Mylli*. Athenæi. Deipnoſ. l. 14. p. 647.

(13) This is taken notice of by the prophet *Jeremiah*.—"The women alſo with cords "about them, ſitting in the ways, burn "bran for perfume; but if any of "them, drawn by ſome that paſſeth by, lie with her, "ſhe reproacheth her fellow, that ſhe was not thought "as worthy as herſelf, nor her cord broken." Baruch vi. 43.

The ranges in the temple.

Herodotus explains this paſſage of the Prophet. "Every woman at *Babylon*, ſays the hiſtorian, was "obliged, once in her life, to ſit down openly in the "temple of *Venus*, in order to proſtitute herſelf to "ſome ſtranger: they enter into the temple, and ſit "down

men were offered upon the Altars for Sacrifices; and children were burnt alive to *Moloch* and *Adramalech*. In a word, the moſt abominable immoralities univerſally prevail-

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" down crowned with garlands, ſome continually go-
" ing out, and others coming in: the galleries where
" they ſit are built in a ſtrait line, and open on every
" ſide, that all ſtrangers may have a free paſſage to
" chuſe ſuch women as they like beſt. Thoſe women
" who excel in beauty and ſhape are ſoon diſmiſſed;
" but the deformed are ſometimes neceſſitated to wait
" three or four years, before they can ſatisfy the
" law. The men declared their choice by throwing
" money into the lap of the woman they moſt ad-
" mired, which ſhe was by no means to refuſe, but
" inſtantly retire with the man that accoſted her, and
" fulfil the law. Women of rank (for none were
" diſpenſed with) might ſit in covered chariots for
" the purpoſe, whilſt their ſervants waited at a diſ-
" tance till they had done." Herodot. l. 1. c. 196, 198, and 199.

Strabo likewiſe gives us an account to the ſame purpoſe. l. 16. p. 745.——And *Juſtin* gives this reaſon for this cuſtom,—*leſt Venus alone ſhould appear laſcivious.* Ne ſola impudica videretur. l. 18. c. 5.——

As to the *breaking of the woman's cord*, Dr. *Hyde* ſays, their lower garments were tied with ſmall and weak cords made of ruſhes, qui ad congrediendum erant frangendi.——*Purchas pilgr.* l. 1. c. 12. p. 65. confirms this notion; having ſeen the thing practiſed in his travels in the Eaſt. But *Grotius* on *Baruch* ſays, the meaning was, the women had cords given them, as a token that they were under the vow of proſtitution, which when they had performed, the *cord* was properly

ed; with the encouragements of religion, men were led into intemperance, uncleanneſs, murders, and many vices, inconſiſtent with the proſperity and peace of ſociety, as

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ſaid to be broken; for every vow may be called *vinculum*, or a *cord*. As I take it, the caſe was both as *Hyde* and *Grotius* relate it. I was in company with a phyſician, who had ſpent many years of his life in the Eaſt, and he aſſured me, he had ſeen both circumſtances practiſed in the kingdom of *Cranganor*.

As to the woman's *burning incenſe or bran for a perfume*, it was the cuſtom before coition, by way of charm and incentive. When a *Babylonian* and his wife had a mind to correſpond, they always firſt lighted up the fuming pan, imagining it improved the paſſion. So in the *Pharmaceutria* of *Theocritus*, p. 33. we ſee *Simætha* is uſing her *incantation*, *nunc furfures ſacrificabo*, Πίτυρον, the word made uſe of in *Jeremiah*'s *Epiſtle*.———And as if all this had not been luſt enough in their religion, it was farther declared in their *Ritual*, that thoſe were beſt qualified for the *ſacerdotal function*, who were born of mothers who conceived them of their own ſons.

In reſpect of human ſacrifices, if you would have a full account of them, conſult the following authors, and you will find that the *Canaanites* were far from being the only Pagans who were guilty of this unnatural barbarity——Selden de diis Syris Segort. 1. c. 6. and all the authors he quotes. Grotius on Deut. xviii. Iſaac Voſ. de Orig. Idol. l. 2. c. 5. Dion. Voſſius on Maimon, de Idol. c. 6. Lud Vives notes on St. Aug. de Civit. Dei, l. 7. c. 19.—Ouzelius & Elmenhorſtius notes on Min. Fœlix. Spencer de Leg. Hebr. l. 2. c. 13. And *Fabricius*, Bibliographia, c. 9.

well

well as with the happineſs of private perſons; and that ſuch iniquities might have a perpetual ſource, the moſt ſhameful idolatries were preſerved in oppoſition to the knowledge and worſhip of the *One true God*. So general was this corruption and idolatry, that the infection ſeized the deſcendants of *Shem*, the pious race. Even *Terah*, the father of *Abram*, we find charged with it. And *Abram* himſelf was culpable, I think, in this reſpect, as the word *Aſebes* imports. It is rendered in our Bible *ungodly*, but it ſignifies more properly *idolatry*, and that is what St. *Paul* in the 4th chapter to the *Romans* hints. The Apoſtle ſpeaking of *Abraham*, ſays,—But to him that worketh not, but believeth in him that juſtifieth the *ungodly*, that is, an *ungodly idolater*, who has no manner of claim to the bleſſings of God, he muſt be juſtified upon the foot, *not of his own prior obedience*, but of *God's mercy*.

In ſuch a calamitous ſtate, a *Revelation* to reſtore the *Law* of *Nature*, and make it more fully and clearly known, to *enforce* its obſervance, to afford *helps* and *motives* to the better performance of what it enjoys, and relieve the guilty mind againſt all its *doubts*, would certainly be a merciful vouchſafement from God to mankind, and

and be much for their advantage and happineſs; and therefore, in the year from the flood 428, to provide for the reſtoration of the true religion, and preſerve the knowledge and worſhip of the One true God on earth, in oppoſition to the prevailing idolatry, and the groſs immoralities that were the effects of idolatrous principles and practices, *Jehovah* commanded *Abraham* to leave his country, his kindred, and his father's houſe, and proceed with his family to the land of *Canaan*. Here *God* entered into *Covenants* with *Abraham* and his poſterity, to be inſtruments in the hands of providence for bringing about great deſigns in the world—that he and his poſterity were to be the Church of God, and depoſitaries of a hope that the *Covenant* limited to *Abraham* and his choſen ſeed, was to grow in the fulneſs of time into a bleſſing upon all the nations of the earth. *Abraham* was at this time 75 years old, and God added to the patriarchal worſhip the viſible mark of *Circumciſion*, as a ſeal of a covenant between himſelf and *Abraham*.

After the flood 428. *Before Chriſt* 1920.

Bp. Sherlock *on prophecy, well obſerves, that two covenants were given to* Abraham; *one a temporal covenant, to take place in the land of* Canaan--*the other a covenant of better hope, to be performed in a better country. p.* 134.

Yet

Yet how fit ſoever ſuch a viſible mark might be, to keep in remembrance the covenant between God and the family of *Abraham*, it was found in experience, inſufficient to preſerve them from the idolatrous cuſtoms of their neighbours.——— Some new laws, ſome further conſtitutions of worſhip were to be added, or, as the family of *Abraham* were ſituated in the midſt of idolaters and unrighteous ones, it was foreſeen they would ſoon fall from the eſſentials of religion; and inſtead of preſerving a right knowledge of God, of his Being, Perfections and Government, a juſt ſenſe of the reverence all men owe to him, from a firm belief of his Being, Power, Dominion, Juſtice and Goodneſs, and an hearty concern to obey the known Will of God in all things; doing what is pleaſing in his ſight, ſeeking, and hoping their perfection and happineſs, in the likeneſs, and in the image of God; they would, on the contrary, *ſerve other Gods*, and make their idolatry, not a matter of harmleſs ſpeculation, but a fountain of the moſt dangerous immoralities; and therefore, as it was highly *fit* in itſelf, and well becoming the wiſdom of God, he gave *Moſes* a *chriſtianity* in *hieroglyphics*, that is, a *tabernacle*, a *ſhechinah*, a *prieſthood*, an *altar*, *ſacrifices*, *laws*, *moral* and *ceremonial*, with every conſtituent part

part of the *Hebrew* ritual; being figures of a better ſhechinah, temple, prieſt, altar, ſacrifice, revelation, and bleſſings—figurative repreſentations of the *more perfect conſtitutions* in the days of *Meſſiah* the King.—This was in the year 875 after the flood, and 1491 before *Chriſt*. By *a ritual* ſo becoming the wiſdom of God, given for a preſervative againſt idolatrous principles, and as a diſpenſation preparatory to that future heavenly religion, the *Hebrew* nation were guarded againſt the ſurrounding corruptions of the world, and raiſed up the defenders of true religion, to preſerve the knowledge and worſhip of the One true God.

But as mankind would not follow the *light* of *nature*, which is ſufficient, when attended to, for a conſtant univerſal practice of piety and morality; ſo neither would they be engaged by various revealed laws, from time to time given, and by the calls and leſſons of many prophets, to the practice of true religion and righteouſneſs; but as the *heart* is the *ſeat* and *ſource* of *wickedneſs* in man, according to the prophet *Jeremiah*, ſo even the *hearts* of the *Jews* became *deceitful above all things, and deſperately wicked*. And the *Prophet* goes on to ſhew, not the *neceſſary inability* of man *without experiences*, or an *operating ſpirit within*, (as you

you ſuppoſe, madam); but that, tho' men thus wickedly deceive one another, yet they cannot poſſibly by ſuch a wilful deſperate piece of wickedneſs deceive their Maker, becauſe to him the moſt ſecret receſſes of their hearts lie open; and, conſequently, in the iſſue, they deceive themſelves, ſeeing God, who knows the deceit which is lodged in their hearts, will render unto them according to their works, and according to the fruit of their doings: ſo that their hope and expectation will be *diſeppointed*, even as a partridge is diſappointed, that ſitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not.

And as St. *Paul* ſays from the xiv. and liii. pſalm, there was none righteous, no not one; there is none that underſtandeth, there is none that ſeeketh after God; and ſo on, as you, madam, have quoted the verſes; in which the *Apoſtle* did not intend to ſhew the *neceſſary pollution* of *man* without the *help* of *grace*; but the *groundleſſneſs* of that opinion which the *Jews* had gone into, that they were the *only people* which pleaſed God; for they were as guilty as the *Gentiles* were in tranſgreſſing the law of nature. Neither of them had any *legal title to juſtification*. They were all very great tranſgreſſors. The *throat* of *Jew and Gentile* an *open ſepulchre*: their tongues, deceit: the

the poiſon of aſps under their lips: their mouths, full of curſing and bitterneſs: their feet, ſwift to ſhed blood. Deſtruction and miſery in their ways: and the way of peace have they not known: Therefore the *juſtification* of the *Jew* as well as the *Gentile* muſt be of *grace*, and not of debt.

In this was manifeſted the ineſtimable love of God in the redemption of the world by *Jeſus Chriſt*. Tho' *Jew* and *Gentile* were qualified to *diſcern* and *do* both *good* and *evil*, and the *Jew* had a written law as a further aſſiſtance, but nevertheleſs they violated the plain dictates of natural reaſon, and the divine precepts of the law, and by unrighteouſneſs and impurity, rendered themſelves objects of judgment and condemnation; yet the father of the univerſe, in compaſſion to mankind, ſent a divine teacher from heaven, *Chriſt*, *the true Prophet that was to come into the world*, and by his divinely revealed teſtimony and authority, attempts to aboliſh the ſuperſtition of men, reclaim their wickedneſs, and bring them back to the true ſpiritual worſhip of God, and to that holineſs of life and manners, which is agreeable to the uncorrupted light and dictates of nature. This was love. The bleſſed God, in compaſſion to human ignorance and wickedneſs, contracted by men's own fault,

fault, gives them an expreſs revelation of his will, and re-eſtabliſhes the rule of pure uncorrupt religion and morality. He declares thoſe terms of ſinful man's reconcilement to him which he was pleaſed to accept. Grace is manifeſted in the goſpel *to turn men from their vanities, or idol ſervice, unto the living God, who made heaven and earth*, and by the *doctrine* and *ſacrifice* of *Jeſus Chriſt, to redeem us from all iniquity, and purify to himſelf a peculiar people, zealous of good works:— That denying all ungodlineſs and worldly luſts, we ſhall live ſoberly, righteouſly, and godly in this preſent world, looking for that bleſſed hope, and the* glorious appearance of the great God; who will judge the world by that divine perſon and great temporary miniſter, whom he ſent before to deſtroy ſin, and the kingdom of Satan; and to bring mankind into a perfect obedience to the will of the *ſupreme Being*. This renders chriſtianity a heavenly thing. Revelation thus explained is beautiful and uſeful to an extreme degree. It does not contradict, but ſtrengthen the obligations of natural religion.

Your account, Sir, (Mrs. *Price* anſwered) of man and religion is different indeed from mine, and I muſt allow your explications have reaſon in them: but ſtill they do not ſatisfy me, nor can I part with my own

own opinion. Two things in particular to me appear very ſtrange in your ſcheme. It ſeems to take away the *neceſſity* of the chriſtian revelation, if natural religion, duly attended to, was perfect, and ſufficient for virtue and holineſs, and thereby to gain the favour of God. If reaſon alone can do the work, if men pleaſe, then what need of the goſpel?—If men will conſider, (and without conſideration no ſcheme can be of ſervice), they may as well turn their thoughts to the law of nature as to the law of grace, if there is no difference betwixt the rule of nature and the law of Chriſt, with regard to the knowledge of God, the maker of heaven and earth, and the worſhip due to him on that account, and the practice of virtue and morality.

In the next place, if I underſtand you right, the grace of God is of no uſe at all in religion, as you account for ſalvation. What is out of order within us, in the mind and its faculties, the will and its affections, and wants to be ſet right in good thoughts and works, our own reaſon, in your notion of religion, is ſufficient to regulate, and unaſſiſted by the illumination of the holy ſpirit of God, we may live in an uncorrupted ſtate of piety and morality, and ſo ſave our ſouls, if we pleaſe. This is what

what I cannot believe. The grace of God in the goſpel is the glory and comfort of the chriſtian religion. A divine operation that renews and ſanctifies the mind is an invaluable bleſſing, and in a manner inexpreſſibly charming ſatisfies me beyond heſitation, that the chriſtian religion is true, while it puts me in the actual poſſeſſion of the good effects of it. The ſpirit of God diſcovers to me the ſtate of my own mind, in all the circumſtances of a chriſtian life, ſets my follies, my neglects, and my failings, in order before me, which is the firſt right ſtep in order to the overcoming them; and then obſerving the diſcoveries I was not able to make myſelf, and having a ſtrong faith in the divine power and ſufficiency, I am enabled to gain victories my inſufficient reaſon could never obtain. May this divine monitor then abide in my breaſt. It is by the heavenly aſſiſtance of the holy ſpirit only, as vouchſafed in the chriſtian diſpenſation, that I can ſecure for myſelf eternal life. The wiſe and prudent of this world may think as they pleaſe of this matter, and produce reaſonings againſt it beyond my power to anſwer; but for my part, I muſt conſider it as the *principle* of my *ſalvation*, and think I cannot be thankful enough for the ineſtimable bleſſing. It is to me a glorious inſtance of the great wiſdom and goodneſs of God.

Madam, (I replied) in relation to your firſt objection, that I make no difference between revealed and natural religion, for nature is as ſufficient as grace, in my account, I aſſure you that I think the revelation of the goſpel excels the beſt ſcheme of natural religion that could be propoſed; in declaring the terms of reconcilement, in demonſtrating the divine wrath againſt ſin, in the method of ſhewing mercy by the death of God's beloved Son, and the promiſe of free pardon on the condition of repentance and newneſs of life. This manner gives unſpeakable comfort to repenting ſinners. It gives the greateſt encouragement to engage them to the love of God and the practice of all his commandments; an encouragement that reaſon could not diſcover. To chriſtianity therefore the true preference is due. Tho' philoſophy or the doctrine of reaſon may reform men, yet the chriſtian religion is a clearer and more powerful guide. It improves the light of reaſon by the ſupernatural evidence and declaration of God's will, and the means of man's redemption is a more efficacious motive and obligation to univerſal obedience than nature could ever with certainty propoſe. A revelation that has the cleareſt and ſtrongeſt evidence of being the divine will, muſt be the moſt eaſy and effectual method of inſtruction, and be more

more noticed than the beſt human teaching: and this will of God being truly and faithfully committed to writing, and preſerved uncorrupt, muſt always be the beſt and ſureſt rule of *faith* and *manners*. It is a rule abſolutely free from all thoſe errors and ſuperſtitions, both of belief and practice, which no human compoſure was ever before free from, or, probably, would have been free from, without the aſſiſtance of ſuch a revelation. Nor is this all. This is not the only ſuperior excellence of our holy religion.

A Mediator and crucified Redeemer brought into the Chriſtian revelation, has a noble effect on a conſidering mind, and ſhews the reaſonableneſs of the goſpel-diſpenſation. The wiſeſt and moſt rational heathens ever were for ſacrifices and mediators, as the greatneſs of God was thereby declared, and that not only ſin deſerved puniſhment, but mens lives to be forfeited by their breach of the divine laws: and when a divine perſon, *made man, like unto us*, appears inſtead of all other mediators, *by whom*, as the inſtrument of the means of ſalvation, we are to offer up our prayers to the Only true God; and his voluntary dying in teſtimony of the truth of his miſſion and doctrine, is appointed to be inſtead of all other ſacrifices,

ſacrifices, and to remain a memorial that God requires no atonement of us, but *repentance and newneſs of life*; and the ſpotleſs virtues and obedience of this divine Redeemer, are to be a moſt perfect and moving example for us to imitate;——this renders chriſtianity worthy of God, and makes it the perfection of religion. *Great* then are the *advantages* which the *Revelation* of *Chriſt Jeſus* has *above mere reaſon*, darkened by the clouds of error and a general corruption. It is the moſt perfect rule of life. It is the moſt powerful means to promote a conſtant uniform practice of virtue and piety. It advances human nature to its higheſt perfection, fills it with all the fruits of righteouſneſs, and grant us privileges and bleſſings far ſuperior to what we could attain any other way.

With regard to the ſecond objection, that I take away the grace of God, to preſerve the dignity of human nature, this is far from my intention. I do indeed think, that as the *Goſpel* was given for the nobleſt purpoſe; to wit, to call in an *extraordinary* manner upon mankind, to forſake that *vice* and *idolatry*, the corrupt creed of polytheiſm, the guilt of ſuperſtition, their great iniquities, violent paſſions, and worldly affections, which are all contrary to reaſon, and diſ-

grace

grace human nature; and to practiſe that whole ſyſtem of morality, which they muſt know to be *moſt uſeful* to them;—that they might turn to a religion which had but *One object*, the Great Inviſible Being, all-knowing and all-ſufficient, to whom all the intelligent world are to make their devout applications; becauſe he is an infinite, independent, ſovereign mind, who has created all things, and abſolutely rules and governs all; poſſeſſes all natural perfections, exiſts in all duration, fills all ſpace with his preſence, and is the omniſcient witneſs of all their difficulties and wants;——and that ſince they were bound by all the ties of moral duty to obey this one God, and obſerve the rational inſtitutions of religion, therefore they ſhould make it the labour of their whole lives to excel in holineſs and righteouſneſs, and by virtue and piety unite themſelves to God, and entitle themſelves to glory at the great day: —That as this is the nature, end, and deſign of the chriſtian revelation, ſo I do think the *goſpel of our ſalvation*, the *word of truth*, (as an apoſtle calls it) is ſufficient for the purpoſe, without *immediate impulſes*. As we have a reaſonable, intellectual nature, there is no want of mechanical powers. The words of Chriſt, which are the words of God, are our life, and will, if attended to, powerfully enable us to practiſe good works,

and to excel, and perſevere therein. *I can do all theſe things, thro' Chriſt, who ſtrengtheneth me*, that is, thro' the written directions of Chriſt, and through the arguments and motives of the chriſtian doctrine. To ſay otherwiſe of the goſpel, is, in my opinion, injurious to it.

God may, to be ſure, give *ſpecial* aids to men, whenever he thinks fit. He may, by an *extraordinary agency*, render our *faculties* more *capable* of *apprehenſion*, where divine things are concerned:—may awaken *a dormant idea*, which lay neglected in the memory, with unuſual energy;—may ſecretly attract the *more attentive regard* of the mind, and give it *an inclination* and *an ability* of tracing its various relations, with an unuſual attention, ſo that a luſtre before quite unknown ſhall be (as it were) poured upon it;—the ſpirit of God may render the mind *more ſuſceptible* and *more tenacious* of divine knowledge; I believe he often does by *interpoſition*, if in the ſpirit of Chriſt's doctrine we aſk it of the great *Father of Lights*, the *Author* of all the *underſtanding* divided among the various ranks of created Beings; who, as he firſt *formed the minds of angels* and *men*, continues the exerciſe of their *intellectual faculties*, and one way or other *communicates* to them *all the knowledge* of every kind

which

which they poſſeſs; (in which view *all our knowledge* of every kind may be called *a revelation from God*, and be aſcribed, as it is by *Elihu* in *Job*, to the *inſpiration of the Almighty*). This the *holy Spirit* may do, and diſſipate a prejudice that oppoſes truth. But this is not always neceſſary, nor always to be expected. It is evident from the *goſpel*, that our *Lord* rather ſpeaks of his *word* and *doctrine*, as the *aids* to ſave mens ſouls, than of himſelf, or ſpirit, perſonally conſidered. *Abiding in him*, and *he in them*, as neceſſary to their bearing fruit, ſignifies a ſtrict and ſteady regard to his word, and the influence of that upon our minds. *If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye ſhall aſk what ye will, and it ſhall be done unto you:* that is, *If you continue to believe in me, and to pay a ſteady regard to my doctrine, you will be highly acceptable to God.*

In ſhort, as *no man can come unto me* (ſays our Lord), *except the Father which hath ſent me draw him:* that is, no man will receive my pure, ſublime, and ſpiritual doctrine, unleſs he have firſt gained ſome juſt apprehenſions concerning the general principles of religion: but if he has a good notion of God and his perfections, and deſires to advance in virtue, he will come unto me, and hearken to that revelation, which contains

the beſt directions for the performance of all the duties, and the greateſt incitement to virtue, piety, and devotion:——ſo, *no man can come to the Father but by the Son*, that is, by obeying the written word, and proceeding in that way in which the Son has declared it to be the will of the Father, that men ſhould come to him, *namely, by keeping God's commandments, and by repentance and amendment of life*; there being no other name or way given among men, but this way given or declared by *Jeſus Chriſt*, by which they may be ſaved.———In all this, there is not a word of *ſupernatural light* or *operation*; though ſuch *operation*, as before obſerved, there may be. There is not a hint of man's *natural inability*.

To the *glorious goſpel* then, the *goſpel of our ſalvation*, the *word of truth*, the *word of life*, let us come, and with diligence and impartiality ſtudy it. Let us follow the truth we there find in every page, and it will enable us to triumph over the *temptations* of *allurement* and of *terror*. We ſhall become the children of God by the ſpirit of adoption. We ſhall be eaſy and happy in this life, and glorious and ever bleſſed in that which is to come. If we obey the *goſpel* of the *Son of God*, and hearken to his word, he will take us under his guardian care. He

deſcended

deſcended from heaven, to deliver us from everlaſting ruin, he purchaſed us with the price of his own blood, and if we live up to the *word* of truth, he will conduct us ſafely through life and death, into the abode of holy and happy ſpirits, and at length raiſe our bodies from the duſt, and fix our compleat perſons in a ſtate of immortal glory and felicity.——This is my ſenſe of religion. Where I am wrong, I ſhall ever be glad to be ſet right.

Mrs. *Price* made no reply, and ſo ended this remarkable converſation. On whoſe ſide the truth is, the reader is to judge. What ſhe ſays for *ſupernatural operation* is ſtrong and pious, to be ſure; and conſidering Mrs. *Price* had no learning, and was almoſt without any reading, I thought it very wonderful to hear her on this, and many other ſubjects. She was ſuch another genius as *Chubb*, but on the other ſide of the queſtion; if ſhe had been able to write as ſenſibly and correctly as ſhe talked on ſeveral articles of religion, ſhe would have made a good author. So much goodneſs and good ſenſe I have not very often found in her kind. They merit a memorial in a journal of the curious things that have occurred to me in my life-time.

28. The 13th of *June* 1725, I took my leave of my friend, *John Price*, and his admirable wife, promiſing to viſit them again as ſoon as it was in my power, and proceeded on my journey in queſt of Mr. *Turner*. I would not let *Price* go with me, on ſecond thoughts, as many ſad accidents might happen in this rough and deſolate part of the world, and no relief in ſuch caſe to be found. If I fell, there was no one belonging to me to ſhed a tear for me: but if a miſchief ſhould befal *Jack Price*, his wife would be miſerable indeed, and I the maker of a breach in the ſweeteſt ſyſtem of felicity that love and good ſenſe had ever formed. This made me refuſe his repeated offers to accompany me. All I would have was a boy and horſe of his, to carry ſome proviſions wet and dry, as there was no public-houſe to be found in aſcending thoſe tremendous hills, or in the deep vales thro' which I muſt go; nor any houſe that he knew of beyond his own.

My departure from Laſco *in* Stanemore, *a farther deſcription of this wild and ſolitary part of the world.*

With the riſing ſun then I ſet out, and was charmed for ſeveral hours with the air and views. The mountains, the rocky precipices, the woods and the waters, appeared in

in various ſtriking ſituations every mile I travelled on, and formed the moſt aſtoniſhing points of view. Sometimes I was above the clouds, and then crept to inchanting vallies below. Here glins were ſeen that looked as if the mountains had been rent aſunder to form the amazing ſcenes; and there, foreſts and falling ſtreams covered the ſides of the hills. Rivers in many places, in the moſt beautiful caſcades, were tumbling along; and cataracts from the tops of mountains came roaring down. The whole was grand, wonderful, and fine. On the top of one of the mountains I paſſed over at noon, the air was piercing cold, on account of its great height, and ſo ſubtle, that we breathed with difficulty, and were a little ſick. From hence I ſaw ſeveral black ſubjacent clouds big with thunder, and the lightening within them rolled backwards and forwards, like ſhining bodies of the brighteſt luſtre. One of them went off in the grandeſt horrors thro' the vale below, and had no more to do with the pike I was on, than if it had been a ſummit in another planet. The ſcene was prodigious fine. *Sub pedibus ventos & rauca tonitrua calcat.*

Till the evening, I rid and walked it, and in numberleſs windings round unpaſſable

hills, and by the ſides of rivers it was impoſſible to croſs, journeyed a great many miles: but no human creature, or any kind of houſe, did I meet with in all the long way; and as I arrived at laſt at a beautiful lake, whoſe banks the hand of nature had adorned with vaſt old trees, I ſat down by this water in the ſhade to dine, on a neat's tongue I had got from good Mrs. *Price*; and was ſo delighted with the ſtriking beauties and ſtillneſs of the place, that I determined to paſs the night in this ſweet retreat. Nor was it one night only, if I had my will, that I would have reſted there. Often did I wiſh for a convenient little lodge by this ſweet water ſide, and that with the numerous ſwans, and other fowl that lived there, I might have ſpent my time in peace below, till I was removed to the eſtabliſhed ſeat of happineſs above.

A reflection. 29. Had this been poſſible, I ſhould have avoided many an affliction, and had known but few of thoſe expectations and diſappointments which render life a ſcene of emptineſs, and *bitterneſs* itſelf. My years would have rolled on in peace and wiſdom, in this ſequeſtered, delightful ſcene, and my ſilent meditations had been productive of that good temper and

and good action, which the reſurrection of the dead, the diſſolution of the world, the judgment day, and the eternal ſtate of men, require us to have. Free from the various perplexities and troubles I have experienced by land and ſea, in different parts of the world, I ſhould have lived, in this paradiſe of a place, in the enjoyment of that fine happineſs, which eaſy country buſineſs and a ſtudious life afford; and might have made a better preparation for that hour which is to diſunite me, and let my inviſible ſpirit depart to the ſhades of eternity. Happy they, who in ſome ſuch rural retirement can employ ſome uſeful hours every day in the management of a little comfortable farm, and devote the greater portion of their time to *ſacred knowledge*, *heavenly piety*, and *angelic goodneſs*, which cannot be diſſolved when the *thinker* goes, nor be confined to the box of obſcurity, under the clods of the earth; but will exiſt in our ſouls for ever, and enable us to depart in peace to the happy regions. This has ever made me prefer a retired country life, when it was in my power to enjoy it. But be it town or country, the main buſineſs, my good readers, ſhould be to ſecure an inheritance in that eternal world, where the ſanctified live with God and his Chriſt. *Getting*, *keeping*, *multiplying money*; *dreſs*,

pleaſure, *entry*; are not only *little things* for ſuch beings as we are: they are indeed ſad *principal* work for creatures that are *paſſing away* to an everlaſting ſtate; there to lament their loſt day, and talents miſ-applied, in dreadful agonies, in the habitations of darkneſs;——or to remain for ever in the habitations of light, peace, and joy, if you have laboured to *obtain*, and improve in the graces and virtuous qualities which the goſpel recommends. Theſe are the treaſure and poſſeſſion worth a Chriſtian's acquiring. Theſe only are portable into the eternal world; when the body that was cloathed in purple and fine linen, and fared ſumptuouſly every day, is laid in a cold and narrow cave. Take my advice then, reader. Be ready. Let us ſo think and act in this firſt ſtate, that in the next we may meet in the regions of purity and righteouſneſs, ſerenity and joy.

An account of an extraordinary effuſion of water from a mountain.

30. The lake I have mentioned was the largeſt I had ſeen in this wild part, being above a mile in length, and more than half a mile broad; and the water that filled it burſt with the greateſt impetuoſity from the inſide of a rocky mountain, that is very wonderful to behold. It is a vaſt craggy precipice,

precipice, that aſcends till it is almoſt out of ſight, and by its gloomy and tremendous air, ſtrikes the mind with a horror that has ſomething pleaſing in it. This amazing cliff ſtands perpendicular at one end of the lake, at the diſtance of a few yards, and has an opening at the bottom, that is wide enough for two coaches to enter at once, if the place was dry. In the middle of it, there is a deep channel, down which the water ruſhes with a mighty ſwiftneſs and force, and on either ſide the ſtone riſes a yard above the impetuous ſtream. The aſcent is eaſy, flat and plain. How far it goes, I know not, being afraid to aſcend more than forty yards; not only on account of the terrors common to the place, from the fall of ſo much water with a ſtrange kind of roar, and the height of the arch which covers the torrent all the way; but becauſe as I went up, there was of a ſudden an increaſe of noiſe ſo very terrible, that my heart failed me, and a trembling almoſt diſabled me. The rock moved under me, as the frightful ſounds encreaſed, and as quick as it was poſſible for me, I came into day again. It was well I did; for I had not been many minutes out, before the water overflowed its channel, and filled the whole opening in ruſhing to the lake. The increaſe of the water, and the violence of the diſcharge, were an aſtoniſhing ſight. I had a great eſcape.

The cauſe of the eruption of water from the inſide of the mountain, and its ſudden encreaſe.

31. As the rocky mountain I have mentioned, is higher than either *Snowden* in *North-Wales*, or *Kedar-Idris* in *Merionethſhire*, (which have been thought the higheſt mountains in this iſland) that is, it is full a mile and a half high from the baſis, as I found by aſcending it with great toil on the ſide that was from the water, and the top was a flat dry rock, that had not the leaſt ſpring, or piece of water on it, how ſhall we account for the rapid flood that proceeded from its inſide? Where did this great water come from?—I anſwer, might it not flow from the great abyſs—and the great encreaſe of it, and the fearful noiſe, and the motion of the rock, be owing to ſome violent commotion in the *abyſs*, occaſioned by ſome natural or ſupernatural cauſe?

The origin of earthquakes.

32. That there is ſuch an *abyſs*, no one can doubt that believes revelation, and from reaſon and hiſtory it is credible, that there are violent concuſſions on this vaſt collection of water, by the divine appointment: and therefore, I imagine it is from thence the water of this mountain proceeds, and the great overflowing and terrifying ſound at certain

certain times. To this *motion* of the *abyſs*, by the divine power exerted on it, I aſcribe the *earthquakes*; and not to *vapour*, or *electricity*. As to electricity, which Dr. *Stukeley* makes the cauſe of the deplorable downfall of *Liſbon**, in his book lately publiſhed, (called, The Philoſophy of Earthquakes), there are many things to be objected againſt its being the origin of ſuch calamities:—one objection is, and it is an inſuperable one, that electrical ſhocks are ever momentary, by every experiment, but earthquakes are felt for ſeveral minutes. Another is, that many towns have been ſwallowed up in earthquakes, though *Liſbon* was only overthrown. Such was the caſe of the city of *Callao*, within two leagues of *Lima*. Though *Lima* was only tumbled into ruins, October 28, 1746; yet *Callao* ſunk downright, with all its inhabitants, and an unfathomable ſea, now covers the fineſt port in *Peru*, as I have ſeen on the ſpot.—In the earthquake at *Jamaica*, June 7, 1692, in which ſeveral thouſands periſhed, it is certain, that not only many houſes, and a great number of people, were entirely ſwallowed up; but that, at many of the gapings or openings of the earth, torrents of

* *November* 1, 1755.

water,

water, that formed great rivers, iſſued forth. This I had from a man of veracity then on the ſpot, who was an eye-witneſs of theſe things, and expected himſelf every minute to deſcend to the bowels of the earth, which heaved and ſwelled like a rolling ſea. Now to me the electrical ſtroke does not appear ſufficient to produce theſe things. The power of electricity, to be ſure, is vaſt and amazing. It may cauſe great tremors and undulations of the earth, and bring down all the buildings of a great city: but as to ſplitting the earth to great depths, and forcing up torrents of water, where there was no ſign of the fluid element before, I queſtion much if the vehemence of the elemental electric fire does this.—Beſide, when mountains and cities ſink into the earth, and the deepeſt lakes are now ſeen to fill all the place where they once ſtood, as has been the caſe in many countries, whence could theſe mighty waters come, but from the *abyſs?*——The great lake *Oroquantur* in *Pegu*, was once a vaſt city. In *Jamaica*, there is a large deep lake where once a mountain ſtood.——In an earthquake in *China*, in the province of *Sanci*, deluges of water burſt out of the earth, Feb. 7, 1556, and inundated the country for 180 miles. Many more inſtances of this kind I might produce, excluſive of *Sodom*, the ground of which

which was inundated by an irruption of waters from beneath, (which now forms the *Dead ſea*) after the city was deſtroyed by fire from above; that the land which had been defiled with the unnatural luſts of the inhabitants might be no more inhabited, but remain a laſting monument of the divine vengeance on ſuch crimes, to the end of the world: and the uſe I would make of thoſe I have mentioned, is to ſhew, that theſe mighty waters were from the furious concuſſion of the abyſs that cauſed the earthquakes. Electricity, I think, can never make ſeas and vaſt lakes to be where there were none before. *Locherne*, in the county of *Fermanagh*, in the province of *Ulſter* in *Ireland*, is thirty three miles long, and fourteen broad, and, as the old Iriſh chronicle informs us, was once a place where large and populous towns appeared, till for the great iniquity of the inhabitants, the people and their fair habitations were deſtroyed in an earthquake, and mighty waters from the earth covered the place, and formed this lake. Could the *electrical ſtroke* produce this ſea that was not to be found there before the deſtruction? Is it not more reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that ſuch vaſt waters have been forced by a ſupernatural commotion from the great abyſs, in the

the earthquake that deſtroyed the towns which once ſtood in this place?

To this then, (till I am better informed) I muſt aſcribe ſuch earthquakes as produce great rivers and lakes: and where no waters appear, I believe the earthquakes are cauſed by the immediate finger of God; either operating on the abyſs, tho' not ſo as to make the water break out on the earth; or by directing the electrical violence or ſtroke; or otherwiſe acting on the ruined cities and ſhattered places.

A reflection on ſecond cauſes, and the Deity's being not only at the head of nature, but in every part of it.

33. For my part, I think it is a grievous miſtake in our philoſophical enquiries, to aſſign ſo much to ſecond cauſes as the learned do. The government of the univerſe is given to matter and motion, and under pretence of extolling original contrivance, the execution of all is left to dead ſubſtance. It is juſt and reaſonable (even *Newton* and *Maclaurin* ſay) to ſuppoſe that the *whole chain of cauſes*, or the *ſeveral ſeries of them*, ſhould center in him, as their ſource and fountain; and the whole ſyſtem appear depending upon him, the only *independent cauſe*. Now to me this ſuppoſition

tion does not appear either juſt or reaſonable. I think the noble *phænomena* of nature ought to be aſcribed to the *immediate operation* of the *Deity*. Without looking for a *ſubtile elaſtic medium*, to produce *gravity*, which *medium* Sir *Iſaac* confeſſes he had no proof of; nor is there in reality ſuch a thing in the univerſe; I imagine the divine *Newton* would have done better, if, after eſtabliſhing the true ſyſtem of nature, by demonſtrating the law of *gravity*, he had ſaid this *gravity* was the *conſtant* and *undeniable evidence* of the *immediate influence* of the *Deity* in the material univerſe. A *ſeries* of *material cauſes* betwixt *Deity* and *Effect*, is, in truth, concealing him from the knowledge of mortals for ever. In the moral government of the world, ſecond cauſes do, becauſe *free-agents* act a part; but, in the material univerſe to apply them, to me ſeems improper, as matter and motion only, that is, *mechaniſm*, come in competition with the Deity. Moſt certainly he conſtantly interpoſes. The Divine Power is perpetually put forth throughout all nature. Every particle of matter, muſt neceſſarily, by its nature, for ever go wrong, without the continued act of Deity. His everlaſting interpoſition only can cauſe a body moving in a circle to change the direction of its motion in every point. Nor is it poſſible for *ſubtile matter*, the

ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed cauſe of *gravity*, to know to impel bodies to a center, with quadruple force at half the diſtance.

And as in *gravity*, and in the *cohesion* of the *parts* of *matter*, the Deity *is*, and *acts* in the motion of the celeſtial bodies, and in the reſiſtance the leaſt particles make to any force that would ſeparate them; ſo is his *immediate* power (I think for myſelf) exerted not only in *earthquakes* and *tides*, but in the *circulations* of the blood, lymph, and chyle, in muſcular motion, and in various other *phænomena* that might be named. Books I know have been written, and ingenious books they are, to ſhew the cauſes of theſe things, and trace the ways they are performed by the materials themſelves; but theſe explications never ſatisfied me. I had as many queſtions to aſk, after reading theſe books, as I had before I looked into them, and could find no operator but *infinite power* conducted by *infinite wiſdom*.

The periodical motions of the waters of the ſea, owing to immaterial power.

As to the *force* of the *moon*, in raiſing *tides*, and, that *ſpring tides* are produced by the *ſum* of the *actions* of the *two luminaries*, when the *moon* is in *Syzygy*, there is a deal of fine mathematical reaſoning to prove it, which the reader

reader may find in Dr. *Halley*'s abſtract of Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s theory of the tides; and in Dr. *Rutherforth*'s ſyſtem of natural philoſophy: but nevertheleſs, the concomitance of water and luminary, or the revolutions of ocean and moon anſwering one another ſo exactly, that the flow always happens when the moon hangs over the ocean, and the ſpring tides when it is nearer the earth, which is ſuppoſed to be in the new and full moon;—this does not prove to me, that the periodical flux and reflux of the ſea is derived from mechaniſm. As we have two ebbs and two flows in twenty-four hours, and the moon comes but once in that time to our meridian, how can the ſecond ebb and flow be aſcribed to it? and when, beneath the horizon, in the oppoſite hemiſphere, the moon croſſes the meridian again, is it credible, that from the eaſtern and ſouthern ocean, round *Good-Hope* and *Cape-Horn*, it ſhould as ſoon overflow our coaſts, as when it is vertical to the ſhores of *Guinea?*——If the *moon* (in conjunction with the ſun) by *preſſion* and *attraction*, was the principal cauſe of *flux* and *reflux*, why is there no eſtabliſhed tide on the *Mediterranean Sea*, tho' of a vaſt breadth, and two thouſand miles in length, from the *Streights* of *Gibraltar* to the coaſts of

of *Syria* and *Paleſtine*; but only ſome *irregular and unaccountable ſwellings and falls* in a few places of this ſea, to wit, at *Tunis*, *Meſſina*, *Venice*, and *Negropont*; and theſe *ſwellings*, as I have ſeen, *flowing* ſometimes 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 times in 24 hours; in the moſt irregular manner; againſt the fixed laws of *preſſion* and *attraction*, aſcribed to the *moon* and *ſun*, on a ſuppoſition of their cauſing the tides?——If *preſſion*, and the *ſtrong attractive power* of the *moon*, and the *weaker influence* of the *ſun*, forces the immenſe ocean twice a day from its natural *quietus*, and rolls it in tides, why has the *Caſpian Sea no Tide*; no ſwelling or flow, regular or irregular, excepting that ſometimes, in the ſpace of 16 years, and never ſooner, it riſes many fathoms, and drowns the adjacent country, to the almoſt ruin, ſometimes, of *Aſtracan* in *Aſiatic Ruſſia*; as happened when I was there to embark for *Perſia?*—If it be ſaid, that this is properly a lake, having no communication with the ocean; yet, I anſwer, that it is in every quality of ſaltneſs, *etc.* as much a ſea as any other ſea; and large enough for the luminaries *attraction* and *preſſion*; being 500 miles from north to ſouth, and near 400 miles in breadth from eaſt to weſt: I ſay, large enough to avoid continuing *neceſſarily in equilibrio*, as

Dr.

Dr. *Rutherforth* ſays muſt be the caſe, on account of the ſmall extent of this ſea. 500 by 400 miles of ſea, does not require that ſuch a ſea ſhould preſs equally, or that the gravity of its water ſhould be equally diminiſhed in every part of it, and ſo out of the powers, *addititious* and *ablatitious*, of the luminary; that is, the force, with which the moon encreaſes the waters gravity, and the force, with which the moon diminiſhes the waters gravity. If the *moon* in *zenith* or *nadir* did the work, the *equilibrium* of the *Caſpian* might be *deſtroyed* as well as any other equilibrium of water, by force, *addititious* or *ablatitious*, or by the ſum of theſe forces: therefore, there might, by this theory, be tides in the *Caſpian ſea*, though not great ones. There are ſmall as well as great tides. The tides of the *Atlantic* ocean are inferior in every reſpect to thoſe of the larger *Pacific* ocean. A quarter of a great circle of the earth, that is, an extent of ocean from eaſt to weſt 90°, is only required that the tides may have their full motion. A tide of leſs motion may be in ſuch an extent of ſea as the *Caſpian*.

In the laſt place, how does the theory of tides account for the regular peculiarity of the flux and reflux of the *Atlantic*, different

different from all other tides; while at *Bathſha* in the kingdom of *Tunquin*, there never is more than one tide in 24 hours; and ſome days, no tide?—For my part, I reſolve the whole into the *immediate power* of the *Deity*. *This power* is *gravity*, *attraction*, *repulſe*. The *inactivity* of *matter* requires the *conſtancy* and *univerſality* of *divine power* to ſupport the material univerſe, and move it as occaſion requires; that is, as infinite wiſdom ſees moſt conducive to the benefit of his creation.

Earthquakes the effect of immaterial cauſes.

Men of fine imagination may make a wonderful diſplay of mathematical learning in accounts of *gravity*, *etc. combined with the principles of mechaniſm*; and *electricity*, which is called the *immediate officer* of God Almighty; but the truth is, a *conſtant repetition* of *divine acts* in *regular* and *irregular motions* of the *earth* and the *ſeas*. The finger of God moves the land and the waters.

In the caſe of *earthquakes*, as *electricity* or *aerial power*, is *inſufficient* to produce them, in my opinion, for two reaſons before given; to wit, that the *electrical ſtroke* is *ever ſingle and momentary*, but the *vibrations* of the earth, in a quake, are often

3 *and*

3 *and* 4 *minutes*, and have held to 7 *minutes*——and that, beſides the ſwelling and trembling of the earth, it has ſo opened at thoſe times, as to ſwallow not only houſes and people, but even mountains, and to ſend forth great rivers and vaſt waters. And, as *ſubterranean fire* and *vapor*, I think, can never do ſuch work, for many reaſons that may be offered, we muſt, I think, aſcribe the earthquakes to the immediate impreſſion of divine power; by which a city is tumbled into ruins in three or four minutes, in the ſad manner *Liſbon* was deſtroyed the firſt of *November*, 1755: or, the water of the great abyſs is with ſuch violence moved, that it ſhakes the arches of the earth, and where infinite wiſdom directs, is enabled by Almighty Power to open the globe with tremendous noiſes, and pour forth vaſt torrents of water, to cover a land where once a flouriſhing city has ſtood. The electric ſtroke cannot be more dreadful than ſuch exertion of omnipotence. The *immediate action* of the *Deity*, to *deſtroy*, muſt be as efficacious ſurely as any ſubordinate agent or cauſe: and it muſt be more terrible to the mind, as there can be no ſuppoſition of accident in ruin this way: but we ſee as it were the *almighty arm*, exerting an irreſiſtible force, that could

could in the ſame few moments that a large town and its inhabitants are deſtroyed, ſhake the whole world into one dreadful ruin, or ſeparate it into nothing. To my apprehenſion, the aerial power of electricity is not ſo fearfully ſtriking, as the *Creator*'s appearing, on the ſpot, *to ſhake terribly the earth:* and if we conſider, that it is on account of *ſin*, that God reſigns his omnipotence to his wrath, and commands *his whole diſpleaſure to ariſe*, muſt not this account of an earthquake have the greateſt tendency to reform the manners of the ſurviving people?

An account of muſcular motion; and that it is cauſed by a continued act of the Deity.

As to muſcular motion, if it be rightly conſidered, it appears very plainly to proceed from a *living force*, impreſſed *ab extra*; that *mechaniſm does not act as cauſe* in this affair; but the *divine power acts in the caſe*, as it does in many different places of the human body at once, and with inexpreſſible variety.

Various are the accounts that learned men have given of muſcular motion, and ingenious are their reaſonings on the ſubject: but they are not ſatisfactory, nor do they at all explain the thing, and account for it. What is a muſcle? It

It is to be ſure a bundle of ſmall blood veſſels, conſiſting of arteries and their returning veins, laid one upon another in their parallel plates, running through the whole length of the muſcle; and at ſmall intervals, theſe blood veſſels, or longitudinal, red, and fleſhy fibres, are contorted and bound about with ſmall, tranſverſe, and ſpiral ramifications and twinings of the nerves. This is a muſcle: it has two ends, or tendons, faſtened to two bones, one of which is fixed, and the other moveable; and by the contraction of the muſcle, the moveable bone is drawn upon its *fulcrum* towards a fixed point. This is indiſputable; and it is likewiſe certain, that the muſcles are to be diſtinguiſhed into thoſe of voluntary, and thoſe of natural or neceſſary motion: that the voluntary muſcles have antagoniſts, which act alternately in a contrary direction, that is, are contracted by the command of the will, while the others are ſtretched, and again are extended, while the others are contracted: but the neceſſary muſcles have contracting and extending powers within themſelves, and need no antagoniſts.

This being the true ſtate of the muſcles, the queſtion is, what cauſes that elaſticity, ſpring, or power of contraction and reſto-

ration, which their nervous coats and fibres have, to recover themſelves againſt a given weight or force that ſtretches them? The reply is, that many unanſwerable reaſons can be given to prove, that this contractive reſtitutive force does not depend on the mixture, efferveſcence, or rarefaction of any fluids, humours, or liquors within the body; and there is one convincing experiment that ſhews it.

Lay open the thorax of a dog, (as I have often done) and take a diſtinct view of that famous muſcle, the heart, in its curious and wonderful motion, while the animal is ſtill alive. In *diaſtole*, the *muſcle* is *very red* and *florid*, *ſoft* and *yielding* to the touch, and thro' it the vital fluid glows and ſhines; it appears in this ſtate fully repleniſhed and diſtended with blood: but in *ſyſtole*, as ſoon as it begins to contract, and the blood ruſhes out by the compreſſion of the contracting fibres, the *heart loſes its florid colour*, and becomes *pale* and *livid*, *compact* and *ſolid*, and evinces that, during this ſtate of it, the muſcle contracts inwardly into its own denſe ſubſtance, and takes up leſs ſpace than before, till it returns to its *diaſtole:* then the blood which flowed from it with velocity, during *ſyſtole* through the *coronary veins* into the *auricles*, ruſhes back into it through the

the *coronary arteries*, reſtores the glowing florid colour, and inflates the muſcle, in order to ſtrain the nerves for the next contraction. It is plain from hence, that the heart has leſs blood and fluid in time of *contraction*, and that the *contraction* is not cauſed by the addition of another fluid from the nerves, as the learned have aſſerted.

And as to what they ſay of the longitudinal fibres being divided into innumerable little cells or bladders, which have communications with the blood-veſſels and nerves, and that in theſe veſicles the blood and nervous fluid mix, ferment, and by rarefaction and expanſion ſwell and blow up the cells, and thereby inflate and diſtend the muſcle, and increaſe its thickneſs, while its length is ſhortened:——this is ſo perplexed and unreaſonable an hypotheſis, that I am aſtoniſhed how men of ſenſe ever came to think of ſuch a doctrine. There is no ſuch nervous fluid to be found, to cauſe this fermentation, rarefaction, *&c.* and if there was, expanſive force muſt lengthen as well as thicken, and the muſcle could not be ſhortened in length, and ſwelled in thickneſs. The natural action of the fluids upon the ſolids is, to increaſe dimenſions proportionably every way, that is, in the direction

of the axis and conjugate diameter equally. Beſide, if there was *expanſion*, *circulation* muſt ſtop. The diſtention of the veſicles, and the rapid exit of the rarifying fluid, could not be at once.

The plain account of the matter is then, that *muſcular motion is performed by the elaſticity of the nervous fabrillæ, contracting and reſtoring themſelves againſt the ſtretching force of the circulating blood.* The *contraction* of the muſcle ſtraitens and compreſſes the blood-veſſels, and forces the blood with impetuoſity through the heart; and this ſqueezing or propelling force gives the fluid an impetus, that makes it return with violence upon the muſcle, in the courſe of its circulation; then, by force and impulſe, it ſtretches the tranſverſe and ſpiral nervous fibres, and ſo extends the contracted muſcle, that drove it by contraction from itſelf. Upon this, the blood-veſſels having obtained their due extent and capacity, the diſtending force of the blood of conſequence ceaſes: but the moment it does, the contractive power of the nerves begins to act again, and reſtores them to a contracted denſe ſtate, by a force exactly equal to that which extended them; till the returning propelled blood re-enters the muſcle, and ſtretches it again, as before deſcribed.

ſcribed. Such are the two wonderful counter-forces that produce the natural involuntary motion of the heart, and carry on the circulation of the blood. You ſee with your eyes, in the opened live dog, this *alternate contraction and extenſion*; and as the *ſtretching* power is but a conſequence of the *contracting* power, *contraction* is the *ſpring* of this *wonderful action*, in which our will or free agency has no concern. And to what ſhall we aſcribe this aſtoniſhing operation, this amazing *contractive power*, ſo exactly as to time, and ſo conſtantly continued on the muſcles of natural or neceſſary motion, till the *æquilibrium* by ſome means or other be broken, and the motion is preternaturally interrupted and ſuſpended? Will the great mechanical reaſoners ſay, that *matter* does this wonder—matter, that is *blind* and *impotent?* Stuff: We muſt aſcribe to a *cauſe wiſe and powerful*, not only the *original contrivance* of the thing, but the *execution* of this extraordinary ſcene. While you gaze upon this nobleſt muſcle of the dog, you ſee the Deity at work.

And if we turn our eyes from the muſcles of mere natural involuntary motion, (which performs by a contracting power, acting within them), to thoſe muſcles which move

the bones and members of our bodies, by the command of the will, how adorable is the wiſdom and goodneſs of the Almighty Author of nature, not only in providing the animal machine with *antagoniſtical muſcles*, one of which is contracted, while the other is extended; but for ſtimulating, contracting, and compreſſing the nervous elaſtic cords and blood-veſſels, as our minds command or determine! There is no poſſibility of accounting for the directions at pleaſure of the antagoniſtic muſcles, but by reſolving them into the *continual preſence* and *action* of the firſt cauſe. He enforces and executes. It is the *active principle* gives *energy* and *motion* both to voluntary and neceſſary muſcles. This, I think, is the truth of philoſophy. To ſuppoſe every thing to be effect without cauſe, is to reduce religion and philoſophy to the ſame deſperate ſtate. It deſtroys all the principles of reaſon, as well as of virtue and moral conduct.

To ſay all that can be ſaid, in as few words as poſſible, upon this article, it is not only the *muſcular motion*, *neceſſary* and *ſpontaneous* (14), that is cauſed by the *action* of

(14) That even *ſpontaneous motion* is performed by the divine power, is proved in the firſt part of a moſt excellent

the *Deity*; but the conſtant *motions* in the *ſtomach*, *lungs*, *inteſtines*, and other parts of the body, are cauſed by an *acting Divine Power*. It can be demonſtrated, that in the action of ſoft bodies upon ſoft bodies, the motion is always diminiſhed; and of conſequence, it muſt be greatly leſſened in the yielding ſoftneſs of the *fleſh* and *fluids* of animal bodies. We ſee how ſoon water ſettles, after motion impreſt, by the bare *attrition* of its parts on one ano-

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excellent book, called, *An Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul.*——I ſhall only obſerve here, that motion is *ſpontaneous*, as it is begun and ended by the living Being itſelf, without phyſical neceſſity: but it is above the power and knowledge of the ſpontaneous Being, as it is performed mechanically: the motive power is immediately impreſſed by the Creator, who is the *only mover*, as well as the *firſt mover*. How adorable is this condeſcenſion! the Creator exerts his power in conſequence of the ſpontaneity of his living creatures!—But is not this *low work* for the Supreme Lord of heaven and earth, ſays the mechanical reaſoner? No. Lowneſs of work is not applicable to the Creator of all things. He is as much the Creator of the meaneſt *inſect*, as of the higheſt *intelligence*. It is his perpetual power, exerted in *coheſion*, that keeps all the parts of matter in the bodies of living creatures together. Philoſophy cannot be hurt by admitting his power. His omnipotence is diſplayed to our ſenſes in the moſt deſpicable weed of the field, as well as in the bright rolling orbs of heaven. In calling ſuch things *low work*, we forget what infinite power implies, and what infinite goodneſs prompts.

ther; although it has no obſtacles to encounter, or narrow paſſages to move thro'. What then can we think of motion in ſuch narrow twining meanders, as *veins*, *arteries*, *inteſtines*, and *lacteal veſſels*, through which the fluids of animal bodies are conveyed to parts innumerable? while the *blood*, *lymph*, and *chyle* creep through ſuch narrow winding veſſels, the whole motion of thoſe fluids muſt be conſumed every inſtant by the attrition of their parts, and the force of conſequence be renewed every inſtant. Here is a perpetual miracle. The Divine Power urges on theſe fluids ten thouſand ways at once. Reaſon muſt confeſs a *miraculous* power indefinently and variouſly put forth in our bodies; while ignorance and vanity in vain attempts to account mechanically for the circulation of thoſe fluids. We are not only fearfully and wonderfully formed in the womb, but fearfully and wonderfully preſerved every minute! creating power never ceaſes (15).

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(15) If it ſhould be aſked,—why was ſuch an intricate ſtructure of ſuch materials employed, or ſuch a laborious method contrived, by the organization of dead matter, if it no way ſerves to produce motion, but rather conſumes the force impreſſed? the anſwer is, that this conſuming mechaniſm is no inconvenience in nature, if we conſider who renews the motive power.

We

The concluſion of the matter is, that the plain argument for the exiſtence of a Deity, obvious to all, and carrying irreſiſtible conviction with it, is from the evident contrivance and fitneſs of things to one another, which we meet with thro' all the parts of the univerſe. There is no need of nice and ſubtile reaſoning in this matter: a manifeſt contrivance immediately ſuggeſts a contriver. It ſtrikes like a ſenſation, and artful reaſonings againſt it may puzzle us, but it is without ſhaking our belief. No perſon, for example, who knows the principles of optics, and the ſtructure of the eye, can believe that it is formed without ſkill in that ſcience; or that the ear was formed without the knowledge of ſounds.———This is a juſt argument, and forces our aſſent. But the great *Maclaurin* ſhould not have ſtopped here. The plain argument for the exiſtence of a Deity grows ſtronger, when we add to it what is as evident as divine con-

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We are forced to be frugal of our little power: but this is not applicable to the Deity. The *governing power* of the Deity is *creating* power. Beings made up of matter and ſpirit require ſuch a *ſupplying power*, and in the various works God inſtructs his rational Beings, and diſplays his omnipotence in wiſdom and action.

trivance, to wit, the *conſtant interpoſition of God*, to ſupport and move his creatures. Original contrivance in the works of the creation is adorable. We are certain, demonſtratively certain, that the heavens, the land, and the waters, and all the creatures in them contained, are the works of the living God: but it is the preſent performance that *ſtrikes us like a ſenſation.* With inexpreſſible pleaſure we ſee creating power with our eyes. Which ever way we turn them, we behold Almighty Power employed, and continually acting under the direction of infinite knowledge.

Since things are ſo, and all the works of nature, in the common voice of reaſon, declare the power and wiſdom of the Creator, and ſpeak his goodneſs in the innumerable mighty things he continually performs for our preſervation and happineſs, the contemplation of them ſhould warm our hearts with the glory of the Almighty, and make us continually praiſe and adore that Almighty providence, which formed and ſuſtains not only the human race and this terreſtrial globe, but numberleſs other worlds and their inhabitants, that hang in infinite ſpace. Theſe mighty things diſplayed, ought ſurely to produce the devouteſt prayers, and ſongs of praiſes in no

no common ſtrain; and eſpecially, if we add to thoſe works of nature, that ſecond creation, the ſtill greater work of grace. Such omnipotence in wiſdom and action, and ſuch amazing goodneſs as we ſee in the chriſtian goſpel, ſhould, I think, engage us to love and adore ſo great and good a Being as our Creator, and induce us to devote our lives to him.

For my part, when I conſider the mighty ſcene and proſpect of nature, and turn my thoughts from thence to God's word, that heavenly law, which directs our will and informs our reaſon, and teaches us in all things how to purſue our own happineſs, I am ſo ſtruck with a ſenſe of infinite wiſdom, goodneſs, and action, that I cannot help extolling the king of the univerſe for the greatneſs of his power and mercy, and am neceſſarily engaged in a ſcene of praiſe and devotion. Indeed the heart muſt be as hard and cold as marble, that does not glow, nor is inflamed with raviſhing love to the great Author of all things; after viewing with attention even one particular only in the works of nature, that *material ſun*, which now ſhines out with light and beauty to animate and refreſh the world; and in the creation of grace, that *ſun of righteouſneſs*, who ſheds forth the choiceſt bleſſings of Heaven upon the in-

habitants of the earth. Can we be ſilent, who behold and enjoy thoſe things! alas! too many can. Neither the heavens, which declare the glory of God, nor the days of the goſpel, nor the righteouſneſs of the new law, are regarded by them. But the wiſe will ever join with all their hearts, in the moſt exalted prayer and praiſe, and adore the Giver of theſe good and perfect gifts; for all his bleſſings vouchſafed us; and eſpecially, for the charter of his pardon granted by his bleſſed Son, and the promiſes of everlaſting happineſs and glory in a life to come, reaſon muſt declare it juſt to offer up religious praiſe, and make the greateſt mental and moral improvement we can in this firſt ſtate.

An extraordinary loch on the top of a high mountain.

34. Another extraordinary thing I ſaw in the place I have mentioned, was a water on the top of a hill, which ſtood at the other end of the lake, and was full as high as the mountain, from the ſide of which, the water poured into the lake. This loch meaſured three quarters of a mile in length, and half a mile over. The water appeared as black as ink, but in a glaſs was clear as other water, and bright in running down. It taſted

taſted ſweet and good. At one end, it runs over its rocky bank, and in ſeveral noiſy caſcades, falls down the face of the mountain to a deep bottom, where a river is formed, that is ſeen for a conſiderable way, as it wanders along. The whole is a ſtriking ſcene. The ſwarthy loch, the noiſy deſcending ſtreams, clumps of aged trees on the mountain's ſide, and the various ſhores and valleys below, afford an uncommon view. It was a fine change of ground, to aſcend from the beautiful lake, (encompaſſed with mountains, and adorned with trees) into which was poured from a gaping precipice, a torrent of ſtreams; and ſee from the reverſe of an oppoſite hill, an impetuous flood deſcending from the top to the fineſt points of view in the wildeſt glins below.

35. What line I had with me, for experiments on waters and holes, I applied to this loch, to diſcover the depth, but with 300 yards of whipcord my lead could reach no ground, and from thence, and the blackneſs of the water, and the great iſſuing ſtream, I concluded, juſtly I think, that it went down to the great abyſs, the vaſt treaſury of waters within the earth. Many ſuch unfathom-

The cauſe of an unfathomable loch on the top of the mountain.

unfathomable lochs as this have I ſeen on the ſummits of mountains in various parts of the world, and from them, I ſuppoſe, the greateſt part of that deluge of waters came that drowned the old world. This leads me to ſay ſomething of the *flood*.

Remarks on the deluge.

36. Many books have been written in relation to this affair; and while ſome contend for the overflowing of the whole earth to a very great height of waters———and ſome for a partial deluge only——others will not allow there was any at all. The divine authority of Moſes they diſregard. For my part, I believe the *flood* was *univerſal*, and that all the high hills and mountains under the whole heaven were covered. The cauſe was forty days heavy rain, and ſuch an agitation of the abyſs, by the finger of God, as not only broke up the great deep, to pour out water at many places, but forced it out of ſuch bottomleſs lochs as this I am ſpeaking of on the mountains top, and from various *ſwallows* in many places. This removes every objection from the caſe of the deluge, and gives water enough in the ſpace of 150 days, or five months of 30 days each, to over-top the higheſt mountains by 15 cubits, the height deſigned.

The

The abyſs in ſtrong commotion, or violent uproar, by a power divine, could ſhake the incumbent globe to pieces in a few minutes, and bury the whole ruins in the deep. To me, then, all the reaſoning againſt the deluge, or for a partial flood, appear ſad ſtuff. Were this one loch in *Stanemore* to pour out torrents of water, down every ſide, for five months, by a divine force on part of the abyſs, as it might very eaſily by ſuch means do, the inundation would cover a great part of this land; and if from every loch of the kind on the ſummits of mountains, the waters in like manner, with the greateſt violence, flowed from every ſide out of the abyſs, and that, excluſive of the heavy rains, an earthquake ſhould open ſome parts of the ground to let more water out of the great collection, and the ſeas and ocean ſurpaſs their natural bounds, by the winds forcing them over the earth, then would a univerſal flood very ſoon prevail. There is water enough for the purpoſe; and as to the *ſupernatural aſcent of them*, *natural* and *ſupernatural* are nothing at all different with reſpect to God. They are diſtinctions merely in our conceptions of things. Regularly to move the ſun or earth, and to ſtop its motion for a day;—to make the waters that covered the whole earth at the creation, deſcend into the ſeveral receptacles

cles prepared for them; and at the deluge, to make them aſcend again to cover the whole earth, are the effect of one and the ſame Almighty Power; though we call one *natural*, and the other *ſupernatural*. The one is the effect of no greater power than the other. With reſpect to God, one is not more or leſs natural or ſupernatural than the other.

The means which drained off the waters of the deluge from the earth.

But how the waters of the deluge were drawn off at the end of the five months, is another queſtion among the learned. The ingenious *Keill*, who writ againſt the two ingenious *Theoriſts*, ſays the thing is not at all accountable in any natural way: the draining off, and drying of the earth, of ſuch a huge column of waters, could only be effected by the power of God: natural cauſes both in *decreaſe* and the *increaſe* of the waters muſt have been vaſtly diſproportionate to the effects; and to *miracles* they muſt be aſcribed.——This, I think, is as far from the truth, as the *Theoriſts* aſcribing both *increaſe* and *decreaſe* to *natural cauſes*. God was the performer, to be ſure, in the *flood* and the *going off*, but he made uſe of natural cauſes in both, that is, of the things he had in the beginning created. The natural cauſes

cauſes he is the author of were at hand, and with them he could do the work. The ſun evaporated; the winds dried; and the waters no longer forced upwards from the abyſs, ſubſided into the many *ſwallows* or *ſwallow-holes*, that are ſtill to be ſeen in many places, on mountains and in vallies; thoſe on the mountains being neceſſary to abſorb that vaſt column of waters which roſe 15 cubits above the higheſt hills.

A *ſwallow* is ſuch another opening in the ground as *Eldine Hole* in *Derbyſhire* (16), and in travelling from the *Peak* to the northern extremity of *Northumberland*, I

(16) *Eldine Hole* in *Derbyſhire* is a mile ſouth of *Mamtor*, and 4 miles eaſt of *Buxton*. It is a perpendicular gulph or chaſm, which I tried to fathom more than once, and found it by my line, and by the meaſure of ſound (at the rate of 16 feet one twelfth in one ſecond, the meaſure Dr. *Halley* allows near the earth for the deſcent of heavy bodies) to be 1266 feet, or 422 yards down to the water; but how deep the water is, cannot be known. I ſuppoſe it reaches to the abyſs. This chaſm is forty yards long above ground, and ten over at its broadeſt part: but from the day there is a ſloping deſcent of forty yards to the mouth of the horrible pit, and this is only four yards long and one and a half broad. Two villains who were executed at *Derby* not long ago, confeſſed at the gallows, that they threw a poor traveller into this dreadful gulph, after they had robbed him.

have

have ſeen many ſuch holes in the earth, both on the hills and in the vales. I have likewiſe met with them in other countries. By theſe *ſwallows*, a vaſt quantity of the waters, to be ſure, went down to the great receptacle; all that was not exhaled, or licked up by the winds; or, except what might be left to increaſe the former ſeas of the antediluvian world into thoſe vaſt oceans which now encompaſs the globe, and partly to form thoſe vaſt lakes that are in ſeveral parts of the world. Theſe things eaſily account for the removal of that vaſt maſs of waters which covered the earth, and was in a mighty column above the higheſt hills. Every difficulty diſappears before *evaporation*, the *drying winds*, the *ſwallows*, and, perhaps, the *turning ſeas into oceans:* but the three firſt things now named were ſufficient, and the gentlemen who have reaſoned ſo ingeniouſly againſt one another about the removal of the waters, might have ſaved themſelves a deal of trouble, if they had reduced the operation to three ſimple things, under the direction of the *Firſt Cauſe*. The *ſwallows* eſpecially muſt do great work in the caſe, if we take into their number not only very many open gulphs or chaſms, the depth of which no line or ſound can reach; but likewiſe the *communication*

munication of very many *parts of the ſea*, and of many great *unfathomable lochs*, with the *abyſs*. Theſe *abſorbers* could eaſily receive what had before come out of them. The ſun by evaporation, with the wind, might take away what was raiſed. There is nothing hard then in conceiving how the waters of the deluge were brought away.

But as to the lake I have mentioned, into which a rapid flood poured from the bowels of the mountain, what became of this water, the reader may enquire? To be ſure, as it did not run off in any ſtreams, nor make the lake riſe in the leaſt degree, there muſt have been a communication in ſome parts of its bottom, between the water of it and the *abyſs*. As the loch on the top of the mountain I have deſcribed had no *feeders*, yet emitted ſtreams, and therefore muſt be ſupported by the *abyſs*; ſo this lake, with ſo powerful a *feeder*, not running over, or emitting water any way, muſt diſcharge itſelf in the abyſs below. The caſe of it muſt be the ſame as that of the *Caſpian ſea*. Into this ſea many rivers pour, and one in particular, the *Volga* I mean, that is more than ſufficient, in the quantity of water it turns out in a year, to drown the whole world.

Yet

Yet the *Caſpian* remains in one ſtate, and does not overflow its banks, excepting, as before obſerved, ſometimes, in the ſpace of 16 years. It muſt by paſſages communicate with the great deep. It refunds the rivers into the great *abyſs*. The caſe of the *Mediterranean ſea* is the ſame; for, though a ſtrong current from the *Atlantic* continually ſits through the *Straits* of *Gibraltar*, yet theſe waters do not make it overflow the country round it, and, of conſequence, they muſt be carried off by a ſubterranean paſſage, or paſſages, to the *abyſs*.

The journey in Stanemore *continued.*

37. From the lake I proceeded the next morning, *June* 14, 1725, toward the north-eaſt end of *Weſtmoreland*, having paſſed the night in a ſound ſleep, under the trees by the water ſide, but was forced by the precipices to ſhape my courſe from four in the morning till eight, to the north-weſt, and then the road turned eaſt-north-eaſt, till I came to a great glin, where a river made a rumbling noiſe over rocks and inequalities of many kinds, and formed a very wild wonderful ſcene. The river was broad and deep, and on an eaſy deſcent to it was an aſ-

An account of an aſſemblage of black columnar marble.

ſemblage

ſemblage of ſtones, that ran in length about 100 feet, in breadth 30 feet, and ſomewhat reſembling the *giant's cauſeway*, in the county of Antrim, and province of Ulſter in Ireland; nine miles north-eaſt from the pretty town of *Colerain*. The *giant's cauſeway*, reader, is a prodigious pile of rocks, 80 feet broad, 20 feet above the reſt of the ſtrand, and that run from the bottom of a high hill above 200 yards into the ocean.

The aſſemblage of ſtones I am ſpeaking of are columns with ſeveral corners, that riſe three yards above the ground, and are joined as if done by art; the points being convex and concave, and thereby lying one in another. Theſe columns have five and ſix ſides, a few of them ſeven; and a number of them nicely and exactly placed together make one large pillar from one foot to two in diameter. They are ſo nicely joined, that altho' they have five and ſix ſides, as I before ſaid, yet their contexture is ſo adapted, as to leave no vacuity between them; the prominent angles of one pillar fitting, and falling exactly into the hollows left them between two others, and the plain ſides exactly anſwer to one another; ſo that thoſe hexagons and pentagons of columnar marble appear as if

if finiſhed by the hands of the moſt maſterly workmen. All the pillars ſtood exactly perpendicular to the plane of the horizon.

Dr. *Foley*, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, N°. 212, ſpeaking of the giants cauſeway, ſeems to think theſe wonderful pillars are compoſed of the common ſort of craggy rock by the ſea ſide; and the authors of the Complete Syſtem of Geography are of opinion, they reſemble the *lapis Baſaltes*; but ſome think they are a ſort of marble. Now the truth is, the *Baſaltes* of the ancients is a very elegant and beautiful marble of a fine deep gloſſy black, like high poliſhed ſteel, and is always found erect in the form of regular angular columns, compoſed of a number of joints, fitted together and making pillars: ſo that where ſuch pillars are ſeen, they are undoubtedly the *columnar marble* or *touchſtone* of the antients. Dr. *Hill*, in his hiſtory of foſſils, gives a good account of the nature of this body, and mentions ſeveral places it is to be found in; but ſeems not to have heard there was any of it among the northern mountains of our country.

This marble is one of the nobleſt productions of nature, and of all the foſſil kingdom the moſt aſtoniſhing body. If art is requiſite for the formation of many things

things we ſee daily done with elegance and beauty, then certainly, mind itſelf, even the ſupreme mind, muſt have cauſed ſuch effects as theſe aſtoniſhing marble pillars; which lie in vaſt compound perpendicular columns at great depths in the earth, (none in beds of ſtrata, like the other marbles), and riſe in ſuch beautiful joints and angles, well fitted together, more than ſix and thirty feet above ground in ſome places. No other way could thoſe wonderful productions have come into being, but by that *intelligent, active power*, who *ſpeaks intelligibly to every nation by his works*. To talk as ſome people do, that *neceſſity* which deſtroys the very idea of intelligent and deſigning activity—or *chance*, which is an utter abſurdity—or the *ſea*, according to *Telliamed*, generated and formed this genus of marble, and ſo wonderfully diſtinguiſhed it from all the other marmora; by making it into pentagon, hexagon, and ſeptagon columns, and rendering the points of the columns convex and concave, and ſo amazingly joining them together, that the prominent angles of one pillar fall exactly into the hollow left between two others, and the plain ſides exactly anſwer to one another, as before obſerved, while all of them ſtand up perpendicular, contrary to the quality of all other marbles, and ſome

lie

lie in beds of ſtrata——To talk, I ſay, of the *ſea*, a *chance*, a *neceſſity*, doing this, or any thing of ſo wonderful a kind, is to produce ſchemes founded in ignorance, and everſive of true knowledge, inſtead of giving a rational, intelligible account of the formation of the world, its order and appearances. In this wonderful production, a due attention perceives infinite art and power. Did we want that variety of things which employ the conſideration of rational men, and force the tongues of thinking men to acknowledge *creating power*, this marble alone would be ſufficient to demonſtrate equal power directed by infinite wiſdom.

An account of a burning ſpring.

38. Another extraordinary thing I ſaw in a valley not far from that where the *Baſaltes* ſtands. It is a boiſterous burning ſpring. It riſes with great noiſe and vibration, and guſhes out with a force ſufficient to turn many mills. The water is clear and cold, but to the taſte unpleaſant, being ſomething like a bad egg. I judged from the nature of its motion, that the water would take fire, and having lit my torch, ſoon put it in a flame. The fire was fierce, and the water ran down the vale in a blaze. It

was a river of fire for a conſiderable way, till it ſunk under ground among ſome rocks, and thereby diſappeared. After it had burnt ſome time, I took ſome boughs from a tree, and tying them together, beat the ſurface of the well for a few minutes, and the burning ceaſed. The water was not hot, as one might expect, but cold as the coldeſt ſpring could be. There are a great number of ſuch ſprings in the world, but this is the largeſt I have read of, or ſeen. It differs from that of *Broſeley* in *Shropſhire*, within ſix miles of *Bridgenorth*, in this reſpect, that *Broſeley* well will not continue to burn for any time, unleſs the air be kept from it; to which purpoſe they have encloſed it in an iron ciſtern with a cover to it; and to experiment the boiling a piece of meat by the fire of this ſpring, they clap the pot cloſe down when the cover is taken up, and then it burns as long as they will; making the largeſt joint of meat fit to eat, in half the time the ſtrongeſt culinary fire could do the work. As to the medicinal virtues of the ſpring, in the mountains, I can only ſay, that as it has a copious ſulphur, and from thence flames like ſpirit of wine, it is probable it might be as effectual in communicating ſanity in various caſes, as the famous burning ſpring is in the palatinate of *Cracow* of the leſſer *Poland*, mentioned in the *Leipſic acts*, an. 1684. p. 326. And

as to the extinguiſhing this fire by beating it with twigs, it muſt to be ſure be for the reaſon given by Mr. *Dennis*, that as the inflammability of ſuch ſprings is to be aſcribed to ſulphur, and to its exhalations burſting out of the water; ſo this floating flame, which is too ſubtile to heat the water, is ſtifled, by involving theſe ſpirits in the aqueous particles, by bruſhing the ſurface with brooms.

Conradus tells us, concerning the *Poliſh* ſpring, that at one time, when it was kindled by lightening, the people neglected to put it out, and the ſtream proceeded on fire for almoſt three years, and reduced all the neighbouring wood to aſhes. It is really a wonderful ſight to ſee ſuch a river on fire, and adorable muſt be that power, who has cauſed ſuch things. To ſay, that matter and motion circumſcribe and regulate ſuch powers, is idle to the laſt degree. It is an inverſion of reaſon. The very exiſtence of the water and ſulphur of this ſpring, muſt be by the power of the Creator conſtantly put forth upon it, which cauſes the parts to be what we call ſuch things, and the motion of both muſt be an *impreſſion*; for motion is not eſſential to matter. Nothing elſe could produce them, and a cauſe there muſt be equal to

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the various and wonderful effects of both, a cauſe that is infinite, wiſe, and powerful. The Deity is every where preſent, and every where active. His power is indefinently working, gives exiſtence to the various creatures, and produces the moſt noble phænomena in nature. All we ſee, all we feel, fire and water, the univerſal variety of inanimate and animate creatures, are only the effects of his creating power conſtantly repeated. The exiſtence of the whole world is a continual new creation; and therefore it becomes the bounden duty of all rational creatures, to worſhip this Almighty Power, as well for his works of creation, as for the ways of his *providence*. Great and wonderful are thy works, O Lord God Almighty: and juſt and righteous are thy ways, O King of ſaints; who would not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, becauſe thou only art *holy*.

Another loch on the top of a high mountain, and a ſwallow in the bottom.

39. From the burning fountain we proceeded for half an hour in the ſame valley right onwards, and then turned to the left in a courſe to the weſt, for about a mile, which brought us to the bottom of a ſteep mountain, we muſt aſcend, or go no farther. It was hard to get the horſes over this, and no leſs dif-

ficult to deſcend with them to a deep bottom on the other ſide of the hill: but with great hazard to ourſelves and the beaſts, we came down in ſafety. On the top of this mountain I ſaw another large *loch* that was black as ink in appearance, tho' bright when taken up in a glaſs; which (as before obſerved) muſt be owing, I ſuppoſe, to its top communicating with the *abyſs* below; and in the bottom we deſcended to, there was a *ſwallow* larger than the one I ſaw before. I could make no diſcovery as to its depth, either by line or ſound; nor did my lead touch any water. On the ſloping way from the firſt chaſm in day to the gulph, were ſeveral lateral chambers, that deſcended one yard in ſix: but though the bottom was hard, the horrors of the places hindered me from going far. I went to the end of the firſt, which was 67 yards, and having looked into the ſecond, to which a narrow ſhort paſs leads the inquirer, I made what haſte I could back; for the opening diſcovered a ſpace ſo vaſt, diſmal, and frightful, that it ſtrikes one to the heart. The bottom, as far as my light could enable me to diſtinguiſh, was a continuance of ſtone; but neither top nor ſides were to be ſeen. It is a horrible place.

40. Leaving

40. Leaving this bottom, we mounted another very high and dangerous hill, and from the top of it deſcended into twenty acres of as rich and beautiful ground as my eyes had ever ſeen. It was covered with flowers and aromatic herbs; and had, in the center of it, a little grove of beautiful trees; among which were fruits of ſeveral kinds. A flowing ſpring of the pureſt water was in the middle of this ſweet little wood, and ran in pretty windings over the ground. It refreſhed and adorned the field, and it was beautiful to ſee the deer from the hills, and the goats come down from the cliffs, to drink at theſe ſtreams. The whole was ſurrounded with precipices that aſcended above the clouds, and through one of theſe rocky mountains there was an opening that had a ſtupendous appearance.

An amazing arch thro' a mountain in a delightful ſpot of ground.

It was a vaſt amazing arch, that had ſome reſemblance of the gothic iſle of a large cathedral church, and terminated in a view of rocks hanging over rocks in a manner frightful to behold. It meaſured an hundred yards in length, forty in breadth, and I judged it to be fifty yards high. The pending rocks in view incloſed a ſpace

of four acres, as it appeared to me, and the bottom was ſo very deep that it looked like night below. What line I had could not reach it, nor could I make any thing of the depth by ſound. It ſeemed to me to be a vaſt *ſwallow* that went down to the *abyſs*. The whole was a ſcene that harrowed the ſoul with horror.

An extraordinary paſſage thro' the mountains.

41. By the ſpring in the little grove I have mentioned, I ſat down at eight in the morning, to breakfaſt on ſomething that one of my ſquires produced from his ſtore, while the other was looking for a paſſage or way onwards, between thoſe vaſt precipices that ſurrounded us. Two hours he waſted in an enquiry, and then returned to let me know, there was no paſſage that he could find: the incloſed rocks were one continued chain of unpaſſable mountains. Here then I thought was my ne plus ultra. As the man affirmed there was no getting beyond the vaſt incloſing cliffs that walled in this charming ſpot of earth, I imagined for ſome time, that I muſt of neceſſity return, and give over all thoughts of getting to the borders of *Cumberland* or *Biſhoprick* that way. It ſeemed impoſſible to proceed, and that was no ſmall trouble to my mind. It

was

was a great journey round, and if I did ride it, I knew not where to turn in on the confines of the country my friend lived on; for I had loſt his directions, and had only a ſmall remembrance of his dwelling ſomewhere on the north edge of *Weſtmoreland* or *Yorkſhire*, or on the adjoining borders of *Cumberland*, or the county of *Durham*. What to do I could not for ſome time tell: going back I did not at all like, and therefore, to avoid it if poſſible, reſolved to paſs the day in trying if I could find any way out, without climbing the mountain again that I had lately come down. Round then I walked, once, and to no manner of purpoſe, for I did not ſee any kind of paſs; but the ſecond time, as I marched on obſerving the hill, I took notice of a large clump of great trees in an angle or deep corner, that ſeemed to ſtand very oddly, and in the mountain above them there appeared, as I thought, a diſtance or ſpace that looked like an opening. I ſoon found it was ſo, and that at the back of this little wood, there lay a very narrow way, only broad enough for two horſes a-breaſt; that it extended due weſt for more than a mile, and then weſt-north-weſt for a quarter of a mile, till it terminated in a plain that was ſeveral miles

in circumference, and intirely ſurrounded with hills. This I diſcovered in walking the paſs by myſelf, and then returned to bring the horſes and men, through this amazing way. It was quite dark, mere night all along; and the bottom very bad. It was likewiſe very dangerous. It was evident from the ground, that ſtones had fallen from the tops of the hills; and ſhould any deſcend from ſo vaſt a height on us, tho' even ſmall ones, they would without all peradventure be immediate death.

A reflection on the completion of every wiſh the moment it is formed.

42. The plain we came into from the defile, was above a mile over to the oppoſite hills, and a-croſs it was a walk of aged oaks, that ſeemed in ſuch a place, as the avenue that leads to the *fairy caſtle of wiſhes*. If ſuch beings there are, as Dr. *Fowler*, Biſhop of *Glouceſter*, hath in one of his books affirmed, then here, I ſaid, in this fine romantic region, where all the charms of the field, the foreſt, the water, and the mountains, are united, may be their favourite manſion, and perhaps they will admit me into their *fairy caſtle:* then commences their friendſhip, and when they have all breathed on me, it is but wiſhing

wiſhing for the future, and the completion of every deſire is granted the moment it is formed. Would not this be compleat happineſs? what do you ſay, reflection?

No, (reflection anſwered, as we rid up this avenue). Imagination may form fine pictures of felicity from an indulgence in every wiſh: but, ſo blind are mankind to their own real happineſs, that it is oftner to the gratification than to the diſappointment of their wiſhes that all their miſery is owing. We often chooſe what is not conſonant to the welfare of our nature, and ſtrive to avoid thoſe incidents which are fated in the order of incontrolable events for our good. Frequently do we labour to ſecure the things that debaſe us into ſlaves, and overwhelm us with calamity; but ſeldom do we deſire, rarely do we ſtrive to obtain thoſe objects, and acquire that ſtation, which are moſt likely to render humanity as perfect as it can be in this world, rational and godlike, and thereby crown our lives with true happineſs. Many a man has purſued a *Venus*, an eſtate, an honour, with much toil and wonderful activity, and when poſſeſſed of the fancied bleſſing, have been made very miſerable mortals. The wiſhed for beauty

has often made even the huſband wretched. An aching ſcar is often covered with the laurel: and in reſpect of envied great fortunes, gaudy is the thing without, and within very often is mere bitterneſs. The wiſdom is, as to this world, not to get from the fairies a power of enjoying all that fancy may deſire, if that was poſſible; but, to act well and wiſely, in the moſt reaſonable, lovely, and fair manner, and propoſe nothing of ourſelves, but *with a reſerve* that *ſupreme wiſdom* permits it; welcoming every event with chearfulneſs and magnanimity, as beſt upon the whole, becauſe ordained of infinite reaſon; and acquieſcing in every obſtruction, as ultimately reſervable to divine providence. This (continued *reflection*), in reſpect of this life, were there no other, is preferable to the *caſtle of wiſhes*, if we could find it at the end of this avenue (17).

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(17) In the 2d volume of Familiar Letters between the characters in David Simple, the reader will find an excellent ſtory in relation to *wiſhing*, which the ingenious female writer calls a fragment of a Fairy Tale, p. 225—275: and concludes it in the following ſenſible manner.---The good *Fairy* came often to viſit me, and confirmed me in my reſolution, never again to be ſo unreaſonable, as to deſire to have all my wiſhes complcated; for ſhe convinced me, that the ſhort-ſighted eyes of mortals were not formed to ſee,

But if another life is taken into the queſtion, the argument grows ſtronger againſt a power of enjoying all we could wiſh for.—As we are accountable creatures, and are pouring faſt out of time into eternity, religion undoubtedly ought to be the main buſineſs of mortals;——that religion, which is a living principle, ſpring, or root of action in the ſoul; wrought there by the hand of him that made us; and which requireth us to honour and fear God as the ſupreme Lord, to eſteem him as the chief good; and to exerciſe and expreſs that honour, that fear, and that eſteem, by all the means, and in all the ways, which reaſon and revelation appoint for ſuch exerciſe and expreſſion; that we may gain the love of the Almighty, and obtain the eſtabliſhed ſeat of happineſs above: but ſuch force hath the objects of ſenſe upon the mind, that it is more than probable they would outweigh the diſtant hopes of religion, if wiſhes could bring in even a tenth part of what the vanity of man and his ſenſes would call for.

ſee, whether the event of any of their own wiſhes would produce moſt happineſs or miſery: and that our greateſt felicity, often ariſes from the very diſappointment of thoſe deſires, the gratification of which, at the firſt view, ſeems to be neceſſary to our welfare.

It would be ſo far from being an advantage to mankind, if they could wiſh and have vaſt fortunes, all the pleaſures, the pomps and honours of the world, that they would thereby be deprived of the rational joys of life, and be influenced to think no more of the excellency and beauty of religion, and the good conſequences of ſerving God truly. They would not even divide themſelves between this world and the other. The *Idol Gods* of this ſtate would have all their ſervice. The *wiſh* then ſhould be for *daily bread*, and that *the kingdom of God may come—his will be done in our ſouls.* In theſe are compriſed the greateſt and moſt valuable bleſſings, and we are ſure we can obtain them, if we will add to *aſking* an *induſtry and prudence in acquiring*, and take care by culture, to bring up the ſeeds of virtue and holineſs. This is enough to make us as happy here as reaſon can deſire. We have a ſufficiency to go through this world to that other where we are to be ſtationed for ever, and againſt the accidents of the way, we have the ſupports which innocence and virtue to the good adminiſter. Peace and tranquillity of mind here, and hopes full of comfort with reſpect to hereafter, are the ingredients of our happineſs; a happineſs the greateſt! and we are certain that he, upon whoſe mercy and goodneſs

neſs we confeſs we exiſt, will, in regard to our *confidence* and *truſt*, our *faith* and *religion*, when this fleeting ſcene is over, make us glorious and ever bleſſed in the kingdom he has prepared for thoſe that rely on the divine goodneſs, and do their beſt to advance the ſtate of true virtue in the world. Let us not regret, then, the want of a *caſtle of wiſhes*. Let us not have a deſire of that wealth, dominion, and ſplendor which lives in contempt of the prophets and riots in the heinous pleaſures of irreligion.

Let our great *Maſter's Will* be made the rule of all our actions, and let his intereſt be regarded, as our intereſt. Let us conſult his honour, as our own honour; and having food and raiment, be content, as we are haſting away with a never ceaſing pace to the realms of eternity and unmixed bliſs. This is reaſon and light. This only deſerves our care. There is nothing worth wiſhing for, but the happineſs of God's preſence in our hearts; and the more immediate communications of his love and favour in the regions of day.

A deſcription of a natural grotto in one

43. Thus did *reflection* entertain me, as I rid up this grand ſhady walk, which looked like

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of the mountains of Stanemore.

the avenue I had read of in the *Tales* of the *Fairies*, and brought me to a *natural grotto*, more beautiful than *Ælian*'s deſcription of *Atalanta*'s, or that in *Homer*, where *Calypſos* lived.

June 14, 1725.

—It was a large cavern at the bottom of a marble mountain, and without, was covered round with ivy, that clung about ſome aged oaks, (on either ſide the entrance) that ſeemed coeval with the earth on which they grew. Abundance of large laurel trees, in clumps, adorned an extenſive area before the door; and ſaffron, and hyacinths, and flowers of many colours, covered in confuſed ſpots the carpet green. The beautiful ground refreſhed the ſight, and purified the air: and to enhance the beauties of the ſpot, a clear and cold ſtream guſhed from a neighbouring rock which watered the trees and plants, and ſeemed to combat with the earth, whether of them moſt contributed to their growth and preſervation. It was a ſweet rural ſcene. For charms and ſolitude the place was equally to be admired.

The inſide of this *grotto* was a beautiful green marble, extremely bright, and even approaching to the appearance of the emerald. It was thick ſet with ſhells, and thoſe

thoſe not ſmall ones, but ſome of the largeſt and fineſt kinds: many of them ſeemed, as it were, ſqueezed together by the marble, ſo as to ſhew the edges only; but more were to be ſeen at large, and filled with the pureſt ſpar. The whole had a fine effect, and as the cave had been divided by art into ſix fine apartments, and had doors and chimnies moſt ingeniouſly contrived, both the manſion and its ſituation charmed me in a high degree. It was a beautiful habitation indeed. On either ſide of it were many cottages, pretty and clean; and as ſheep were feeding on the field, ſome cows grazing, and various kinds of tame fowl before the doors, I concluded it was an inhabited place, before I ſaw any one.

The hiſtory of Azora.

44. The firſt human being I beheld, was an old woman, who appeared at the grotto door, and I requeſted her to inform me, who lived in this delightful place;—and which was my beſt way to *Cumberland* or *Biſhoprick?* Sir, (replied the good old woman) you are welcome to *Burcott-Lodge.* Women only are the inhabitants of this ſpot: and over the hills before you, you muſt go, to get to the countries you mention. We are an hundred ſouls in all that

that live here, and our miſtreſs, ſuperior and head, is a young woman. Her name is *Azora*. Yonder ſhe comes, goodneſs itſelf, and as it is now ſeven in the evening, too late to proceed any farther in this part of the world, you had better walk up to her, and pay her your reſpects. Great was my ſurprize at what I heard. A little female republic among thoſe hills was news indeed: and when I came near *Azora*, my aſtoniſhment increaſed.

She was attended by ten young women, ſtraight, clean, handſome girls, and ſurpaſſed them in tallneſs. Her countenance was maſculine, but not auſtere: her fine blue eyes diſcovered an excellence of temper, while they ſhewed the penetration of her mind. Her hair was brown, bright and charming; and nature had ſtamped upon her cheeks a colour that exceeded the moſt beautiful red of the fineſt flower. It was continually as the maiden bluſh of a modeſt innocence. She was dreſt in a fine woollen ſtuff, made in the manner ſhepherdeſſes are painted, and on her head had a band or fillet like what the ladies now wear, with a bunch of artificial flowers in her hair. She had a very ſmall ſtraw hat on.———In her hand, ſhe held a long and pretty crook: and as her coats

The picture of Azora.

coats were ſhort, her feet were ſeen, in black ſilk ſhoes, and the fineſt white ſtockings, and appeared vaſtly pretty. She ſtruck me greatly. She was a charming, and uncommon figure. When I came up to *Azora*, I could hardly forbear addreſſing her, as the ſon of *Ulyſſes* did the ſupernal, ——O vous, qui que vous ſoiez, mortelle ou deeſſe (quoiqu'a vous voir on ne puiſſe vous prendre que pour une divinité) ſeriez-vous inſenſible au malheur d'un fils, qui —Whoever you are, a mortal or a goddeſs, though ſure your aſpect ſpeaks you all divine, can you, unmoved, behold a hapleſs ſon, by fate expelled, and urged by unrelenting rage, to wander through the world, expoſed to winds and ſeas, and all the ſtrokes of adverſe fortune, till he arrived in this land of felicity and peace? ——But on better thoughts, I only ſaid, I am your moſt humble ſervant, Madam, and told her I believed I had loſt my way, and knew not where to go:——To which ſhe replied, You are welcome, Sir, to our *hamlet*, and to the beſt entertainment it affords: only tell me, ſhe added with a ſmile, what could induce you to travel this unbeaten road—and how did you paſs the precipices and rivers you muſt have met with in the way?—Curioſity, Madam, (I anſwered) was one cauſe;

cauſe; that I might ſee a country no traveller had been in; and my next inducement, to find a valuable friend; who lives ſomewhere upon the northern border of this county, or *Yorkſhire*, or on the adjoining limits of *Cumberland* or *Durham*; but on which I know not; and as I came from *Burgh under Stanemore*, I judged it the ſhorteſt way by a great many miles, and the likelieſt to ſucceed in my enquiry after my friend:—then as to hills and waters, many dangerous ones I have gone over, and with great toil and fatigue have got thus far.—This (*Azora* ſaid) is a rational account of your journey, and as there are many difficulties ſtill before you, you are welcome to reſt with us till you are refreſhed, and able to proceed.

By this time, we reached the grotto door, and upon entering the firſt apartment, I ſaw another lady, dreſt in the ſame manner, and ſeemed to be of the ſame age, that is, about ſix-and-twenty, as I was told. This was *Azora*'s companion and friend. She was a very pretty woman, tho' inferior to *Azora* in charms: but her mind was equally luminous and good. Neither ſhe nor *Azora* were learned women, that is, they underſtood no other language than the *Engliſh* tongue, and in that they had but a ſmall collection

collection of the beſt books; but thoſe few they had read well, and they had capacities to think. In reaſon, philoſophy, and mathematics, they were excellent, and in the moſt agreeable manner, diſcovered in converſation the fineſt conceptions of the moſt excellent things. *Azora*, of the two, was by much the beſt ſpeaker. Her voice was delightful, and her pronunciation juſt, ſtrong, clear, and various. With unſpeakable pleaſure did I liſten to her, during three days that I happily paſſed with her and her companion, and received from both many valuable informations. I thought I underſtood algebra very well, but I was their inferior, and they inſtructed me; and on the fundamental points of religion, they not only out-talked me, but out-reaſoned me. It is very ſtrange, I confeſs. It is very true, however.

Azora, in particular, had an amazing collection of the moſt rational philoſophical ideas, and ſhe delivered them in the moſt pleaſing dreſs, with as much eaſe as ſhe breathed. She aſked me, after I had feaſted on an excellent ſupper, how religion went on in the world; and what was the condition of that which came from ſupernatural communication, as ſhe phraſed it? and when I told her, that our excellent divines did all that

that was poſſible for men to do, to turn the world from *ſuperſtition* of every kind to that *expreſs revelation* which reſtores the dictates of *uncorrupted reaſon* to their *force* and *authority*; which teaches the knowledge of *one ſupreme Spirit* or *God*, and the nature of that *worſhip* which is due to a Being not confined to, or depending upon, particular places, or circumſtances; but always and every where preſent with us: ſhe anſwered, that ſuch clergymen are glorious, and cannot be enough admired; and great is the unreaſonableneſs of the men who oppoſed them, and forced them into the field of diſputation, from their holy labour of inſtructing the people in penitential piety and ſanctification: I mean the *infidels* and the *bigots*.

What can be more unjuſt and impious, (*Azora* continued) than for men to declaim againſt a revelation which diſplays the paternal regard of God for his creatures, by doing more than was ſtrictly neceſſary for their happineſs, as they had his *original law* of *reaſon* before he gave them the *goſpel*; and which enables us to extend our knowledge even as to thoſe things which we are by nature capable of knowing; which awakens us to duty, and adviſes us how to walk in the ways of prudence and ſafety. To reject ſuch an extraordinary method of

ſaving

ſaving us, is ſenſeleſs and culpable indeed. Surely, when *ſuperſtition* and *enthuſiaſm* has led mankind into *errors*, we ought to adore the divine goodneſs for *recommunicating* a knowledge of true religion; of duty in this life, and of what we are to expect in that which is to come. We can never be thankful enough for a *revelation*, that has a tendency to promote the happineſs of mankind both here and hereafter. The oppoſition, in my opinion, is without excuſe; as the external evidence of hiſtory, miracles, and prophecy for the goſpel, is inconteſtably ſtrong, when fairly examined; muſt appear with force to a modeſt, candid, impartial inquirer; and as the internal evidence for the ſacred letters, their uſefulneſs and excellence, muſt be obvious to every attentive capacity, that delights in the purſuit of religion and virtue. Truth and candour, then, thoſe infidels are ſtrangers to. They are not fair reaſoners. They are haughty, over-bearing declaimers.

Azora's notion of the incomprehenſible, and the law of reaſon.

Nor can I think much better (*Azora* ſaid) of thoſe great and reverend men, who preach and write to prove the *weakneſs* of *human reaſon*, and that the prime *law* of our *creation*, the *law* of *nature*, is *imperfect*, *inſufficient*, and *obſcure*; and

and therefore *ſupernatural communication* was *abſolutely neceſſary*; who add to this, things inconceivable and contradictory, and inſiſt upon our believing articles too hard for rational beings. This is miſrepreſenting rationals, if we believe the ſcriptures, and is ſo far from being of ſervice to the cauſe of chriſtianity, (as in charity we muſt ſuppoſe thoſe great men by ſuch writing and preaching do intend) that it does, on the contrary, very greatly hurt revealed religion. It is to ſuch wrong defences of revelation that antichriſtian Deiſm owes its chief ſtrength. Our holy religion wants not any evidence that can be deſired by the modeſt, candid, and impartial; but if great and learned men will deny the perfection of the primary law of God, and ſubſtitute in the place of *recommunicated nature*, an *invented goſpel*, that ſwells with *uſeleſs myſteries*, and *hard doctrines*, great damage muſt fall upon the true *goſpel*. An unintelligible religion is no religion. It can be of no concern, with regard to rational creatures; and ſtrong minds will laugh at its pieties.

Objections. But excluſive of invented *myſteries*, (I ſaid) which are, to be ſure, ſad ſtuff in the works of thoſe great men, and deplorably corrupt the ſimplicity of the goſpel, to me it is not ſo plain, that mankind could by reaſon acquire

juſt and adequate ideas of the exiſtence and nature of the Supreme Being, or know that they had immortal ſouls, and would expoſe themſelves to eternal unavoidable miſery in a future ſtate, in proportion to the demerit of their thoughts and actions in this world; but might ſecure everlaſting felicity by worſhipping one ſupreme, univerſal, omnipotent, eternal, omnipreſent, and intelligent Spirit, and doing all the good we have an opportunity and power to do in this life. I queſtion if reaſon can make us clear and certain on theſe articles. The reaſon of the bulk of mankind cannot do it, I think. Therefore the goſpel was abſolutely neceſſary for the ſalvation of men.

Continuation of Azora's *religious notions.*

Azora to this replied, that *faith in Chriſt*, and all his *own inſtitutions*, were of high value indeed; and beautiful his religion appears, when it is fairly repreſented, as an inſtitution that has no other *end* than *morality*, the moſt noble end, and the moſt worthy of God; and that declares the *practice* of all the *moral offices* to be *ſuperior* to any *inward* accompliſhment, or *outward* Chriſtian *inſtitution:* but ſhe could not allow, that Chriſtianity was abſolutely neceſſary; for the *common reaſon* of men, without launching out into the

the unfathomable ocean of metaphyſical ſubtilties, appears upon trial to be able to diſcover the fundamental points of religion; and from the things that are made, from our moral capacities and powers, and from our relations to one another, to know the ſupreme Being, his attributes and perfections, and that we are accountable to our great Creator.

If men will think, they muſt perceive (without the reaſon of a *Newton* or *Clarke*) the *exiſtence* of a *ſpiritual influence* in all the parts of *inanimated matter*, and the *exiſtence* of their *own ſpirits* or *ſouls*. To which ever part of matter we look, we ſee a ſpirit employed. An influencing Being, endued with the faculties of perception, activity, and volition, is plain. The *accidental qualities* of *matter*, called *attraction*, *repulſion*, and *communication of motion*, evince that *material and vegetable nature*, and *all the parts of inanimated matter*, are *actuated* by *one ſupreme* and *univerſal ſpirit*: I ſay *One Spirit*, becauſe it is evident from a *ſameneſs* of *volition*, that is from *one and the ſame faculty of volition*, manifeſt throughout all nature, that there are not ſeveral diſtinct, independent ſpirits. *In attraction*, *repulſion*, and *communication of motion*, there appears no different faculty

faculty of volition, but a *different exerciſe* of the *ſame faculty* of *volition*; which, for wiſe reaſons, makes ſome parts of matter cohere ſtrongly, as ſtone and metal,—ſome weakly, as earth, *&c.* ſome repel, while others attract; ſome elaſtic, and others non-elaſtic. In all theſe caſes, *one ſpirit* only is the *actor*: that Being who holds all perfection in himſelf, and by an abſolute command over all parts of matter, forms and manages it as his wiſdom ſees beſt;——juſt as his adorable providence governs us, and diſpoſes of us, by ſuch laws as reaſon (conſulting the good of the whole ſociety) declares it to be beſt for us to obey: beſt, moſt ſurely, as it is the *glory* of the *Almighty* to be *conſtantly* and *without any deviation*, governed by the eternal and immutable *laws* of good and right, juſt and equal. All is the operation of *one* and the *ſame univerſal ſpirit*. *Identity* is viſible. The various kinds of attraction, repulſion, etc. only ſhew the unlimited power of the Deity, in actuating matter as his eſtabliſhed rules require. Were ſeveral arbitrary, ſupreme ſpirits to act over matter, the conſequence would be a breach of regularity, uniformity, and conſtancy, in the laws of nature, and that confuſion would appear inſtead of beauty and order.

Continuation of Azora's *religious notions.*

Thus common reaſon confeſſes that there is *one infinite, univerſal, ſupreme ſpirit*, who *actuates* and *governs* the univerſe; and from the heavens, the earth, and ourſelves, we are as certain that there is a *Creator* and *Lord* of all the worlds, who *directs* every *atom* of it, and *animates* every *material form*, as we are of any thing demonſtrated to us. And as he is not only the Creator but the Manager and Preſerver of every being, there can be no power equal to him. He muſt be omnipotent. He muſt likewiſe be eternal and omnipreſent; for there was no ſuperior power to receive exiſtence from, nor is there a ſuperior power to confine it. As to his infinite intelligence, his being the Author and preſerver of all things demonſtrates it.

In reſpect of the *human ſoul* (*Azora* continued) it is impoſſible for *perception* to proceed from the *body*, or from any *motion* or *modification* of parts of the body; and therefore, there muſt be a mind in which our ideas muſt be produced and exiſt. If the *ideas* of *ſenſation* may be ſuppoſed to be occaſioned by the different motions of the conſtituent parts of the brain, yet they cannot

not be thoſe motions. The motions can only enable a ſpiritual percipient to note them, remember them, etc.: and as to *reflection*, the other part of the perceptive faculty, *attention* and *contemplation*, it is not poſſible they can proceed from the different motions into which the parts of the brain are put; becauſe they are employed ſolely about perceptions which were only in the mind. The caſe is the ſame as to many other qualities or faculties;—in the deſigning quality, the inventing quality, the judging quality, the reaſoning quality, the compounding quality, the abſtracting quality, the diſcerning quality, the recollective quality, the retentive quality, the freedom of will, the faculty of volition, and eſpecially the foreſeeing faculty: theſe cannot be the faculties of matter. Such qualities muſt exiſt ultimately and ſolely in mind. Can foreſight, for example, be the work of matter, when it is employed about things and actions which have not yet happened, and for that reaſon cannot be the objects of the ſenſes? No ſurely. It muſt be the ſpiritual part of the compound that acts upon the occaſion: in all the *intelligent faculties* which we comprehend under the complex idea of *underſtanding*, *ſpirit* only can be the *performer*.

Continuation of Azora's *religious philoſophy.*

There is a *ſoul* or *mind* then in man, and that it is *immortal* and *accountable*, is as evident as that the *retentive faculty*, that is, retaining ideas received by reflection, does not pertain to body, but is a natural quality of the ſoul only, and does not proceed from its union with the body: for, as *perception* and *retention* prove the human mind to be a diſtinct being, and that it has qualities which cannot proceed from body, therefore it muſt ſtill continue a Spirit, unleſs annihilated by its Creator, and muſt, after its ſeparation, be endued with the qualities which are the faculties of ſoul only. The reaſon is plain. Theſe qualities cannot be deſtroyed without a cauſe, but ſeparation is no cauſe, as the quality or qualities did not proceed from, or depend on union, therefore the ſoul is immortal, unleſs we ſuppoſe what cannot be ſuppoſed, that its Creator puts an end to its being. We muſt know, after death, that we exiſt. We muſt remember a paſt exiſtence, and call to mind every idea we had formed in this life by *reflection*.

Continuation of Azora's *diſcourſe.*

As to our being accountable hereafter for the deeds we have done in this firſt ſtate of exiſtence,

exiſtence, this can admit of no ſpeculation; for as we have received from our Creator the *eternal law of reaſon*, which enables us to diſtinguiſh right and wrong, and to govern the inferior powers and paſſions, appetites and ſenſes, if we pleaſe;—as we are endued with an underſtanding which can acquire large moral dominion, and may, if we oppoſe not, ſit as queen upon the throne over the whole corporeal ſyſtem; ſince the noble faculty of reaſon was given to rectify the ſoul, and purify it from earthly affections; to elevate it above the objects of ſenſe, to purge in from pride and vanity, ſelfiſhneſs and hypocriſy, and render it juſt, pious and good;——of conſequence, God has a right to call us to account for our conduct in this firſt ſtate, and will reward or puniſh, in a moſt extraordinary manner: as the principles and actions of man have been righteous; or, his life and character ſtained by unjuſt diſpoſitions and filthy deeds. This is plain to common reaſon. Every underſtanding muſt ſee this, how wrong ſoever they wilfully act. As God by his nature muſt abhor iniquity, and love what is honeſt, pure, and good; he muſt reward the piety and worthy behaviour of thoſe, who act *according to reaſon* in this life, and with views beyond the bounds of time, endeavour to proceed each

day to more exalted ideas of virtue: but, the mortals who deviate from rectitude and goodneſs, and wilfully live workers of iniquity, muſt expect that God, the Father of ſpirits, the Lover of truth, and the Patron of righteouſneſs and virtue, will proportion future puniſhments to preſent vices, and baniſh them to the regions of eternal darkneſs. From the natural lights of our underſtanding, we have the higheſt reaſon to conclude this will be the caſe. The truths are as evident to a reflection, as that this world, and we who inhabit it, could not have had eternal exiſtence, nor be firſt formed by any natural cauſe; but muſt have been originally produced, as we are now conſtantly preſerved, by the ſupreme and univerſal Spirit. This is the excellent law of reaſon and nature. There is a light ſufficient in every human breaſt, to conduct the ſoul to *perfect day*, if men will follow it right onwards, and not turn into the paths that lead to the *dark night of hell.*

Remarks on Azora's *diſcourſe.*

Azora's religious notions amazed me, and the more, as they were uttered with a fluency and eaſe beyond every thing I had ever heard before. In the ſofteſt, ſweeteſt voice, ſhe expreſſed herſelf, and

and without the leaſt appearance of labour, her ideas ſeemed to flow from a vaſt fountain. She was a maſter indeed in the doctrine of ideas. Her notion of them and their formation was juſt as poſſible; and in a few minutes ſhe ſettled every thing relating to them. Her ideas of activity and paſſivity, afforded me much inſtruction, as did her notions of ſpace, matter, and ſpirit: and what is ſtill more extraordinary, ſhe had a fine conception of an *electrical fluid*, which is thought to be a diſcovery made very lately, and made uſe of it to prove, not that it is the ultimate cauſe of effects, but that every thing is cauſed and directed by an *immaterial ſpirit*. An *immaterial ſpirit* was her favourite article, and it was to me a fine entertainment to hear her on that ſubject; from the one ſupreme Spirit, down to the ſpirit of brute animals.—But to conclude our converſation on religion; I obſerved to *Azora*, that if things were ſo, and the law of reaſon was ſo perfect and ſufficient, then I could not ſee that there was any want at all of the *religion of favour*, ſince that of *nature* was enough to confirm us in rectitude and holineſs, if we would obey its directions; and to ſhew us the way to the *manſions* of *angels*. Why the *law of grace* at ſo great an expence——if the *rule of reaſon* can

make us good here, and for ever happy hereafter?

Azora's notion of the uſefulneſs and excellence of chriſtianity.

Azora replied, that ſhe had before anſwered this queſtion by obſerving, that excellent as the primary law of the creation was, yet, revelation was of the greateſt uſe, as it enables us to extend our knowledge even as to the things which we are by nature capable of knowing; and as it reſtored to the world the law of reaſon, that is, true religion, when ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm had eſtabliſhed falſe religion. This renders chriſtianity glorious, were there nothing more to be ſaid for it: But this is not all we can ſay.

Azora's diſcourſe on the uſefulneſs of chriſtianity.

The beſt of mortals are weak, and the moſt of them are ſo fully employed about things temporal, that it is impoſſible ſo much good ſhould proceed from mere human reaſon, as from a plain eaſy goſpel, that delineates duty in the moſt intelligible manner, and contains the abſolute command of the great God, to renounce vicious habits, impure deſires, worldly tempers, and frame our ſouls to purity, ſincerity, and devotion; as

as the only means that can ſecure his felicitating preſence, and gain us admiſſion to the delightful ſeats of ſeparate ſouls made perfect. In this the goſpel is far preferable to reaſon.

Continuation of Azora's *diſcourſe.*

Beſide, as wilful diſobedience ſtrikes at the being and government of God, and devotedneſs to the Lord of all the worlds, in truſt and reſignation, is the perfection of religion, the example of the Son of God in his humiliation, his croſs, his death, make an inſtance of reſignation ſo conſummate and inſtructive, that we not only learn from it what reaſon cannot half ſo well inſtruct us in; I mean the amiableneſs of virtue, the excellency of holineſs, and the merit of abſolute and unreſerved obedience; but, we are rouſed to an imitation of this grand character; both on account of its beauty, and the promiſe of our ſitting down with Chriſt in his throne, if, according to our meaſure, we work all righteouſneſs, and overcome our preſent temptations and trials, even as he alſo overcame, and is ſet down with his Father in his throne. Reaſon is nothing compared to this. The goſpel-diſpenſation by this means is fitted to render us virtuous, holy, and thoroughly

good, in a method the law of nature could never do.

Continuation of Azora's *diſcourſe on the excellence of chriſtianity.*

And more than this; when the God of heaven ſaw his creatures and children every where *going wrong*, without any help amongſt themſelves, and therefore ſent his Son to *ſet them right*; to ſet before them the unchangeable rule of everlaſting righteouſneſs in its original purity and perfection, and not only explain and enforce it by the moſt powerful conſiderations, but apply the commands of ſupreme reaſon to the government of the thoughts and paſſions of the heart; that duty and virtue in the principle, and habit of univerſal rectitude towards both God and man, might be the practice of all the earth, and mankind become a people holy to the Lord; He, the Univerſal Father, the better to effect this bleſſed purpoſe, added two things to religion, which have a power that reaſon wants, to make us conform to God, and the eternal laws of righteouſneſs, in principle, temper and life. One is, Chriſt's appearing *to put away ſin by the ſacrifice of himſelf*, by his becoming a *ſin-offering*. The other is, *the aſſiſtance of the Spirit of God*. The *oblation* of the *Son*, and the *grace* of the *Father*,

Father, have effects in religion, in *changing* and *ſanctifying*, that reaſon is an utter ſtranger to.

Concluſion of Azora's *diſcourſe on the excellence of the chriſtian religion.*

The ſum of the whole is, the *goſpel*, that word of truth and power, enters the hearts, and breaks the power of ſin in the ſoul. The *holy life of Chriſt ſets us an example*, that we ſhould *walk in his ſteps*, and obey the will of the infinite wiſe Creator; that, like him, we ſhould accord by obedience with the harmony of God's moral government, and rather die than break or obſtruct it by any wilful ſin. And by his being a *ſin-offering*, he not only put an end to all *ſin-offerings*, (which both *Jews* and *Gentiles* were wont to offer;) (19.) but, by his being the

(19.) When a plague afflicted the *Maſſilienſes*, they fed a poor man deliciouſly, and adorned him with ſacred veſtments; then led him through the city, and ſacrificed him, by throwing him headlong down from a ſteep rock, after the people had poured their execrations upon him, and prayed that all the calamities of their city might fall upon him.——Such practice ſhews that Chriſt being offered for the ſins of the whole world, was in conformity to the ideas of mankind. The *Jews* had their devoted animal:—— and the *Gentiles* had their ſacrificed poor man, and other ways.

moſt precious one in the univerſe, ſhewed God's great diſpleaſure againſt ſin, and in his obedience to the Father, even unto death, that we ought to ceaſe from evil, and by a righteous obedience render ourſelves worthy of God the Father's love. That we may do ſo, we have the promiſe of the Spirit to enable us to turn from ſin and *Satan* to the living God, that by the acting principle of ſanctification, wrought within us by the hand of him that made us, (without the leaſt force on our will,) we may *perfect our ſouls in purity and holineſs, exerciſe acts of love and benevolence, and worſhip the one true God, in and thro' the one true Mediator.*——Reaſon alone, excellent as it is, cannot produce any thing like this.

The *religion* of *favour* in theſe reſpects ſurpaſſes the *law of nature*. By the *firſt law* of the *creation*, *reaſon*, we may acquire that *righteouſneſs*, which is an habitual rectitude of ſoul, and right actions flowing from it: but *ſanctification*, that *influencing principle*, which adds *holineſs* to *righteouſneſs*, belongs, as I take it, to the *law* of *grace*. It is given to thoſe who aſk it, not for the ſake of, but *through Chriſt*.

Objections to Azora's diſcourſe.

All this (I anſwered) is juſt and fine, and I have only to requeſt,

requeſt, for my farther inſtruction, that you will be pleaſed, Madam, to explain yourſelf a little more on the articles of a *ſin-offering* and *grace*; for I have always thought there was a darkneſs ſat upon theſe parts of revealed religion, and have often wiſhed for what I have not yet found, a head capable of giving me intire ſatisfaction on thoſe points: but from what I have heard you ſay, I muſt now ſuppoſe that all my doubts, relative to the two ſubjects, you have the power to remove.——My power (*Azora* returned) is no more than a plain underſtanding, that in this ſtill and peaceful region, has been at liberty to think, without being corrupted by ſophiſtry, ſchool-nonſenſe, or authority; and, as to giving ſatisfaction on the heads you mention, or any other, it is not what I pretend to: but my opinion you ſhall have ſince you aſk it; and in the following manner *Azora* proceeded.

Azora's account of Chriſt being a ſin-offering.

As to our *Lord*'s becoming a *ſin-offering*, I conceive, in the firſt place, that God ordained it, becauſe he ſaw it *needful*, and *neceſſary* to anſwer *many and great ends*. It muſt be right, and what in the reaſon and nature of things ought to be, though we were not able to comprehend the

the reaſons that made it needful. It muſt have been the propereſt way to make up the breach between heaven and earth, ſince infinite wiſdom appointed it.

In the next place, as the *death of this great perſon* not only gave the higheſt atteſtation to the truth of his doctrine, and confirmed every word he had preached; to the encouragement of ſinners to repent, and the great conſolation of ſaints; but has afforded us ſuch a noble *pattern* of *obedience*, as muſt have an influence on intelligent beings, and excite them to *practiſe obedience* to all the commands of God, and perfect reſignation to his will in every caſe; which are ſome excellent reaſons for Chriſt's dying; ſo did Almighty God make his farther uſe of it, that he appointed the *blood of Chriſt* (which was ſhed to produce the *eſſence of ſanctification* in the ſoul, to wit, *devotedneſs*, *truth*, and *reſignation* to the Almighty Father of the univerſe) to be the *blood of a new covenant*, *ſhed for many for the remiſſion of ſins*. This ſeems to me to take in the whole caſe. Chriſt by *obedience to the death* (which happened in the natural courſe of things) is held out to the world a *pattern* of *ſelf-ſacrifice* in the *cauſe of truth* and *virtue*—a *ſample* of that *perfect religion*——*not my will, but thine*

thine be done: the glorious goſpel is thereby confirmed: and our *redemption* is effected by the *blood of the Son of God.* As *Moſes*, the *Mediator* between *God* and *Iſrael*, repeated to the people the laws and judgments of God, and received their conſent to the divine commands; entered this covenant in his book, offered ſacrifices of praiſe and friendſhip, and then confirmed the covenant in the moſt ſolemn manner, by dividing the blood of the ſacrifices into parts: one part of which he *ſprinkled on the altar*, to ratify God's part of the covenant: and with the other part *ſprinkled the people*, that is, the twelve princes, the heads, or the twelve pillars, which repreſented the twelve tribes, and then awfully cried out with a ſtrong voice——*Behold the blood of the covenant Jehovah has made with you:* ſo did the *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, the *Mediator* between God and all mankind, teach the people by his *goſpel* to *rectify their notions*, to *regulate their affections*, to *direct their worſhip*; with the judgments that were to be the conſequence of diſobedience, the rewards prepared for thoſe who obey; and then declared, in relation to his death, *This is my blood of the new covenant.* The *blood* I muſt ſhed on the *croſs* will ſeal, ratify, and confirm a pardoning covenant, and by virtue thereof, upon repentance and converſion, the

world *is waſhed clean thro' the blood of* the *Lamb*. This, I think for myſelf, renders the thing very plain and eaſy. The death of the Son of God was taken into the plan of redemption, *not to pacify God's anger*; for God could be no otherwiſe pleaſed or delighted with the *blood of his Son*, than as his ſhedding it was an act of the higheſt obedience, and a noble pattern to all the rational creation; but *his blood* was made the *ſeal* of a *pardoning* and *juſtifying covenant*; and by the *death of Chriſt*, (the moſt powerful means to prevent ſin, and to draw ſinners to obey the commands of heaven,) God demonſtrated his love and mercy to mankind. I fancy I am clear. In this view of the matter, I can ſee no difficulty in being juſtified *freely by the grace of God, through the redemption which is in Chriſt Jeſus*. God is the ſole original and fountain of redemption. The *Son*, and his *goſpel*, are the great inſtruments. *Lo! I come to do thy will, O my God*, the Son declares: and the *Blood* he *ſhed*, the better to bring the human race to wiſdom, rectitude, and happineſs, is appointed by our merciful, good, and gracious Father, to be the ſeal and ratification of a new covenant. *Moloch* might want a cruel and bloody ſacrifice to pacify him; but the *Father* of the univerſe ſent his *Chriſt* to *deliver* his *commands*, and made the death, which

which he foreſaw would happen by his ſon's delivering ſuch commands to impious men, to be a covenant between *Jehovah* and the *people*, that *Jeſus* ſhould be conſidered as *a propitiation for our ſins*, and his *death* be an *eternal memorial* of the Almighty's love, and abhorrence of iniquity. There can be no objection lie againſt this. To me this appears the moſt rational and beautiful ſcheme that infinite wiſdom could contrive. Moſt glorious and good is our God. Moſt happy may mortals be, if they pleaſe. The virtuous obedience of our Lord hath obtained from God a right and power to aboliſh death. His *blood* hath confirmed the covenant of grace, and his goſpel hath brought life immortal into light.

Azcra's *account of grace.*

As to the *influence* of the *Spirit*, (*Azora* continued) that there is ſuch a *living principle* in the human ſoul, cannot I think be denied, if revelation is to be believed; but the mode of influencing is not perhaps to be explained otherwiſe than by ſaying, that our gracious and good Father makes now and then ſome friendly impreſſions upon our minds, and by repreſenting in ſeveral lights the terrors and promiſes of the goſpel, excites our hopes and fears. As I apprehend, we can go very little further.

It

It is eaſy I think to prove from the ſcriptures, that as the extraordinary aſſiſtance of the Holy Ghoſt was neceſſary for planting *Chriſtianity* at firſt; ſo is a ſupernatural aſſiſtance of the Holy Ghoſt, tho' not in ſo illuſtrious a manner, ſtill neceſſary to enable us to perform the conditions of the *goſpel*. Tho' God has recalled the more viſible ſigns of his preſence, yet, to be ſure, he continues to influence ſome way or other. I cannot ſuppoſe the Holy Ghoſt has wholly withdrawn himſelf from the church. The *renewing of the Holy Ghoſt* (St. *Peter* ſays) was *a promiſe made to them and to their children, and to thoſe that were afar off, even as many as God ſhould call*; and as human nature has the ſame weakneſs and paſſions, and extravagances of former ages, there is as much need of a divine aſſiſtance now as in the time of the apoſtles; nay more need, I think, at preſent, as miracles are ceaſed. There muſt be a weight of ſupernatural power to preſs within, as there are now no flaſhings from the ſky, or extraordinary appearances without, to prove the certainty of our religion, and make us conſider its promiſes, threatenings, and rules: but the way this ſupernatural principle acts, as before obſerved, is hard to determine, any more than what I have ſaid; and inſtead of waſting our time in enquiries how the thing

is

is done, our buſineſs is to render ourſelves capable of ſo great a bleſſing, by not grieving this holy ſpirit, leſt he depart from us; and reſolving with the pſalmiſt, *to walk with a perfect heart, and to ſet no wicked thing before our eyes.* We muſt ſtrive to improve religious thoughts; we muſt labour hard to obey the written rules: God will then give us the *grace ſufficient for us.* To our conſiderable talent of natural power to do good, our Father will add the advantages of his ſpirit. If we deſire to be good, he will make us good in conjunction with our own application and pains; by a gradual proceſs, and human methods. *If nature* gives her *utmoſt actings*, the *author* of *nature* will move, and direct and aſſiſt her where ſhe is weak. Both the grace and the providence of God may be likened to a little ſpring concealed within a great machine: to the known given powers of the machine, the operations of it are aſcribed, and all its events imputed; yet it is the ſmall ſecreted ſpring that directs, draws, checks, and gives movement to every weight and wheel. The caſe cannot be exactly alike, as a compound of matter and ſpirit is different from a machine: but it may ſuggeſt, I imagine, ſome imperfect idea of the affair: a very imperfect one, I confeſs; for if we were thinking ever ſo long of the matter, *grace*, after all, would

would be what the apoſtle calls it, an *unſpeakable gift*—A gift ſurmounting our apprehenſions, as well as it does our merit. The theory of it may be perhaps too excellent for us, and our part is, not to determine how, but with honeſt hearts to pray, that a ray from heaven may open, and ſhine upon our underſtanding, clear it from prejudices and impoſtures, and render it teachable, conſiderative and firm; may inſpire good thoughts, excite good purpoſes, and ſuggeſt wholeſome counſels and expedients. This the divine power may eaſily do, without depriving us of free-will, or leſſening our own moral agency. That power may extinguiſh an imagination we ſtrive to get rid of: may remove an impediment we labour to be freed from: may foil a temptation we do our beſt to reſiſt. If we do all we can, and implore the divine aid, there is no doubt but the Almighty may give his free creatures ſuch powers and diſpoſitions, as will carry them innocently and ſafely thro' the trials of this firſt ſtate. On ſuch conditions, God, the Father of ſpirits, the friend of men, the patron of righteouſneſs and all virtue, will, without all peradventure, diſtribute his grace to every mortal in proportion to the meaſures of neceſſary duty.

Here

Here *Azora* ended, and I ſat for ſome minutes after in great admiration. Her fancy furniſhed ideas ſo very faſt, and ſpeaking was ſo very eaſy to her, without one pang in the delivery, or the leaſt heſitatation for hours, as ſhe could, if ſhe pleaſed, ſo long diſcourſe; her judgment was ſo ſtrong, and her words ſo proper and well placed, that ſhe appeared to me a prodigy in ſpeaking, and I could have liſtened to her with delight and amazement the whole night. But exactly at ten o'clock, the old woman I mentioned before, who firſt bid me welcome to *Burcot Lodge*, came into the chamber with candles, and *Azora* told me, that if I would follow *Gladuſe*, ſhe would light me to bed. I did immediately, after wiſhing the ladies good night, and my guide brought me to her own cottage, which was next door to the grotto. She ſhewed me into a ſmall clean room, neatly and prettily furniſhed, and there I found a good bed. Down I lay as ſoon as I could, being much fatigued, and as the ſun was riſing, got up again, to write what I could remember to have heard *Azora* ſay. My memory from my childhood has been very extraordinary. I believe there are few living exceed me in this reſpect.

A reflection on Azora's *diſcourſe.*

Gladuſe, *the old woman, conducts me to a bed in her cottage.*

reſpect. The greateſt part of what I read and hear, remains with me, as if the book was ſtill before me, or the ſpeaker going on. This enables me to write down, with much exactneſs, what I care to note, and I can do it for the moſt part in the relater's or talker's own words, if I minute it in my ſhort hand within twenty-four hours after reading or diſcourſing. Upon this account, I can ſay, that I loſt very little of all that *Azora* was pleaſed to let me hear, or of the diſcourſes I had with her ingenious companion, *Antonia Fletcher*.

The gardens of Burcot *Lodge.*

When I had done writing, I went out to wait upon the ladies, and found them in their fine gardens, buſily employed in the uſeful and innocent diverſion which the cultivation of ſome of the greateſt beauties of the creation affords. They had every kind of fruit tree in their ground, every plant and flower that grows, and ſuch a variety of exotic rarities from the hotter climates, as engaged my admiration, and finely entertained me for many an hour, during my ſtay in this place. They both underſtood gardening to perfection, and continually lent their helping hands to the propagation of every thing. The digging and laborious work was performed by many young women, who did it with great activity

vity and underſtanding, and the nicer parts theſe ladies executed. I was aſtoniſhed and delighted with their operations of various kinds. It was beautiful to ſee with what exquiſite ſkill they uſed the knife, managed graffs and cyons, directed the branches and twigs in poſture on eſpaliers, and raiſed flowers. They had every thing in perfection in their kitchen garden and phyſic garden. Their fruits, roots, and herbs for the table, were moſt excellent; their collection of herbs for medicine the moſt valuable: and as the whole contrivance of the gardens was *nearnature*, and beautiful in *graſs*, *gravel*, and variety of *ever-greens*, I was led with delight thro' the whole, till I came into the green-houſe. There I ſaw *Azora* and *Antonia* at work, and paid them the compliments they deſerved.

A further account of Azora.

Immediately after my arrival, breakfaſt was brought in there, chocolate and toaſts, and the ladies were extremely pleaſant over it. They aſked me a great many queſtions about the world, and were ſo facetious in their remarks, and pleaſed with my odd account of things, that they laughed as heartily as I did, and that was at no ſmall rate. This being done, we walked over

over every part of the gardens, and *Azora* did me the honour not only to ſhew me all the curioſities and improvements ſhe had made, in the management of ſeeds, flowers, plants, and trees; but lectured on various fine objects that appeared in our way, with a volubility of tongue, and a knowledge of the ſubjects, that was amazing indeed. Were I to ſet down what ſhe ſaid even on ſallads, cucumbers, colliflowers, melons, aſparagus, early cabbages, ſtrawberries, raſberries, currants, gooſberries, apples, pears, plums, cherries, apricots, *&c.* and eſpecially her propagation of muſhrooms, champignons, and buttons, this, excluſive of *exotics* and flowers, would make, I believe, an octavo: and in relation to exotics and flowers, I am ſure ſhe talked twice as much, and of every thing extremely well. I never did hear any thing like her. The diſcourſe coſt her no more than the breath of her noſtrils.

Azora's *fiſh-pond.*

But at laſt we came to a fiſh-pond, that was an acre of *water*, and I aſſure you, reader, that in half an hour's time the illuſtrious *Azora* not only talked more of fiſh and ponds than the ingenious and honourable *Roger North*, of *Rougham* in *Norfolk*, hath written on theſe ſubjects in his excellent diſcourſe,

courſe, printed in 1713; but mentioned many uſeful things relative to them, which Mr. *North* was a ſtranger to. She told me, among other matters, that there was only *pike* and *perch* in her pond, and that the reaſon of it was, becauſe ſhe loved *pike* above all fiſh; and as the *jacks* were *fiſh* of *prey*, no fiſh but the *perch* could live with them: the *perch*, on account of the thorny fins on its back, eſcapes the *pike*'s voracious appetite. She farther informed me, that the *jacks* in her *pond* were the fineſt in the world, as I would ſee at dinner, and that the reaſon of it was owing to the high feeding ſhe took care they had every day: beſide the entrails of what fowl and ſheep her people killed for her table and themſelves, the pike had blood and bran mixed in plenty, and all the frogs ſhe could get from a neighbouring fen; for of them the *jacks* are moſt fond. This made the fiſh extraordinary; and as the water was *current* through the pond, and the bottom of *various depths*, from one foot, and two feet, to ſix feet, that the ſpawn may have ſhallow water to lie in, and the fry ſhallow water to ſwim in, as they both required, this was the reaſon, that one acre of water in ſuch a manner produced double the quantity of fiſh to what a pond of ſtill water, and a bottom all of one depth, could have. See (*Azora*

continued) what multitudes there are. They know me, as I feed them myſelf every day, and tamely come up, cruel tyrants as they are, to get their meat. Here ſhe called *jack*, *jack*, and throwing in a baſket of unfortunate frogs, it was wonderful to ſee how thoſe devouring monſters appeared, and voraciouſly ſwallowed the poor things.

An account of the public worſhip at Burcot *Lodge.*

Azora was going to proceed to another pond of carp and tench, which ſhe had at the other end of her gardens, and let me know how that was ordered, ſo as to produce the largeſt and fineſt fiſh: but a bell rung for morning prayers, at ten o'clock, and ſhe immediately turned towards the chapel. She aſked me if I would attend divine ſervice, and upon my anſwering, with pleaſure, deſired me to come on. In the church I ſaw every ſoul of the community aſſembled; and while I choſe to ſit on one of the benches among the people, at ſome diſtance, that I might the better obſerve every thing done, the ladies aſcended by a few ſteps into a reading-deſk, and *Azora* began with great devotion to pray in the following manner:

O Chriſt,

Morning Prayer.

O Chriſt, our bleſſed mediator, pray for us that our faith fail not, and through thy merits and interceſſion, Lord Jeſus, let our prayer be ſet forth in the ſight of Almighty God as incenſe, and the lifting up of our hands as a morning ſacrifice.

Almighty and everlaſting God, thou pure and infinite Spirit, who art the great cauſe and author of nature, and haſt eſtabliſhed the world by thy wiſdom, and ſtretched out the heavens by thy diſcretion; upon whom depends the exiſtence of all things, and by whoſe providence we have been preſerved to this moment, and enjoyed many bleſſings and undeſerved advantages; graciouſly accept, we beſeech thee, our grateful ſenſe and acknowledgements of all thy beneficence towards us; accept, O Lord, our moſt hearty and unfeigned thanks for all the inſtances of thy favour which we have experienced; that we have the uſe of our reaſon and underſtanding, in which many fail, and have had refreſhing ſleep and quiet the paſt night; for delivering us from evil, and giving us our daily bread;—for all the neceſſaries, conveniencies, and comforts, which thy liberal hand hath provided for us, to ſweeten human life, and render it more

agreeable than otherwiſe it would be in this day of our exerciſe, probation and trial. While we live, we will praiſe and magnify thy awful name, and join in aſcribing with the glorious and innumerable heavenly hoſt, honour, power, and thankſgiving to the eternal God, who ſits on the throne of ſupremacy unrivalled in majeſty and power.

But eſpecially, O great and bleſſed God, adored be thy goodneſs for ſo loving the world, as to give thy only begotten Son, to the end, that all who believe in him, ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting life; for his humbling himſelf even to the death upon the croſs, and ſhedding his blood for the remiſſion of our ſins. Great and marvellous are thy works of mercy, O Lord God Almighty! who can utter all thy praiſe? Praiſe our God, all ye his ſervants, and ye that fear him, ſmall and great. Amen: allelujah. Bleſſing and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that ſitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.

O God and Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, have mercy on us duſt and ſin, weakneſs and imperfection, and enter not into ſtrict judgment with us, thine unrighteous

ous and unworthy ſervants. We confeſs with ſhame and grief, that we have violated thine holy laws, and abuſed thy tender mercies: that we have followed too much the devices and deſires of our own hearts, and in numberleſs inſtances have offended againſt a moſt righteous governor, a moſt tender and compaſſionate Father, and a moſt kind and bounteous benefactor. In thought, word, and deed, many have been our offences: and many are ſtill our imperfections. We have ſinned againſt Heaven, and before thee, and have thereby deſerved thy juſt diſpleaſure. But our hope and confidence is in thine infinite mercy, O God, and that according to thy promiſes declared unto mankind in Chriſt Jeſus, our Lord, thou wilt ſpare them who confeſs their faults, and reſtore them that are penitent. We do earneſtly repent, and are heartily ſorry for all our miſdoings. Through faith we offer up the Lamb that was ſlain, to the eternal God for the redemption of our ſouls; believing the worthineſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt to be a full, perfect, and ſufficient ſacrifice, oblation and atonement for the ſins of a repenting world, and therefore reſolving, with all our ſtrength, to imitate his ſpotleſs virtue, and perfect obedience. Pardon us, then, we beſeech thee, and blot out our iniquities. Deliver us, we pray, in the

name of the Lord Jeſus, from the evil conſequences of all our tranſgreſſions and follies, and give us ſuch powers and diſpoſitions as will carry us innocently and ſafely through all future trials.

Create in us, O God, pure hearts, and renew right ſpirits within us. Caſt thy bright beams of light upon our ſouls, and irradiate our underſtanding with the rays of that wiſdom which ſitteth on the right hand of thy throne. Let thy holy ſpirit enable us to act up to the dignity of our reaſonable nature, and ſuitably to the high character, and glorious hopes of chriſtians: that we may ſubordinate the affairs and tranſactions of time to ſerve the intereſt of our ſouls in eternity: that we may ſhake off this vain world, and breathe after immortality and glory: that we may live in perfect reconciliation with the law of everlaſting righteouſneſs, truth, and goodneſs; and ſo comply with thy nature, mind, and will, O eternal and ſovereign ſpirit, thou God moſt wonderful in all perfections, that we may fully anſwer the relation we ſtand in to thee. Relieve and eaſe our conſciences, O bleſſed God, by the blood of ſprinkling, according to our ſeveral conditions of body and mind; and ſupply us with ſuitable grace and ſtrength.

We

We beſeech thee, in the next place, Almighty Lord, to take us into thy protection this day, and ſuffer no Being to injure us, no misfortune to befal us, nor us to hurt ourſelves by any error or miſconduct of our own. Give us, O God, a clear conception of things, and in all dangers and diſtreſſes, ſtretch forth the right hand of thy Majeſty to help and defend us. From ſickneſs and pain, and from all evil and miſchief, good Lord deliver us this day, and be propitious unto us, we beſeech thee.

And while we remain in this world, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, ſecure us from every thing that is terrible and hurtful, and keep us in peace and ſafety. From all ſad accidents and calamitous events, from all tormenting pains and grievous diſeaſes, good Lord deliver us; and bleſs us with ſo much health and proſperity, as will enable us to paſs our time here in contentment and tranquillity.

And when the time of our diſſolution cometh, by the appointment of thy adorable wiſdom, O Father of mercies and the God of all comforts, grant us a decent and happy exit; without diſtraction of

mind or torments of body: let thy ſervants depart in peace, and ſuddenly die in the Lord.

We pray, likewiſe, for the happineſs of all mankind: that they may all know, and obey, and worſhip thee, O Father, in ſpirit and in truth, and that all who name the name of Chriſt, may depart from iniquity, and live as becomes his holy goſpel. We beſeech thee to help and comfort all who are in danger, neceſſity, ſickneſs, and tribulation: that it may pleaſe thee to ſanctify their afflictions, and in thy good time to deliver them out of all their diſtreſſes. If we have any enemies, O Lord forgive them, and turn their hearts.

Our Father, etc.

When this extraordinary prayer was done, (which was prayed with a very uncommon devotion, ſuch as I never had ſeen before) they all ſtood up, and *Azora* ſaid, Let us ſing the nineteenth pſalm to the praiſe and glory of the moſt high God, and immediately raiſed it. Then all the people joined, and a pſalm was ſung to perfection indeed. *Azora* and *Antonia* had delightful voices, and as they underſtood muſic very well, they had taught this congregation ſo much church

church harmony, as enabled them to perform beyond any thing I have ever heard in any aſſembly of people.—The whole ſcene was a ſtrange and pleaſing thing. They met again at four in the afternoon; and this is the work of their every day. At ten and four they go to prayers, and after it ſing a pſalm; concluding always in the following way.—May the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt procure us the love of God, that the Almighty Father of the univerſe may bleſs us with the heavenly aſſiſtance of the Holy Ghoſt.

Evening prayer at Burcot *Lodge.*

As to the evening office of devotion at this place, it was, excluſive of the firſt addreſs, and the concluding Lord's prayer, quite different from that of the morning; and becauſe ſome readers may be pleaſed with a ſight of another of *Azora*'s religious compoſitions, I here ſet it down.

O Chriſt, our bleſſed mediator, pray for us, that our faith fail not, and through thy merits and interceſſion, Lord Jeſus, let our prayer be ſet forth in the ſight of Almighty God as incenſe, and the lifting up of our hands as an evening-ſacrifice.

O God, who art the Father and Lord of all Beings, and the eternal and inexhauſtible fountain of mercy, we beſeech thee to be merciful unto us, and to blot out all our tranſgreſſions; for we truly repent of our wilful imperfections, our failings and neglects, in every inſtance of thy law, and our duty: and through faith we offer up to thee the Lamb that was ſlain for the redemption of our ſouls; believing the worthineſs of our Lord Jeſus to be a full, perfect, and ſufficient ſacrifice, oblation and atonement for the ſins of a repenting world, and therefore reſolving with all our ſtrength, to imitate his ſpotleſs virtue and perfect obedience.

Remember not, then, O Lord, our iniquities, neither take thou vengeance for our ſins; but as we ſincerely believe thy holy goſpel, and are truly penitent, as we entirely and willingly forgive all, who have, in any inſtance or in any degree, offended, or injured us, and are truly diſpoſed and ready to make all poſſible reparation, if we have injured any one, have mercy upon us miſerable ſinners, and as thou haſt promiſed by thy Son, pardon and forgive us all our ſins, and reſtore us again to thy favour. Hear in heaven, thy dwelling place, and when thou heareſt, accept us to thy mercy.

O ſpare

O ſpare us whom thou haſt redeemed by thy Son's moſt precious blood, and make us partakers of that ſalvation which thou haſt appointed in Chriſt Jeſus our Lord, and our ſouls ſhall bleſs thee to eternity.

And that we may no more offend thee, or tranſgreſs the rule of virtue or true religion, but may hereafter truly pleaſe thee both in will and deed, and faithfully obſerve the right ſtatutes, and all thy precepts, endue us, O Lord, with the grace of thy holy ſpirit, that we may amend our lives according to thy holy word. Vouchſafe, we beſeech thee, to direct, ſanctify, and govern both our hearts and bodies in the ways of thy laws, and in the works of thy commandments; and ſo teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wiſdom, and mind thoſe things which are in conjunction with our everlaſting welfare. —O let us be always under thy communication and influence, and give that light to our minds, that life to our ſouls, that will raiſe us to a nearer reſemblance of thee, and enable us to aſcend ſtill higher, towards the perfection of our nature. Let us be tranſformed by the working of thy grace and ſpirit into the image of thy Son. Conform us to his likeneſs, O bleſſed God, and make us,

body

body and ſoul, an habitation for thyſelf; that in our hearts we may continually offer up to thee, holy, ſublime, and ſpiritual ſacrifices.

From all evil and miſchief, good God deliver us, and defend us, we beſeech thee, from every thing terrible and hurtful. Take us under thy protection the remaining part of this day, and grant us a night of peace, thro' Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

And foraſmuch as our earthly houſe of this tabernacle ſhall be diſſolved, and that in a few years at fartheſt, it may be in a few minutes, we muſt deſcend to the bed of darkneſs, and acknowledge *corruption* to be our father, and the *worms* our ſiſter and mother, grant, O everlaſting God, that we may depart in peace, and by an improved principle of divine life, under the influence of the goſpel, be tranſlated to that eternal world, where God dwells, where Chriſt lives, and ſanctified ſouls enjoy endleſs life and the pureſt pleaſures, for evermore.

That it may pleaſe thee, moſt gracious and good God, to have mercy on the whole race of mankind, and to bleſs them with all things pertaining to life and godlineſs: let the

the light of thy glorious goſpel ſhine upon the nations darkened by ſuperſtition, that they may worſhip thee who art God from everlaſting to everlaſting, and cultivate and eſtabliſh in their minds the moſt pure, benevolent, and godlike diſpoſitions.——We beſeech thee for all chriſtian churches; that their behaviour may, by the influence of thy bleſſed ſpirit, be ſuitable to their holy profeſſion, and their converſation upright and unblameable. Where any have departed from the purity and ſimplicity of the goſpel, lead them, O God, to the right practice and knowledge of their holy religion; and grant that they may feel the comfortable and ſanctifying effects of it; and in their lives ſhew forth its praiſe to others.—We farther pray, moſt merciful Father, for all that are deſtitute and afflicted, either in body, mind, or eſtate; that from Heaven, the habitation of thy glory and goodneſs, thou mayeſt ſend them relief, and, if it be poſſible, put an end to their preſent calamities and troubles. O thou Father of mercies, and God of all conſolation, bind up the broken in heart, and comfort thoſe that mourn. We have a real ſenſe of the miſeries of the diſtreſſed part of mankind, and offer up for them our prayers to thee, thro' Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

A THANKSGIVING.

O God, the author of all good, and fountain of all happineſs, we offer up our thankſgivings and praiſes unto thee, for thy great goodneſs to us, and to all mankind. We praiſe and magnify thy holy name for all thy mercies; for our exiſtence, and the uſe of our reaſoning powers and faculties; for the health and ſtrength we enjoy, and for all the comforts and conveniencies of life: for theſe thy gifts we adore thee, O munificent parent of good, and pray, that a deep and efficacious ſenſe of thy goodneſs may remain upon our hearts, and be a principle of conſtant and chearful obedience to thy holy laws.

But eſpecially we offer up the acknowledgments of our hearts and mouths for all that thy Son Jeſus Chriſt did, and taught, and ſuffered in this world, to ſave us from our ſins, and to conduct us to true and everlaſting happineſs. We bleſs thee for the glorious goſpel, and for bringing us more effectually, by revelation, to the knowledge of thee, and the practice of our duty. For this merciful appointment, and for all thy mercies, which reſpect another and a better life than the preſent; for every inſtance of thy tender regards to us, and for the

the manifold experiences which we have had of thy loving kindneſs; we offer up the tribute of unfeigned thanks. Our ſouls do magnify thee, O Lord God moſt excellent and good, and all the powers within us praiſe thy holy name. To thee be glory in the church by Chriſt Jeſus, throughout all ages, world without end. To thee, O thou God of love, be rendered by all beings endued with reaſon, all honour and obedience, both now, and for ever.

Almighty and everlaſting God, who haſt promiſed to hear the petitions of them that pray unto thee in thy Son's name, we beſeech thee of thy great mercy, to accept the ſacrifice of prayer and praiſe, which we have this evening offered up to thy Divine Majeſty; and for the relief of our wants, and the manifeſtation of thy power and glory, grant us thoſe things which we have requeſted, if thou ſeeſt it conſiſtent with our chief and eternal good. In the name of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, and as his diſciples, we pray, and in his words conclude the ſervices of this day.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, etc.

After this, they all ſtood up, and as in the morning, *Azora* ſaid, Let us ſing to the praiſe

praiſe and glory of God the 148th pſalm. She ſung the firſt verſe alone, and at the ſecond they all joined, and went through the whole in a fine and heavenly manner. Then the ſervice concluded with this benediction.

The BENEDICTION.

May the God of grace and peace be with us and bleſs us. May his holy ſpirit keep us from falling, and preſerve us blameleſs, unto the coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

A reflection on the religion and piety of the inhabitants of Burcot Hamlet.

Thus ended the evening and morning offices of worſhip at *Burcot-Lodge*, and as I cannot ſufficiently praiſe, ſo I could not enough admire the religion and piety of this congregation. The purity of their worſhip was charming: and in the ladies and their people a devotion was manifeſt, that looked more like that of heavenly ſpirits, than of beings in an animal frame; who are warped with the cuſtoms of the world, and perplexed with difficulties which ariſe from ſenſible objects. They appeared in high admiration of God, endeared to his righteous government, devoted to his holy laws, and powerfully drawn

drawn to imitate him in all his imitable perfections. Not one idle word, or careleſs look, did I hear or ſee, during the whole time of divine ſervice; but, like creatures fixed unchangeably in the intereſt of religion and virtue, and delighted with the joys of piety, their hearts melted in every part of their devotions, and their breaſts were filled with the moſt grateful tranſporting adorations and affections. So much beautiful religion I had not often ſeen in any aſſembly. They had a true ſenſe indeed of the love and goodneſs of God, and of the grace and charity of Jeſus Chriſt. They had all been carefully inſtructed by a wiſe and excellent man, who was not long ſince removed from them by death; and his daughter, the admirable *Azora*, in conjunction with his niece, the amiable *Antonia*, took all poſſible pains, ſince the deceaſe of Mr. *Burcot*, to maintain the power of religion in their community, and keep the people hearty and ſteady in the principles and practice of it. This brings me again to the hiſtory of *Azora*.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

GR. H.
BR. MUS.